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DAYS NEAR ROME

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

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With Illustrations

TWO VOLUMES——II.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE HERNICAN MONASTERIES AND THE GROTTO OF COLLEPARDO.

(The best way of reaching these places is from the station of Frosinone on the Naples line; a carriage and two horses may be engaged there for the two days' excursion, and costs about 40 francs, but an exact understanding must be made *at the station* with the Vetturino as to what is required. There are very tolerable though humble hotels, and with very obliging and honest people, at Alatri and Frosinone.)

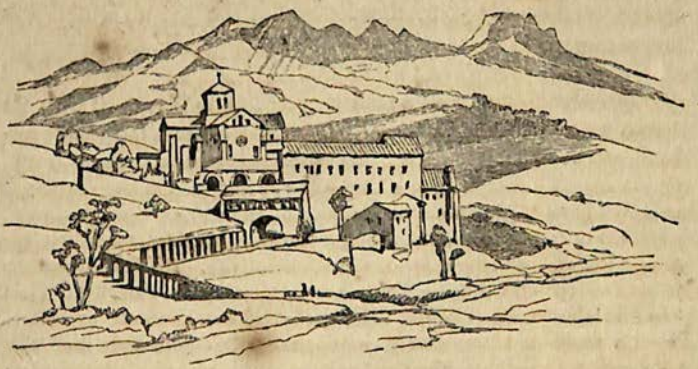
ON a beautiful April morning we reached Frosinone by rail from Rome. The country was in its freshest, brightest green. At the station we found plenty of carriages waiting, and were soon leaving the town of Frosinone behind on its high isolated hill, and advancing fast into the mountains, through a rich corn-clad country. On the left, the most conspicuous feature was always *Fumone*, a knot of castellated buildings and cypresses on a lofty conical hill, where, in a prison, which none who look upon it can help feeling unutterably desolate, the dethroned Cœlestine, who had been dragged to the papal throne from his hermitage in the Abruzzi, was forced by his successor Boniface VIII., at the age of 81, to spend the last ten months of his life.

"Like the meanest son of the Church, Cœlestine fell at the feet of his successor; his only prayer, a prayer urged with tears, was that he might be permitted to return to his desert hermitage. Boniface addressed him

in severe language. He was committed to safe custody in the castle of Fumone, watched day and night by soldiers, like a prisoner of state. His treatment is described as more or less harsh, according as the writer is more or less favourable to Boniface. By one account his cell was so narrow that he had not room to move ; where his feet stood when he celebrated mass by day, there his head reposed at night. He obtained with difficulty permission for two of his brethren to be with him ; but so unwholesome was the place, that they were obliged to resign their charitable office. According to another statement, the narrowness of his cell was his own choice ; he was permitted to indulge in this meritorious misery ; his brethren. were allowed free access to him ; he suffered no insult, but was treated with the utmost humanity and respect. Death released him before long from his spontaneous overforced wretchedness. He was seized with a fever, generated perhaps by the unhealthy confinement, accustomed as he had been to the free mountain air. He died May 19, 1296, and was buried with ostentatious publicity, that the world might know that Boniface now reigned without a rival, in the church of Ferentino. Countless miracles were told of his death : a golden cross appeared to the soldiers shining above the door of his cell : his soul was seen by a faithful disciple visibly ascending to heaven. His body became the cause of a fierce quarrel, and of a pious crime. It was stolen from the grave at Ferentino, and carried to Aquila. An insurrection of the people of Ferentino was hardly quelled by the Bishop on the assurance, after the visitation of the tomb, that the heart of the saint had been fortunately left behind. The canonization of Cœlestine was granted by Clement V."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

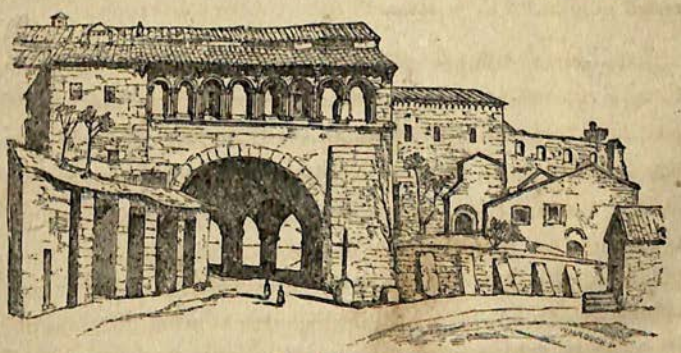
Many other villages glittered on the distant hills, and, amongst the most conspicuous of them, Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero, which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Liris. The nearer country now became more stony and desolate, but the road was enlivened by gaily-dressed groups of pilgrims returning from a Madonna-festa at Paliano, who met us with the kindly greeting "Santa Maria e San Giuseppe vi salutano." At length on the edge of a hill, like one of the uplands of Burgundy, we came suddenly in view of the great monastery of *Casamari*, which is said, with the sole exception of Fossanuova, to be the finest monastic building

in Latium. It was with almost a surprise that we found a perfectly pure Gothic building, with a church like a small



Casamari.

northern cathedral, in this Italian wilderness. It is utterly lonely, not even a peasant's cottage near it, a mass of grey buildings, standing above the softly gliding stream of the Amasena. An aqueduct crosses the valley and frames the first view of the church and gateway. The latter is a



Gate of Casamari.

grand round arched portal, with a succession of small arches

above it. Within, facing a little lawn, are the western façade of the church, and the grey front of the monastery, which now contains only 30 monks instead of the 300 to which it is accustomed.

"In contemplating such a monastery as this, so separated from the world, a peculiar feeling is awakened. For nowhere is the past so perfectly real and almost tangible. Time seems indeed to have stood still, and the moral atmosphere of a long past age and race to have remained collected here. The former occupations of the monks, singing, prayer, silence, work, they continue to the present day, in the same garb, in the same spot, and with the same monotonous activity. The history of the world has changed, but they take no part in it, it is enough for them that the church, the bishops, the pope at Rome, continue as before. Their immediate surroundings are unchanged, Veroli, Posi, and San Giovanni, with their churches and saints, still stand as before; pilgrims knock at the door of the monastery as before. The fear of the Saracens, the robber counts, and the condottieri no longer torments them, but has given way to the dread of revolution, more pitiless than robber-chief or Saracen. For formerly it was a question of plundering and devastation with fire and sword, now it is existence or non-existence. Besides this the monastic lands are diminished, and thereby the external influence of the church contracted. Indeed such a monastery is like a parchment chronicle, wherein the miniatures, like shadows, are animated with life."—*Gregorovius.*

Tradition derives the name of Casamari from *casa amara*, the *bitter house*, because of the perpetual silence which is enforced there; but the name is really *Casa Marii*, since it was founded by a member of the famous family of Arpino. It first belonged to Benedictines, but was given to Cistercians in 1152 by Eugenius III.

The foundation-stone of the church was laid in 1203. It is approached by a staircase which leads to an arched portico. Here, on the right, is a statue of Pius VI., and, opposite it, an inscription in honour of the benefits conferred upon Casamari by Pius IX. The interior is lofty, simple,

and severe. The delicate cream-coloured tint of the travertine is as fresh as when it was built. There are no pictures, niches, or chapels, and it might, as Gregorovius observes, be a Protestant cathedral in Germany. The nave is separated from the aisles by seven clustered columns, on the capitals of which are some curious masonic-marks. At the fifth column a screen of wrought-iron cuts off the *clausura*. On the floor are curious chains of tiles ornamented with the bees of the Barberini.

From the right transept we entered the beautiful cloister, surrounded by Romanesque arches, with columns all different, as at the Lateran. The ceiling of the chapter-house is supported by splendid clustered columns, and is marvellously well preserved. Here also we seemed to be in the north: and it was unnatural to emerge upon the stony hillside, and look upon the delicate amethystine distances, lighted up by a sky without any shadows. Our visit was a great amusement to the monks, who were very anxious to make the most of their lions. Ladies were not allowed to see the chapter-house, but were shown the ancient vaulted Refectory supported by huge columns, and above it the Dormitory, now turned into a vast granary.

As the sun was setting we drove away from the melancholy valley of the Amasena, with its dismal poplars, and ascended into the hills towards *Veroli*, the ancient Verulæ. This is a magnificently situated city, and most picturesque externally. Our horses had to scramble like cats up its semi-perpendicular street, and finally fell down on one another, which gave us time to walk out beyond the gates towards Rome, and see the last after-glow over the valley, standing beneath the crowd of strangely clustered houses and old

Romanesque churches which line the natural rock-ramparts of the town. There is a great *Seminario* at Veroli, and the road was crowded with ecclesiastics, scholars in their different dresses of miniature priests, watched over by their professors; and following them were canons and curati, and even the bishop of Veroli, attended by his footmen, as if he were taking a walk on the Pincio.

Alatri had a weird look as we ascended its hill in the starlight: the Titanic platform of the Cyclopean walls engraved upon the clear sky. In its narrow streets few people were still moving and work was over. Only some young men arm-in-arm were singing *stornelli* in loud ringing voices. Close under the shadow of the old fortress, which forms so great a feature of the street with its Gothic windows and cornices, we found a little inn, kept by a most obliging landlady, with two handsome daughters in the national dress.

We were astir early in the morning, and went up the hill, while the goats were being milked for breakfast, to have another look at the grand Cyclopean walls, and by the time we returned all Alatri was awake, crowds of women in their white *panni*, and men in their red waistcoats, pointed sandals, and with bunches of flowers stuck in their high felt hats, were thronging the streets, and the chief labour of life here was begun, the weaving of woollen cloth for jackets and the great gaily-striped blankets so much worn by the poorer classes in this district. Our horses waited for us outside the gates, for they would have fallen on the lava pavement, though they scrambled easily up the jagged rocks, and lanes like torrent beds of loose stones piled one upon another, to which we afterwards came. Soon after

leaving Alatri, the bridle-road into the mountains enters the wildest country imaginable: no vegetation, save here and there a tuft of wild lavender, and some of the small yellow marigolds which Italians call "primo fiore," grows upon the scorched rocks. The path skirts a ravine, winding high amongst its precipices, where a false step would be fatal. Steeper and steeper becomes the stony way, and wilder and wilder the valley, till at length *Collepardo* comes in sight, a large village, perched on a cliff, at a tremendous height above the Cosa, with black broken walls (proving that even this poverty-stricken place was not safe from robbers), a ruined gate earthquake-rent, and here and there some tiny gardens and a few sad-looking olive-trees, planted where the scanty soil will allow.

About a mile from the village (by a path which turns to the left before entering it) is the strange hole called the *Pozzo di Santulla.* It is a pit in the rock, about 400 yards round and 200 feet deep, hung with vast stalactites and fringed at the top with ilex. Once (as may be seen in a published engraving by Don Baldassare Buoncompagni) it was filled with trees, though there could only have been room for very few: now all these are gone, and the bottom is covered with grass. It is quite inaccessible except by ropes, but goats are occasionally let down, and drawn up when they have eaten all there is. If a tiger, as is said, once existed here, it must soon have died of hunger. The Pozzo, says tradition, was once a vast threshing-floor, on which the people impiously threshed corn upon the festa of the Assumption, when the outraged Madonna caused it to sink into the earth with all who were upon it, and it remains to this day a memorial of her wrath. Alas! there is little doubt that the

pit was really caused by some strange volcanic action. The account of this place in Murray's Handbook, describing it as nearly half a mile in circuit, &c. (it is here called "Pozzo d' Antullo"—but of course the description is intended for La Santulla), is strangely exaggerated, and will mislead many travellers. Still it is a spot worth visiting, and very weird and amazing. The graphic description of Gregorovius applies to its former condition.

"Nature has brought together many wonders near Collepardo, for only a short distance from the stalactite cave is that celebrated well of Italy the Pozzo di Santulla, close by the road to the Carthusian monastery. After a half-hour's ride (from the village) between gardens and over an elevated rocky plain, I found myself suddenly on the edge of a steep circular pit, which vividly recalled the great Latomia of Syracuse. About fifteen hundred paces in circumference, this strange well sinks to a depth of over a hundred and fifty feet, and presents at the bottom a dark green forest of tree-tops and creepers, which when a breeze is wafted down, ripple like the waves of the sea.

"The sun shed streaks of light from the clearest sky into its depths, and I saw white butterflies merrily playing about over this sunken forest. Blooming creepers hung from the branches of these trees, which are said to rise more than thirty feet from the bottom, and yet from above only look like bushes. The inaccessible flowers, the wild labyrinthine paths through the dark thicket, the fluttering of the birds which inhabit it, entice the fancy, which represents this underground magic grove as a fairy paradise or a garden for Oberon and Titania. There abundant springs take their mysterious course, and keep the plants continually green, while the basin draws down and collects the night dews. With admiration the eye follows the walls down to the giddy depth; they take strange and fantastic forms like stalactites, and are overgrown with dwarf oaks, golden-flowered broom, and mastick bushes. They are adorned with all colours of the rainbow, for the rock is now soft silver grey, now burning red, again dark blue, yellow, and deep black. This well, together with the wild mountain scenery which surrounds the horizon, forms a scene which words would fail to express; here, the brown district of Collepardo looking melancholy behind green trees; there, long vistas of rocky valleys; further off, gigantic and quiet mountains majestic in form, with solitary golden eagles soaring round the untrodden peaks, or fantastic mists spreading their white veils around.

"Wild-looking herds, sandal-men of the mountains, with lance-like staves, had encamped with their mountain goats on the edge of the well, and gave life to the magnificent scene, while sturdy boys amused themselves with rolling down stones. They fell with a hollow crash into the forest, and frightened from their nests the grey doves, which flew from the trees with the speed of lightning, and dashed to and fro in despair. Although these goatherds told me that a tiger lived in the mysterious well, yet at the same time they confessed that they sometimes let down goats by ropes. These animals find there water and herbs in abundance, and remain in the forest for months, until they are brought up well fed, for the men go down by ropes to bring them up again."—*Lateinische Sommer.*

Beyond Santulla the scenery became even more savage. The path wound through a chaos of great rocks and descended into a deep gorge, whence it mounted again to the final isolated plateau of Trisulti, close under the snows, where the approach to a great religious house was as usual indicated by a cross perched in the most advantageous position. Here nothing could exceed the wildness of the scene, as we looked backwards while resting on the platform of the cross upon the rugged billows of arid rock, melting into blue distances, but all without life. Beyond, however, it was different. We entered a wood of old oaks carpeted with lilies, and their boughs, which had never known the axe, green with the ferns which had taken root upon them. A wide path, beautifully kept, led through the wood to Alpine pastures, sheeted with mountain flowers, gentians, ranunculus, squills, and auriculas. Only the booming of its bell through the solemn solitudes, told that we were near the monastery, till we came close upon it, and then a vast mass of buildings, overtopped by a church, revealed itself on the last edge of the rocky plateau.

Ladies are not allowed to enter Trisulti without a special permission from the Pope. It has hitherto been one of the

few great monasteries which have not been entirely plundered by the Sardinian government, and forty monks remain here, leading a most useful and beneficent life, honoured by

Trisulti.

all the country round, the friends and helpers of the poor of the mountain villages in sickness or in sorrow.

We had scarcely reached the monastery when sounds of Litanies resounded through the woods, and between the distant oak-stems appeared the head of a procession of pilgrims which was just arriving from Naples. All were in holiday costume, and carried baskets. The priest who led them knelt, when he came in sight of Trisulti, at an outside chapel, and, two and two, all the multitude knelt behind him, and as he recited the Litany of the saints, their "Ora pro nobis" echoed through the mountains. Afterwards food was sent out from the convent, which they ate seated in groups upon the grass, and then continued their way to the shrine at Genazzano, singing in cadences as they moved.

A noble-looking monk in white robes, with a long white beard, Padre Gabrielli, acted as guide through the convent, which is exceedingly clean and well kept. Fountains sparkle in every court, and the roads within the walls, for it is like a little city, are covered with fine white sand. We were received at the head of a staircase by the Superior, who looked like a saint in a niche, with the face sculptured in wax, so perfectly white was it, and so absorbed and serene. He desired that we should have dinner provided and every comfort. While it was preparing we saw the rest of the convent.

"There are few curiosities in the monastery, for unfortunately every thing ancient has disappeared under later restorations, so I did not find much to gratify my curiosity. However the situation in the mountains, the life of the monks in their lonely republic, and the history of this strange order, gave abundant matter for observation. One of those characters produced by the epoch of the crusades among which Francis and Dominic were soon after so remarkable, was St. Bruno, who, shocked at the excesses of Abp. Manasses of Rheims, founded the Carthusian rule towards the end of the 11th century. This order, which unites social monachism with the anchorite life, and exacts abstinence with the utmost rigour, received its name from the place where it took its rise, la Chartreuse near Grenoble. Its statutes (Consuetudines Cartusianæ) date from the year 1134, its confirmation by the Pope was obtained in 1170. In a time when the minds of men were brought into a mystic ecstasy by the struggle with the Mahometan East, the war of the church with the heresy of the Albigenses, and finally with the state, a new reformed order would have a rapid success. The Carthusians soon spread, and the extreme peculiarities of their rule contributed thereto not a little. As early as 1208 these fathers settled in Trisulti, which place was given to them by Innocent III. Here they found a ruined monastery, which had formerly belonged to the Benedictines, and here they erected upon the ruins the original Carthusian monastery in 1211. They say a castle, Trisalto, gave the name to that spot, which is generally explained *a tribus saltibus*, of three wood-covered hills."—*Gregorovius.*

The little houses of the monks surround a cloister which

is now a radiant garden. Through it we were taken to the church, which was built in 1211 by Innocent III., but restored in 1768. It is covered internally with marbles, jaspers, and alabasters, in the style of the Certosa of Pavia. In the Sacristy is an admirable picture by the *Cavaliere d' Arpino*, and on either side of the church are two large pictures by the modern artist *Balbi* of Alatri, one representing Moses striking the rock, the other the same miracle as performed by S. Bruno. Over the high-altar is a fresco of the sending forth of the first Carthusian monks to colonize Trisulti.

Just within the gate of the monastery is a little garden enclosed by walls, and ornamented with box clipped into most fantastic shapes. The terrace beyond it leads to the *Spezeria*, also decorated by Balbi, where many herbal medicines, and excellent liqueurs and perfumes are made by the monks. The country people come hither constantly and from a great distance for medicine and advice, and receive it without any payment.

"I had greater pleasure in going through the various rooms of the monastery than in looking at the modern pictures, to which one at last becomes indifferent. The Refectory is a large room, suitably ornamented with a painting of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Here the brethren all assemble on feast days at a common repast, but on other days, solitary meals in the cells are ordered by the Rules. I was shown the clean kitchen and the bakehouse, where they make good bread of finer and coarser qualities, not only to supply the food of the monks, but also of the numerous servants. A pond, from which flows a canal, supplies a mill in the neighbouring yard. But the object the most worthy of notice, and which was shown to me with just pride, is the Dispensary; and I entered it with a feeling of deeper devotion than I had felt on entering the church. The combination of medicinal cures with the care of the soul, is a natural and very ancient task of these monastic institutions in lonely places: the monks who study medicine exercise an activity which is truly praiseworthy and efficacious. The nature of these

mountains invites them to uninterrupted study of the medicinal herbs which grow here in great quantities ; and what more pleasing occupation can there be than botanizing in these mountains among rocks and rivers, collecting these wonder-working balsamic plants, or preparing them medicinally. . . . . At midnight the bell rings for matins, and the *Excitator* goes from cell to cell to rouse the monks. They pray in the four first penitential psalms ; then they go into the church, where for three hours they chant matins. Having returned to their cells they continue their prayers, and then a short interval of sleep is again permitted." —*Gregorovius.*

A little path which turns off to the left outside the gateway of Trisulti gives the best view of the monastic buildings, and continues through the forest to the Gothic chapel and cell of S. Domenico Loricato, who first collected a number of hermits around him on this spot, and built a chapel which he dedicated to S. Bartholomew. A spring which rises near S. Domenico supplies the fountains of the convent, and popular tradition declares that it comes by channels from the Lago di Celano, and that it used occasionally to bring up fragments of fishing-nets from thence.

Having feasted on the convent fare we returned to *Collepardo* to visit its famous grottos. We left our horses at the top of the rock, whence a stony path winds down by zigzags into the abyss of the Cosa. Here the scenery is magnificent, the gorge is very narrow, only wide enough to contain the stream and the path by its side, and on the left rises a tremendous precipice, in the face of which yawns the mouth of the cavern. We had taken the precaution of asking for what is called an "illumination" on our way to Trisulti—and had ordered one of five francs, knowing by experience that the light which is enough to show, but not to annihilate the effect of darkness, is far the most effective. When we arrived, all was ready, and a troop of boys, and of

peasant women from the village, had arrived to take part in the spectacle. We descended into the earth by a wide path like a hill-side, and then ascended by a narrower rocky path through the darkness, lighted by glaring torches. Suddenly we found ourselves on the edge of a chasm, something like the Pozzo di Santulla, a fearful pit, with a kind of rock-altar rising in the midst, blazing with fire, and throwing a ghastly glare on the wondering faces looking over the edge of the abyss, and on the sides of the tremendous columns of stalactites which rose from the ground to the roof like a vast natural cathedral, and seemed to fall again in showers of petrified fountains. Sir R. C. Hoare says that "the large vaulted roofs, spacious halls, fantastic columns and pyramids, imitating rustic yet unequalled architecture, present a fairy palace which rivals the most gorgeous descriptions of romance." Yet this does not give a sufficiently impressive idea of Collepardo. It must be seen to be realized:—seen, with its vast stalactite halls opening one beyond another, not level, but broken by rugged cliffs with winding pathlets along their edges; seen, with its flame-bearing pinnacles sending volumes of bright smoke into the upper darkness: seen, with its groups of wondering people clambering along the rocks, with their flashing torches, shouting to one another as they go, and startling the bats and owls which add by their shrieks to the hideous confusion. Collepardo is the crowning feature of the tour.

"The very entrance promises something extraordinary. A black abyss yawns from between dark masses of rock, and a stream of cold air seems to rise up from the deepest depths. We wrapped up carefully before going down. The guides with the torches went on before, and soon light clouds of smoke, issuing from the clefts of the outer wall, showed that they were within. I have seen many mountain grottos, and

am no longer on the whole susceptible to these freaks of nature; so I did not think much of the grotto of Collepardo when I entered. Yet it made an impression on me by its great size. It consists of two principal parts, like two enormous halls, separated in the middle by a low broken wall. The colour of the sides and the ground is black or golden-brown; great rocks lie about, some of which must be climbed over, and from the irregular vaultings of the roof depend stalactites of various shapes, great and small, while others in the strangest forms and groups seem to rise to meet them from the ground.

"The most singular formations are in the back part of the grotto. In order to see it perfectly, we waited in the front space until it was completely lighted up. Not only had many men and boys with torches placed themselves here and there, but they had lighted great heaps of tow in different places. When I looked into the magic hall thus illuminated, it was certainly a wonderful sight. We now seemed to enter an Egyptian temple with black pillars, between which stood statues of sphinxes and gods, now we roamed through a forest of stone palm-trees and other fantastic plants, and again lances and swords bristled here, or armour of dwarfs and giants hung from the walls. All this seemed to live in the flickering light of the torches, which here brought out the dazzling masses, and there threw yet blacker shadows. No representation can be made of such a cave, for the imagination of each one sees it in a particular way, and peoples it with phantoms.

"Of course names are not wanting for particularly prominent stalactite formations, and I was called upon to acknowledge the likeness of this and that, but the only ones I remember are the so called 'Trophies of the Romans,' some strongly-marked forms which may easily recall the trophies on the ascent to the Capitol at Rome."—*Gregorovius.*

It is possible to reach Rome in the evening after visiting Trisulti and Collepardo. We only went to the excellent country inn at *Frosinone*, and spent a delightful morning in the enjoyment of its invigorating air, and the lovely view from our windows. The town is most picturesque, and is full of quaint mediæval bits, with some insignificant remains of a Roman amphitheatre. It occupies the site of the Volscian city *Frusino.*

> "Fert concitus inde
> Per juga celsa gradum, duris qua rupibus hæret
> Bellator Frusino."—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 530.

CHAPTER XXI.

FARFA.

(The only way of reaching Farfa and returning to Rome the same day —and there is no satisfactory sleeping-place—is to take the train at 6.40 A.M. to Montorso. If carriages are waiting at the station, the direct road to Farfa may be taken; if not, there is a humble diligence to Poggio Mirteto, whence a two-horse carriage—25 francs—may be taken to Farfa, about five miles distant, and kept to go on to Montorso to meet the evening train. Rather more than 1½ hour must be allowed for the return drive to Montorso. There is no inn at Montorso, so those who are late for the last train must go on to sleep at Terni or Spoleto.)

THE excursion to Farfa should be kept till the spring. In the latter part of April, or still better in May, it is quite impossible to visit a place of more radiant loveliness. It is the ideal Italy,—the most fertile part of the beautiful Sabina, and no transition can be more complete than that from the desolate Campagna, with its ruined tombs and aqueducts speaking only of the past, to these exquisite woods and deep shady valleys amid the purple mountains, filled with life and in the richest cultivation, and watered by the rushing stream of the Farfarus.

One can scarcely open a page of Italian history in the middle ages, without meeting the name of Farfa. Doubly founded by saints, its monastery rose to the utmost height of ecclesiastical importance. Its Benedictine monks were looked upon as the centre of Italian learning, and the

"Chronicle of Farfa," compiled from its already decaying charters and records by Thomas the Presbyter, about 1092, and now preserved amongst the most valuable MSS. of the Vatican, has ever since been one of the most important works of reference for Church history. The abbots lived as princes and considered themselves as the equals of the popes. It is narrated that the Abbot of Farfa once met a Pope at Corese, and knew that he must be going to the monastery. He said to his Majordomo, who was with him —"That is the Pope, and he is going to Farfa; of course I cannot be expected to return, but you will go back to receive him, and you will desire that the same respect should be paid to him which is paid to me, and that a fatted calf should be killed in his honour." The monks of Farfa appear never to have numbered more than 683, but the amount of their possessions is almost incredible :—"urbes duas, Centumcellas (Civita-Vecchia) and Alatrium; castaldatus 5; castella 132; oppida 16; portus 7; salinas 8; villas 14; molendina 82; pagos 315; complures lacus, pascua, decimas, portoria, ac prædiorum immanem copiam." Till the recent suppression, the revenues of the abbot, who has long resided at Rome, amounted to nine thousand scudi annually.

But in 1686, when Mabillon made his monastic tour, the buildings of Farfa were already falling into decay. In the summer and autumn months the air of the Farfarus was considered unhealthy, and the abbot resided at the castle of Fara on the hill-side above the monastery, and the monks eight miles off, at the convent of San Salvatore. Since that time Farfa has been more and more neglected, till its very name and existence are almost utterly forgotten.

Before our visit to Farfa in April, 1874, we found it utterly impossible to obtain any accurate information either as to the present state of the monastery or the means of reaching it. No foreigner, no modern Roman, had ever been known to go there. Even Mr. Hemans, so usually indefatigable, had never seen it. Priests, monks, and bishops were consulted in vain. Two monks were found in the abbey of Monte Cassino who had been there, and who spoke of it almost with tears of affectionate admiration, but they had been there in extreme youth, and they were now very old men. Our nearest approach to accurate information about the long lost monastery came from a porter at one of the palaces, who had a cousin, who had a sister-in-law, who had a lover, who had *seen* Farfa. At last, a coachman was found who came from that neighbourhood, and who said that Englishmen went far and wide to see the country and underwent many difficulties to accomplish their objects, but he wondered that they never went to Farfa, for "at Farfa were the Gates of Paradise."

Finding no carriage at the Montorso station, we were glad to take the so-called diligence to Poggio Mirteto, being the only possible means of locomotion—not a very swift one certainly, as it only went at a foot's pace on the level ground, and on the hills it stopped altogether, when, as the driver explained, it was "necessary for all the company to get out and walk, to prevent the wheels rolling backwards." We at once began to reach a new country, rich in vines and figs and olives, and with lovely views towards the noble serrated outline of Soracte. Here, amidst the glowing uplands, the master of the Hotel Minerva at Rome has a great farm and a pink palazzo. Various towns and villages crest the differ-

ent hills; to the left, Cantelupo, Pompeo, Poggio Catino, and Aspra; to the right, Montopoli. The largest town is *Poggio Mirteto*, which our driver assured us was *Il Parigi della Sabina*, and which has rather a handsome church and piazza. Strange to say, the population of this considerable, though out of the way place, is chiefly Protestant, and there is a Protestant church here. The priests themselves, by their lives, had brought about this change of religion, said the people we spoke to.

Here we obtained a carriage, and proceeded to *Montopoli* by an excellent road along the ridges of the swelling hills, which are covered with olives, chestnuts, and peach-trees, with an under-carpet of corn. On the left a wide valley runs up between the mountains, which are here clothed with wood almost to their summits, ending in the rock-built town of Torfea. The further mountain is crowned by a castle. This is the famous fortress of *Fara*, which protected the abbey at its feet in time of trouble, and which is spoken of in the chronicle of Farfa as, "Castellum Pharæ in hoc

Farfa.

eminente monte." On the hill beyond, at the spot called

Bucci, is another castle of the monastery called Tribucci or Buccinianum. A tall ruined tower on a nearer hill is called Cottetino.

Embosomed in woods, beneath La Fara, the great monastery of Farfa stands boldly out from the side of the mountain. It is on the spot where the Syrian hermit Lorenzo, who had been made Bishop of Spoleto, retired from the world about A.D. 550, and built a hermitage, where by his prayers he destroyed a poisonous dragon which had long devastated the neighbouring valleys. The exact site of his cell was long marked by three tall cypresses, but they are now only to be seen in a fresco in the church. Many brethren and disciples gathering around his retreat, he built a monastery which he called after the name of the farm—Casale Acutianus—in which it was erected, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. The monastery of Acutianus became a place of pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of Lorenzo, and attained great splendour, no less than five basilicas being raised there, one of which was intended for women. But the monastery was attacked and destroyed by the Lombards in 568. It then remained desolate till 681, when S. Thomas the Venerable, while praying before the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, beheld in a vision the Blessed Virgin, who commanded him to rebuild her sanctuary and that of her servant Lorenzo. The buildings were restored, and the monastery rose to such magnificence, that no other in Italy, except that of Nonantula, could rival it. Early in the eleventh century the name seems to have been changed to Farfa. The famous Chronicle speaks of it by both its names —"Liber Chronici Monasterii Acutiani sive Farfensis in Ducatu Spoletano."

"About the year 936, the reigning abbot was murdered by two of the fraternity, Campo and Hildebrand. The last words of the abbot, addressed in doggerel Latin to Campo, were, 'Campigenans Campo, malè quam me campegenastis.'

"Campo was abbot in 936, and Hildebrand in 939. The conduct of Campo seems to have been particularly disgraceful: his children he portioned from the effects of the church, and he seems to have been addicted to every species of riotous and disorderly living, to the great scandal of the place and times.

"These crying sins of the Christians, says the history, calling aloud for punishment, the Agareni (Saracens) invaded the country (A.D. 1004) and surrounded the monastery of Farfa. The abbot of that time, Peter, made a stout resistance, and drove away the invaders several times; and, in the interim, found means to send away all the treasure of his convent to Rome, to Rieti, and Firmo. The valuable marbles of the church lie hid underground, and they have never since been discovered. The Saracens, when they at length took the deserted monastery, though enraged at the loss of their expected booty, admired the place so much, that instead of burning it, they converted it into a residence for themselves. The abbey was subsequently destroyed by fire: certain Christian marauders from Poggio Catino, who had taken up their lodging there for the night, whilst the Saracens were absent upon some occasion, had lighted a fire in a corner, which (being alarmed by some noise in the abbey) they left burning; and, hurrying away, the neglected fire spread, and the stately buildings were completely destroyed.

"After this, Farfa lay in ruins forty-eight years; till Hugo, king of Burgundy, coming into Italy, the abbot Raffredus began to restore it, with the treasures sent to Rome and to Firmo; but those which had been conveyed to Rieti had fallen into the hands of the Saracens."—*Sir W. Gell's Rome and its Vicinity.*

From the time of St. Thomas the Venerable in 680, to Nicholas II. in 1388, the list of the abbots of Farfa is almost intact, and the place constantly increased in importance. One of its monks, Bernardo, chosen Abbot of Subiaco in the thirteenth century, pompously begins his installation-edict with: "We, Bernardo Eretoni, of the Order of St. Benedict, monk of the holy and imperial abbey of S. Maria of Farfa, and afterwards by the grace of God Abbot of S. Scolastica, &c."

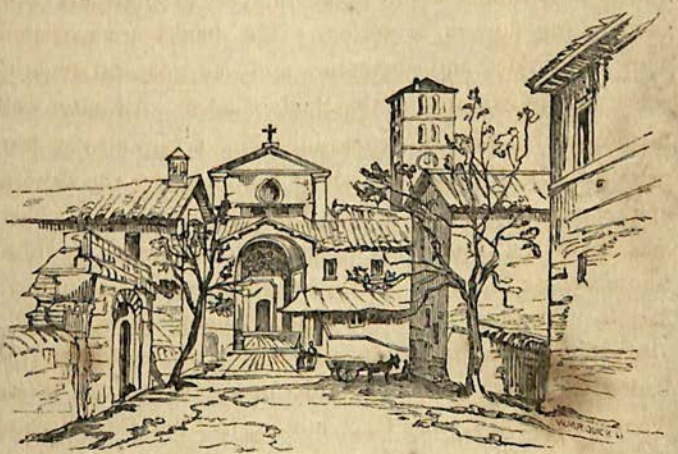
Through the valley beneath the monastery flows the beautiful river Farfarus or Fabaris :—

"Qui Thybrim Fabarimque bibunt."—*Virgil. Æn.* vii. 715.
"Amœnæ Farfarus umbræ."—*Ovid. Metam.* xiv. 330.

and is crossed by an ancient bridge.

As in classical times, the valley is almost buried in verdure. Plautus alludes to it :—"You shall be dispersed like the leaves of Farfarus." A stony road (possible for carriages) ascends from the stream, through thickets of oaks, and of Judas trees, which make the very ground pink with their falling flowers in spring. The banks are carpeted with periwinkles and anemones, and cuckoos and nightingales sing incessantly in the thick shades. An outer wall surrounds the monastic enclosures, and serves also as protection to the little village, which nestles under the shadow of the church. Twice a year, after Easter and Michaelmas, there is a famous fair here, much frequented by those who purchase the oil of Farfa, which is sold here in huge barrels. At these times the Titular Abbot, who is also the *Procuratore Generale* of the whole Benedictine Order (the Padre Pes inelli), comes to reside for a time at Farfa, where there are generally only three monks, to fulfil the offices of the Church. We were fortunate in arriving at this time. The little street was lined with booths full of gay wares, and shaded by coloured awnings of orange, blue, and white canvas. Two gateways, both very richly sculptured, lead to the church. Over the outer, the sainted founders, Lorenzo and Tomaso, over the inner Benedict and Scholastica, kneel before the Virgin and Child, in two very beautiful frescoes by an early Umbrian master. The church is

cruciform, and almost covered with frescoes, which, if not very good as works of art, are at least highly picturesque. The papal benefactors of the monastery are represented between the arches, which are supported by ancient granite pillars. The ceiling is richly carved in wood. At the cross is an intricate pavement of opus-alexandrium. The whole of the western wall above the door is occupied by a fresco of the Last Judgment, which, when executed, was considered "so terrible to behold, that those who looked upon it thought of nothing but death for many days."



Convent of Farfa.

The choir is now stripped of its "choir books plated with gold and silver and set with gems," and is no longer rich in "gold and silver ornaments, and in dresses for the officiating priests, embroidered with gold, and studded with precious stones," but a beautiful paschal-candlestick remains, a real work of art, though only carved in wood. On the left of the

altar is the Chapel of S. Lorenzo Siro, where he is buried, and where the brazen hoop of the *scatola* in which he carried a famous picture of the Virgin to Farfa is preserved. This picture is still over the high-altar: four heads, the Virgin, with the Bambino beneath, and two seraphins set in gold—black of course, and attributed to St. Luke. On the right is the chapel of the second founder, Tomaso, with a picture of him receiving the commands of the Virgin; the hill of Farfa and the three cypresses of Lorenzo are represented in the background. Here also, and in other parts of the church, the original building is pourtrayed with two towers, only one of which remains.

The vast monastic buildings are now chiefly used as a farm. In the corner of the cloister is an ancient well, apparently a relic of some pagan temple on this site, to which the pillars of the church also probably belonged. It is beautifully sculptured with the Battle of the Amazons in high relief. Outside, is the terrace, where the Chronicle says that the monks were sitting before supper, in the year 1125, when "they beheld the tower of the castle of Farfa stricken and burnt by a flash of lightning."

It was a picture seldom seen now in Italy, when the carriage came to take us away from Farfa and the venerable abbot with his few remaining monks came out to take leave of us. He had invited us to stay, as the abbey is no longer *clausura*, and the ladies of our party could have been accommodated, "though," he added, "as there were neither beds nor chairs, they might not be very comfortable." As he stood in the gateway, under the old fresco, the whole population of the little town gathered around him, with perfect

friendly confidence in him, and farewell speeches for us—and it gave one an idea of what the paternal relation must often have been between the abbots and their people in these secluded places, and of what might have been their influence.

CHAPTER XXII.

CIVITA CASTELLANA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THIS is quite one of the most interesting parts of Italy, and is far too little known. Scarcely one traveller in a thousand ever visits Civita Castellana, though it stands amid the noblest scenery imaginable, possesses the most delightful air and lovely views over the mountains, and is only two hours distant from Rome. The inns are very humble, but bearable. The Croce Bianca is the best, though there is a fine view from La Posta. To the archæologist the neighbourhood of Civita opens a wonderful mine of interest hitherto almost unexplored, while to the botanist and geologist it would prove scarcely less attractive. An artist might pass months here fully employed upon the glorious scenery, though there is no variety of costume in this country, as in the mountain villages south of Rome.

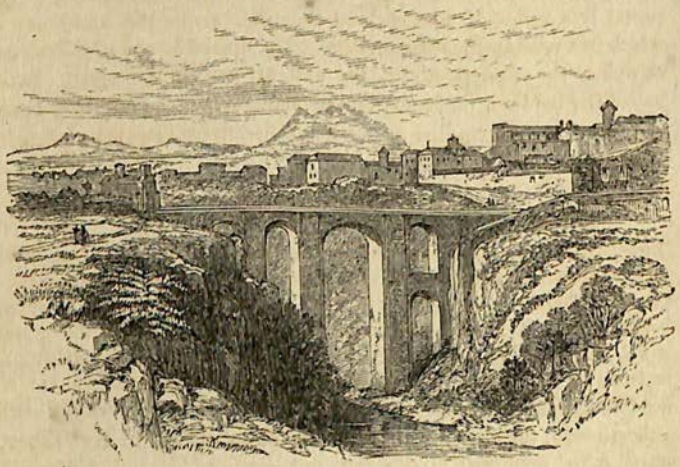
On the last day of April, a most lovely fresh sunny morning, we took our tickets at Rome for the Borghetto station on the Florence line of railway. It is rather more than an hour's journey across the Campagna, passing close under the hill of Fidenæ, and seeing, beyond it, Monte Rotondo on the right, and the town of Corese, the ancient Cures, which Dionysius calls the greatest of Sabine cities, on the left.

Several carriages were waiting at Borghetto, and we travelled pleasantly into the delicious clover-scented uplands, stopping

Borghetto.

by the way to admire the grand old castle with its tall tower and ruined church, standing on a tufa rock just above the railway. Beyond, in the hollow, flows the stealthy Tiber, which here makes such immense bends amongst the low-lying pasture lands that one pities the passengers in the river steamers, which till a few years ago were the chief means of communication between Rome and Borghetto. As we were carried merrily on over the luxuriant hay-fields, between hedges of wild roses and cistus, we looked across the valley to Maglian Sabina gleaming white against the dark mountain steeps. Suddenly, without any previous sign, the pastures opened, and we found ourselves on the edge of a gulf in the tufa, a deep abyss of rock where the evergreen shrubs and honeysuckle fell in perfect cascades of luxuriance over the red and yellow tufa cliffs, stained here and there with dashes of black and brown, and perforated with Etruscan tombs of various sizes, reached by narrow pathways along the face of the precipice. In the misty depths the little river Treja wanders

amid huge stones, and under the tall arches of a magnificent bridge of 1712, which crosses the ravine at a height



Gorge of Civita Castellana.

of 120 feet. The opposite bank is crested by the old houses and churches of Civita; and in the hollow are some rustic water-mills. One must make a very sharp bargain if one descends at the Hotel of La Posta, as the landlord takes advantage of his few travellers to extort as much as he possibly can. It is a curious kind of caravansary, as a great part of the large building is let off to poor families, and most of what remains is occupied by the officers of the garrison. Ablutions can here only be made like mosaics, a small portion at a time. From the terrace there is the most lovely view over the ravine to the mountains.

The *Cathedral* of Civita is very fascinating, and very unlike anything else. The wide portico at the west end supported by a range of pillars is encrusted with lovely mosaic work of 1210, by Lorenzo Cosmati and his sons.

"A fine flight of steps leads up to a porch of fair proportions, flanked by porticoes. The porch opens on to the chief portal by a broad arch resting on pilasters and crowned with an entablature and balcony. The portal is a series of pilasters and columns, above the architrave of which is a recess with a fan window. The arched border of this recess, as well as the pilasters, friezes, and wall, are worked in mosaic. In the key of the border is the lamb; on the pilasters, the symbols of the Evangelists. The following inscription on the architrave reveals the name of the author:

Laurentius cum Jacobo, filio suo, magistri
doctissimi Romani, hoc opus fecerunt.

Two lateral doors flank the chief portal, and in the lunette of that to the right is a bust figure in mosaic of the Saviour, with a cruciform jewelled nimbus, holding a book and stretching out his right hand in the act of benediction. A natural movement and fair contours mark the figure, which has none of the usual grimness or vehemence. The oval head, inclosed by hair falling in a triple wave behind the shoulders, has at least an expression of repose. The chin, broad and bare, is fringed with a short beard, the nose is straight, the mouth small, and the eyes without stare. A red tunic with gold borders and jewelled blue cuffs, and a gold mantle, complete the dress, which is shadowless and flat, but fairly lined. The yellowish flesh tints tend to red on the cheeks, and are outlined with red in the lights and black in the shadows. On the architrave below this gay and not unpleasant mosaic are the words:

Ma . . . Jaco } † Rainerius Petri Rodulpho fieri fecit."
bus m fecit } *Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Except the opus alexandrinum pavement and the crypt, the interior of the church has been modernized, but the arrangement is remarkable, as the nave ends in a broad semi-circular staircase leading to the tribune, like a picture of Paul Veronese. The transepts are occupied by the local saints Gracilianus and Felicissima: the latter is shown in a glass case and wreath of pink roses.

Beyond the cathedral rises the *citadel*, built by Antonio San Gallo for Alexander VI. Gsell-fels calls its tower with the triangular outworks "the political Bastile of Rome." Some years ago we went thither to visit the famous robber chief-

tain Gasparoni, imprisoned for twenty years under the papacy. Many of his band were with him, and there was certainly

Cathedral Portico, Civita Castellana.

an unpleasant sensation when the door of the large room they inhabited was closed, and from the numerous little beds where they were lying, gaunt and with matted hair, the many figures rose up of men who were so long the terror of the Campagna, and whose murders under circumstances of the most detailed barbarity still are told by Castelli grandmothers to terrify the village circles. When About went to visit Gasparoni in his prison, the old robber-chief offered him a printed list of the hundred murders he had committed, as a *souvenir* on taking leave, and was greatly surprised that he did not wish to accept it. Under the Sardinian government * Gasparoni and all the survivors of his band are set at liberty!

Civita Castellana occupies the site of the Falerium Vetus,

* Who complain that brigandage is encouraged by the adherents of the Pope and Francis II.

mentioned so often by Plutarch and Livy, and founded by the Pelasgi soon after the Trojan war. Ovid however, who married a Faliscan wife, ascribes its foundation to Halesus, son of Agamemnon.

"Venerat Atridæ fatis agitatus Halesus;
A quo se dictam terra Falisca putat."
Fast. iv. 73.

"Cum mihi pomiferis conjux foret orta Faliscis,
Mœnia contigimus victa, Camille, tibi.
Casta sacerdotes Junoni festa parabant
Per celebres ludos, indigenamque bovem.
Grande moræ pretium ritus cognoscere, quamvis
Difficilis clivis huc via præbet iter.
Stat vetus et densa prænubilus arbore lucus:
Aspice, concedas numen inesse loco.
Accipit ara preces, votivaque tura piorum,
Ara per antiquas facta sine arte manus.
Hinc ubi præsonuit sollenni tibia cantu,
It per velatas annua pompa vias.
Ducuntur niveæ, populo plaudente, juvencæ,
Quas aluit campis herba Falisca suis."
Amor. iii. *Eleg.* 13.

"Camillus was the military tribune under whom Falerii was added to the territory of Rome. According to the legend, 'a schoolmaster, who had the care of the sons of the principal citizens, took an opportunity when walking with his boys without the walls, to lead them to the Roman camp, and throw them into the power of the enemy. But Camillus, indignant at this treason, bade the boys drive their master back into the town again, flogging him all the way thither, for the Romans, he said, made no war with children. Upon this the Faliscans, won by his magnanimity, surrendered to him at discretion, themselves, their city, and their country.'"—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome.*

The most remarkable remains of the ancient Falerii will be found near the Ponte Terrano about a mile beyond the castle of Sangallo. The bridge crosses the ravine of the Rio Maggiore by a double arch; one pier is of rock, the other of Etruscan masonry.

"The cliffs above and below the bridge are perforated in every direction with holes—doorways innumerable, leading into spacious tombs—sepulchral niches of various forms and sizes—here, rows of squares, side by side, like the port-holes of a ship of war—there, long and shallow recesses, one over the other, like an open cupboard, or a book-case, where the dead were literally laid upon the shelf,—now again, upright like pigeon-holes,—or still taller and narrower, like the *creneaux* in a fortification. This seems to have been the principal necropolis of the Etruscan city. If you enter any of the tombs, which are in all the faces of the low cliffs into which the ground breaks, you will find one general plan prevailing, characteristic of the site. Unlike those of Sutri, where the door opens at once into the tomb, it here leads into a small ante-chamber, seldom as much as five feet square, which has an oblong hole in the ceiling, running up like a chimney to the level of the ground above. The tomb itself is generally spacious—from twelve to twenty feet square, or of an oblong form—never circular—mostly with a massive square pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock, or, in many cases, with a thick partition-wall of rock instead, dividing the tomb into two equal parts. The front of this, whether it be pillar or projecting wall, is generally hollowed out, sometimes in recesses, long and shallow, and one over the other, to contain bodies, sometimes in upright niches, for cinerary urns or votive offerings. Around the walls are long recesses for bodies, in double or triple tiers, just as in the catacombs and tombs of the early Christians, forcibly reminding you, by their size, form, and arrangement, of the berths in a steamer's cabin. The door-posts are frequently grooved to hold the stone slabs with which the tombs were closed. The chimney in the ceiling of the ante-chamber probably served several purposes—as a *spiramen*, or vent-hole, to let off the effluvium of the decaying bodies or burnt ashes—as a means of pouring in libations to the graves of the dead—and as a means of entrance on emergency after the doors were closed. That they were used for the latter purpose is evident, for in the sides of these chimneys may be seen small niches, about a foot or eighteen inches one above the other, manifestly cut for the hands and feet. These chimneys were probably left open for some time, till the effluvium had passed off, and then were covered in, generally with large hewn blocks. Similar trap-doorways to tombs are found occasionally at Corneto, Ferento, Cervetri, and elsewhere in Etruria, but nowhere in such numbers as at Civita Castellana and Falleri, where they form a leading characteristic of the sepulchres."—*Dennis, Cities of Etruria.*

One of the tombs near the bridge is decorated with a row

of niches, five on each side of the doorway; on the next tomb to this is inscribed—'Tucthnu' in Etruscan letters, once filled in with red. Another tomb hard by has an Etruscan inscription of two lines, but much obliterated. Fragments of Etruscan masonry remain here and there along the edge of the cliffs, serving as the foundation of mediæval walls. Wherever you turn around Civita Castellana, the ravine seems to pursue you, as if the earth were opening under your feet; so does it twist around the town. Each turn is a picture more beautiful than the last, and ever and again beyond the rocky avenues, Soracte, steeped in violet shadows, appears rising out of the tender green of the plain. The gorge has been compared to the famous Tajo of Ronda; it has no waterfalls and the cliffs are not as high, but it is quite as full of colour and beauty. The traveller who merely spends a few hours in Civita knows nothing of it. In the early morning the hollows are filled with mist, while the sun lights up here and there a crag crested with ilex and overhung with clematis and honeysuckle. Near the bridge a huge block of grey rock divides the valley and stands level at the top with the surrounding country, from which it must once have been riven,—like an inaccessible island fortress in the midst of the ravine. Up into the town winds the ancient way, a steep zig-zag following the curves of the rock, and here are fountains where the dresses of the women who come down to draw water, or to wash at the great basons on the ledge, add bright patches of colour to the view. While upon the face of the rocks and along the edge of paths in the precipices, so narrow now that only goats can follow them, yawn everywhere the open mouths of caverned sepulchres, the dead pursuing the living up to the very gates of the city.

About three miles beyond the Ponte Terrano, stranded and deserted in the upland plain, so wildly beautiful from its thickets of broom and cistus and its primæval oak woods, and backed by the lovely ranges of the Ciminian hills, stands the utterly ruined city of *Falleri*. One of the finest Etruscan tombs in this country is passed on the way thither. It is in a hollow, on the right of the road, presenting a three-arched portico, with a boldly-cut cornice, sculptured in the rock. Within is an ante-chamber leading into the principal tomb. Here the flat ceiling is supported by a square pillar, all around are benches for sarcophagi, and the walls and pillars are perforated with niches for urns or ornaments. Several other tombs exist close by, but this may be taken as a good specimen of an Etruscan sepulchre, and is more architecturally interesting than any of the tombs at Castel d'Asso or Bieda.

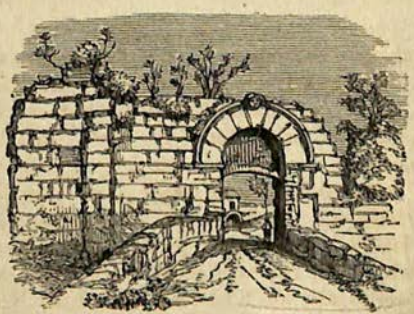
Soon after ascending the hill beyond the tombs, Falleri comes in sight, its massive walls and towers rising above the ploughed land, about twenty-five feet in height. They are almost perfect, but there are no ruins standing of the city within them.

"There is nothing to recommend the site of Falerii, as a strong position. The whole of the northern wall of the city stands only as much above the plain, as may be accounted for by the circumstance of having been built upon the earth thrown out of the ditch. In this part of the wall there are nineteen towers, all remaining in a state of great perfection, fifteen or sixteen courses in height; but, from their position, they are of little strength. About nineteen more are on the second side of the triangle, placed on the verge of precipices: the third side is defended not only by walls, but by a rocky descent into a deep glen, watered by a pretty stream, which falls into the Tiber. The vestiges of an ancient aqueduct may be traced from the upper country, and a modern one passes near the stream in the glen below.

The walls were of tufa; in some parts twelve courses of blocks are

still remaining, and in others as many as fifteen or sixteen. The solidity of the towers is singular; they do not project internally beyond the thickness of the walls, and some of them have no more than five stones at the base, and no empty space within. The distance between them is about fifty yards. Above the parapet the towers were chambered; and being pierced by doors, permitted an uninterrupted walk on the top of the walls behind the battlements. Perhaps no place presents a more perfect specimen of ancient military architecture; its preservation in modern times may be principally ascribed to the seclusion and comparative desertion of the district."—*Gells' Roman Topography.*

In the turfy enclosure which the walls encircle stand only the remains of a mediæval abbey—*Santa Maria di Falleri,* with its beautiful church, of the twelfth century, utterly ruined since the roof fell in thirty years ago, and overgrown with rank vegetation, though retaining all the delicate sculpture of its pillars and cornices, evidently constructed of materials taken from the ancient city. The cart-track which diverges from the front of the church leads to the *Porta di Giove,* a fine gate admirably preserved and flanked by towers. It takes its name from the sculptured head over the key-stone of the arch, though this more probably represents Apollo than Jupiter.



Porta di Giove. Falleri.

To enjoy Falleri properly, one must make the circuit of

the walls, which are nearly triangular, and which, on the side which overhangs the stream, rise almost perpendicular with the tufa rocks. Here and there they are hollowed into tombs and niches, while on the other side of the narrow ravine are tall cliffs full of small caverned sepulchres. In the distance beyond the broomy heights, soars Soracte, ever one of the most beautiful of mountains. Below flows the rivulet Miccino, one of the waters which Pliny describes as having the power of imparting a white colour to cattle. In the southern wall of the city is the *Porta del Bove*, so called from the bull's-head upon its key-stone. Falleri was a city constructed entirely upon the Etruscan model, but was built in the year of Rome 512, after the destruction of the ancient city, when it was called *Falerium Novum*. Zonaras, who describes the capture of Falerium Vetus, says that "the ancient city situated on a steep and lofty height was destroyed, and another built on a site easy of access." The name of the ancient city was transferred with the inhabitants, and when the town on the earlier site rose from its ruins, in the ninth century, it was with the name of Civita Castellana. The second town was erected by the Romans, but at a time when Etruscan arts were most admired and copied, and it was probably raised on or near the site of some small Etruscan citadel, to which many of the tombs in its rock-barriers may have belonged.

"This celebrated city, unlike the other rivals of Rome, has preserved entire the circuit of her ancient walls. Not one ancient building is standing within them: they have survived all that they were erected to defend. It is very fine to see the enormous masses of travertine masonry glowing in the rays of the setting sun, and throwing their long purple shadows on the bright fresh green of the spring grass and blossoming thickets. And most of all, where the walls, skirting one of the deep glens, are built down even into its depths, presenting a face of

solid masonry not less than fifty feet in height. One longs to have a painter there, to catch the warm glow of the great wall, lichened and weather-stained, as it descends into the verdure, and then into the deep shadow of the underlying ravine; then the same is again repeated, but with all the varieties of receding colour, as, promontory after promontory, the defences run up the glen; till at length a barrier of high rocks closes in its head, over which, after a belt of wooded country, rises the graceful group of Soracte, in loveliest, tenderest blue. But no painter can give us the fragrance of the spring-flowers which fills the air, nor the gushing notes of many nightingales from the balmy thickets below." —*Dean Alford.*

On the first of May we drove out from Civita Castellana to spend the day upon Soracte, emerging from the town through an Etruscan cutting in the rock, which is lined with tombs. The excursion is a very easy one, though when we made it the stone bridges in the hollow had all been washed away in a flood, and a man had to be sent on to help in taking our horses out and in drawing our carriage over a temporary wooden structure.

No drive can be uninteresting with such an object as Soracte before one, ever becoming more defined. Those who look at it from Rome have no idea whatever of the majestic character of the mountain as seen from this side, where it rises abruptly in the midst of the rich green plain of the table-land. Dennis compares it to the rock of Gibraltar. Ampère says that it resembles a blue island in the Ægean Sea. At first it is a sharp blue wedge against the sky, darkened by the woods with which it is covered, then it lengthens out into several peaks of sharp cliff succeeding one another and crowned by white convents and hermitages. The lower slopes are rich and green. They melt gradually into thick olive groves, which terminate in steeps of bare grey rock, white and dazzling when the sun falls upon them.

It is a mark of a severe winter when Soracte is capped with snow :—

> "Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
> Soracte—"
>
> *Horace, Od.* i. 9.

and, thus crested, it is the most beautiful feature in the well-known view from the terrace of the Pamfili-Doria villa at Rome. But all the snow will have melted before the charms of the fresh spring have attracted visitors to Civita Castellana, and its lower slopes will be breaking into such a loveliness of tender green as is quite indescribable. Though of no great altitude, Soracte, from its isolation, its form, and its glorious colour, is far more impressive than many mountains which are five times its height.

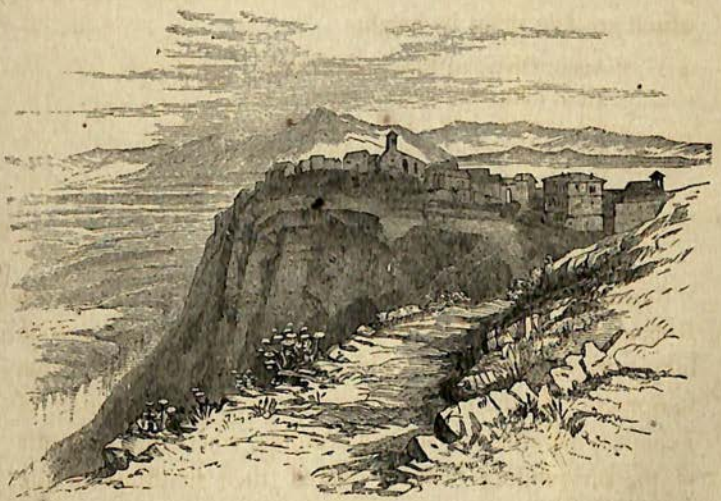
> "Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
> These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
> All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
> Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid
> For our remembrance, and from out the plain
> Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
> And on the crest hangs pausing."
>
> *Byron, Childe Harold,* c. iv.

Separated from the main mass of the mountain on the Roman side, is an attendant rock supporting the picturesque little town of *Sant' Oreste*, which has given its modern name to Soracte. At the foot of this smaller hill is the fountain of Felonica, marking the side of Feronia, where the peasants of the surrounding districts offered their firstfruits to the great Sabine goddess, who would seem to have been identical with Proserpine.

"The most important of all the Italian fairs was that which was held at Soracte in the grove of Feronia, a situation than which none could be found more favourable for the exchange of commodities among the

three great nations. That high isolated mountain, which appears to have been set down by Nature herself in the midst of the plain of the Tiber as a goal for the pilgrim, lay on the boundary which separated the Etruscan and Sabine lands (to the latter of which it appears mostly to have belonged), and it was likewise easily accessible from Latium and Umbria. Roman merchants regularly made their appearance there, and the wrongs of which they complained gave rise to many a quarrel with the Sabines."—*Mommsen's Hist. of Rome*, ch. xiii.

It was narrated by Strabo, that pilgrims to Feronia, possessed with her spirit, could walk with bare feet, uninjured, over burning coals. The goddess was honoured with such valuable offerings of gold and silver, that Hannibal thought it worth while to turn aside hither, to plunder the famous shrine.



S. Oreste from Soracte.

"Annibal alla au pied du Soracte piller le sanctuaire de Féronia ; les paysanes capenates, aussi dévotes à la grande déesse sabine que leurs descendants peuvent l'être à Saint Oreste, offraient à ce sanctuaire

célèbre les prémices de leurs moissons. Elle recevait aussi des offrandes en or et en argent. Annibal traita le sanctuaire de Féronia comme le général Buonaparte devait traiter un jour le sanctuaire de Notre-Dame de Lorette ; il le dépouilla."—*Ampère, Hist. Rome*, iii. 100.

A carriage can ascend the mountain as far as S. Oreste, and here we left it near the gate of the town and followed a foot-path, which turns up to the left by a small chapel. It is about two miles to the top. Most of the convents are in ruins. *Sta. Lucia* is the first which comes in sight, on the crest of the nearest peak, then *Sta. Romana* on the eastern slope. Then, by the pilgrims' road which winds through an avenue of ancient ilexes and elms, we reached the gates of *Sta. Maria delle Grazie.* The long drive, and the steep walk in the great heat, had made us faint with hunger and thirst. The monks came out with wine, and slices of Bologna sausage and delicious coarse bread, to a room at the gate, for ladies are not allowed to enter the walls, and never was refreshment more acceptable. There are only thirteen monks now, who live an active life of charity, and whose advice and instruction are widely sought by the country people around. There is little fear of their suppression, as they have scarcely any finances, and their humble dwellings on the bare crag, far from all human habitations, could not be sold for anything, and would be useless to the present Government. Those we saw were a grand group; one, a tall and commanding figure with handsome face and flashing eyes, told us of the peace and blessing he received from his solitary life here, and of the ever-growing interest of the place and all its associations; another, of a coarse common expression, spoke in murmuring tones, and was sceptical about all his stories, which he wound up always by "È tradizione;"

a third, was an old venerable man of eighty-six, who had passed his life in these solitudes, a life so evidently given up to prayer that his spirit seemed only half to belong to earth. We spoke to him of the change which was coming over the monastic life, but he did not murmur—"È la volontà di Dio;" only when he talked of the great poverty of the people from the present taxation, and of their reduced means of helping them, he lamented a little. He said the people came to him every day, and they asked why they had such sufferings to bear, that they had been quite happy before, and had never wished or sought for any change; and that he urged them to patience and prayer, and to the faith that though outward events might change and earthly comforts be swept away, God, who led His children by mysterious teaching which we could not fathom, was Himself always the same.

The three monks went with us to the top, where the temple of Apollo, the "guardian of the holy Soracte," formerly stood, and where the Hirpini, as the people of the surrounding district were called, came to offer their annual sacrifices, and were, on that account, says Pliny, exempted from military service and other public duties.

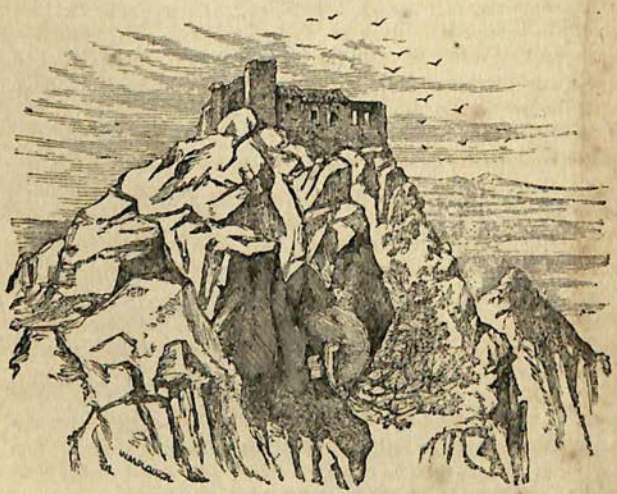
"Summe deûm, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
Pascitur; et medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multâ premimus vestigia pruna;
Da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis."

Virgil, Æn. xi. 785.

"Tum Soracte satum, præstantem corpore et armis,
Æquanum noscens; (patrio cui ritus in arvo,
Quum pius arcitenens accensis gaudet acervis,
Exta ter innocuos læto portare per ignes)
Sic in Apollinea semper vestigia pruna

Inviolata teras, victorque vaporis ad aras
Dona serenato referas solennia Phœbo."
Sil. Ital. v. 175.

On the supposed site of the ancient temple, 2270 feet above the level of the sea, perched on the highest points of the perpendicular crags, its walls one with their precipices, now stands the monastery of *S. Silvestro.* It is a sublime position, removed from and above everything else. Hawks circle around its huge cliffs, and are the only sign of life.



Convent of S. Silvestro, Summit of Soracte.

On a lower terrace are the church and hermitage of *S. Antonio,* ruined and deserted. To these solitudes came Constantine to seek for Sylvester the hermit, whom he found here in a cave and led away to raise to the papal throne, walking before him as he rode upon his mule, as is represented in the ancient frescoes of the Quattro Incoronati.

"Sylvester, who had been elected bishop of Rome, fled from the persecution, and dwelt for some time in a cavern, near the summit of Soracte. While he lay there concealed, the Emperor Constantine was attacked by a horrible leprosy: and having called to him the priests of his false gods, they advised that he should bathe himself in a bath of children's blood, and three thousand children were collected for this purpose. And, as he proceeded in his chariot to the place where the bath was to be prepared, the mothers of these children threw themselves in his way with dishevelled hair, weeping, and crying aloud for mercy. Then Constantine was moved to tears, and he commanded that the children should be restored to their mothers with great gifts, in recompense of what they had suffered.

"On that same night, as he lay asleep, S. Peter and S. Paul appeared at his bedside, and they stretched their hands over him, and said—'Because thou hast feared to spill the innocent blood, Jesus Christ has sent us to bring thee good counsel. Send to Sylvester, who lies hidden among the mountains, and he shall show thee the pool, in which having washed three times, thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy; and henceforth thou shalt adore the God of the Christians, and thou shalt cease to persecute and oppress them.' Then Constantine, awaking from this vision, sent to search for Sylvester. And he, when he saw the soldiers of the Emperor, supposed it was to lead him to death: but when he appeared before the Emperor, Constantine saluted him, and said, 'I would know of thee who are those two gods who appeared to me in the vision of the night?' And Sylvester replied, 'They were not gods, but the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then Constantine desired that he would show him the effigies of these two apostles; and Sylvester sent for the pictures of S. Peter and S. Paul, which were in the possession of certain pious Christians. Constantine, having beheld them, saw that they were the same who had appeared to him in his dream. Then Sylvester baptized him, and he came out of the font cured of his malady." —*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

The oratory of Sylvester was enclosed in a monastery founded in 746 by Carloman, son of Charles Martel, and uncle of Charlemagne, and though later buildings have succeeded upon the same spot, and the existing edifice is externally of 1500, it encloses much of the church of Carloman, and the more ancient hermitage of Sylvester. The walls of the church are covered with mediæval frescoes, fading, but

still very beautiful. On the right of the entrance is S. Buonaventura; then come S. Anne, the Virgin, S. Roch, and S. Sebastian, but all have been much injured by the goat-herds who used to shelter their flocks here when the church was utterly deserted. The beautiful old high-altar is richly carved in stone taken from the mountain itself. Behind it are a curious holy water basin, and a priest's chamber. A martyr's stone—"Pietra di Paragone"—may be seen in the wall.

Beneath the lofty tribune is the cell of Sylvester, half cut in the mountain itself. It encloses the sloping mass of rock which formed the bed of his hermitage, and his stone seat. Here also is the altar on which, first Sylvester himself, and afterwards Gregory the Great, said mass. On the walls are dim frescoes of the seventh century, faintly lighted by the rays stealing in above the altar—Christ, S. Silvester, S. Gregory, and the Archangel Michael. A long inscription in the upper church tells the story of a later sainted monk of Soracte, Nonnosus, who is reported to have performed three miracles here. The first was when a monk broke a valuable lamp—"una lampada orientale"—quite into small pieces in this church, and was in despair about the consequences, when Nonnosus fell on his knees and prayed, and the culprit saw the fragments miraculously joined together again. In the second, the olive-gardens of the convent failed, and the abbot was about to send out to buy up the oil of the paesani, when Nonnosus took the convent oil—"il poco che fu"—and it was miraculously multiplied. In the third, he lifted by the force of prayer a large stone, which had fallen, back to its mountain ledge, where it may still be seen in proof of the power of this saint.

Behind the convent is its little garden, where legend tells that S. Sylvester would sow one day his turnips for the meal of the morrow, and that they were miraculously brought to perfection during the night. There is a grand view from this over all the wide-spreading country, but especially into the blue gorges of the Sabina, and the monks described the beautiful effect when each of the countless villages which can be seen from hence, lights its bonfire on the eve of the Ascension.

The last monks who lived in S. Silvestro were Franciscans, and they left it in 1700, because seven of their number were then killed by lightning in a storm. Our monastic friends accompanied us on our return as far as Sta. Maria delle Grazie, and as we turned to descend the mountain-path, the old monk of eighty-six, standing at the head of the steps, stretched out his hands and most solemnly blessed us—"May the blessed Saviour keep and guide you, and may His holy angels walk with you in all your ways."

As we slowly descended the mountain, we looked down through the woods to Santa Romana at its eastern base, near which are the deep fissures called Voragini, whence pestilential vapours arise. Pliny mentions these exhalations from Soracte as fatal to birds, and quotes Varro, who speaks of a fountain on Soracte four feet in width, which flowed at sunrise, and appeared to boil, and of which, when birds drank, they died. By Servius a story is told of some shepherds who were sacrificing to Pluto, when the victims were carried off from the very altar by wolves. The shepherds pursuing them came upon the cave whence the pestilential vapours issued, which destroyed all who came within their reach. A malady ensued, and the oracle declared that the only remedy was to

do as the wolves did—to live by plunder.* Hence they were called Hirpini Sorani—Pluto's wolves, from *hirpus*, which was Sabine for a wolf, and *Soranus*, another name for Pluto; and accordingly, robbers there always were on Soracte till the forests which clothed the whole neighbourhood were for the most part cut down about twenty years ago. With the robbers the wolves and bears, which abounded on the sides of the mountain, disappeared, many persons being still alive who have had adventurous escapes from them. Cato says that there were also wild goats upon Soracte, of such wonderful activity, that they could leap sixty feet at one bound! †

From S. Oreste one looks across a wooded country to the village of *Rignano*, about 3½ miles distant. It claims to be the birth-place of Cæsar Borgia. Fragments of ancient columns and altars abound there, and in the piazza is preserved a curious primitive cannon. Rignano gives a title to the eldest son of Duke Massimo.

Seven miles south-east of Rignano is a hill crested by the ruined church of San Martino, which occupies the site of the Etruscan *Capena*, the faithful ally of Veii, indeed Cato says that Veii was founded by the Capenates. The citadel was strongly defended by nature, being situated on an insular rock connected with the neighbouring heights by a kind of isthmus, and was consequently almost impregnable. It was never taken by siege, but capitulated to the Romans, after vainly joining with the Falisci, in an attempt to succour Veii.

"After the fall of Veii, Valerius and Servilius marched to Capena; and, the inhabitants not daring to quit their walls, the Romans de-

* Æn. xi. 785. † Cato ap. Varron. Re Rust. ii. cap. 3.

stroyed the country, and particularly the fruit-trees, for which it was celebrated."—*Livy*, v. 24.

There are some small remains of the foundations of walls and towers, and of reticulated work, visible here and there amid the thickets of wild-pear, descendants of the fruit-trees mentioned by Livy, which are covered with blossom in spring.

"Placed, like Alba and Gabii, upon the verge of a volcano, Capena assumed the form of a crescent; the citadel was on the highest point westward, and communicated by a steep path with the Via Veientana. This road may be traced in the valley below, running towards the Grammiccia and the natural opening of the crater on the east; and it was only here, as the remains testify, that carriages could enter the city.

"On ascending from this quarter, a fine terrace is observed, which is evidently placed on the top of the ancient walls. The squared blocks with which the place is strewed, show that these were parallelograms of volcanic stone. They may yet be traced by their foundations round the summit of the hill.

"Capena has something in it altogether peculiar: the situation, though commanding, seems singularly secluded, the country is once more wholly in a state of nature; nothing of animated life, except here and there flocks of goats or sheep, feeding on some green eminence or in the valleys below, which are spotted with such innumerable patches of underwood, that, were it not for the brousing of these animals, it would soon become a forest. The desolation is complete: Silvanus, instead of Ceres, is in full possession of the soil."—*Gells' Topography of Rome.*

"The view from the height of Capena is wildly beautiful. The deep hollow on the south, with its green carpet: the steep hills overhanging it, dark with wood—perhaps the groves celebrated by Virgil: the bare swelling ground to the north, with Soracte towering above: the snow-capt Apennines in the eastern horizon: the deep silence, the seclusion; the absence of human habitations (not even a shepherd's hut) within the sphere of vision, save the distant town of Sant' Oreste, scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock on which it stands;—it is a scene of more singular desolation than belongs to the site of any other Etruscan city in this district of the land."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The stream of the Grammiccia probably once bore the name of Capenas.

"Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco,
Et sacer humectat fluvialia rura Capenas."
Sil. Ital. xiii. 84.

The site of Capena is best visited on horseback, and may be reached from Rome by leaving the Via Flaminia on the left at the Monte della Guardia. About three miles from Capena, on the Tiber, is *Fiano*, with the castle of the Duke of that name. This village is supposed to mark the site of the Flavinium of Virgil :—

"Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniaque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos."
Æn. vii. 696.

and the Flavina of Silius :—

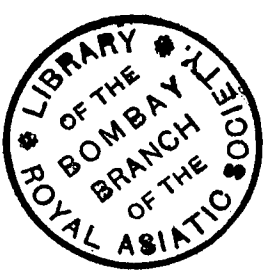
"Quique tuos, Flavina, focos, Sabatia quique
Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum."
Sil. viii. 492.

Six miles north of Civita Castellana is *Corchiano*, a most picturesque village occupying an Etruscan site, and surrounded, like almost all the towns of Etruria, with ravines full of mutilated sepulchres. One of these, half a mile distant, on the way to Falleri, is inscribed Larth. Vel. Arnies, in Etruscan characters. Three miles further is *Gallese*, beautifully situated on a rock at the junction of two ravines. Canon Nardoni has written a work to prove that this is the Æquum Faliscum, mentioned by Strabo, Virgil, and Silius. It contains some obscure Roman remains, and there are many Etruscan tombs in the neighbouring valleys. Gallese was early the seat of a bishopric.

Six miles north-west of Corchiano is *Vignanello*, and four miles beyond it *Soriano*, both Etruscan sites.*

* For all these places see *Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, vol. ii.

Dennis believes that he has identified the fragments of a city, half covered with wood, but marked by the ruined church of S. Silvestro ("a mile and a half west of Ponte Felice, on the way to Corchiano"), with the lost town of *Fescennium*, mentioned by Dionysius and Virgil, and celebrated in the history of Latin poetry for the nuptial songs called Carmina Fescennina, to which, according to Festus, it gave its name.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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CIMINIAN HILLS—NEPI, SUTRI, AND CAPRAROLA.

(These most interesting places may be visited from Civita Castellana, taking the railway to Borghetto. Here a carriage may be engaged for the whole excursion at about 20 francs a day. Or Ronciglione, where the Aquila Nera is a humble but tolerable inn, may be reached by diligence from Rome, and excursions made from thence. If a carriage be taken from Rome to Ronciglione, Nepi and Sutri—a few miles off the road in opposite directions—may be visited on the way. Caprarola is three miles beyond Ronciglione.)

IT is a delightful drive of about an hour and a half through the forest from Civita Castellana to Nepi. The road passes near the castle and Benedictine church of *Sant' Elia*, the latter a very curious early Christian building, covered internally with frescoes by the brothers Johannes and Stephanus and their nephew Nicolaus of Rome.

"The exact period in which these artists executed the decorations of S. Elia cannot be ascertained; but they were men who combined the imitation of forms and compositions characteristic of various ages of Roman art, with a technical execution which can only be traced as far back as the tenth century. Their work, though it has suffered from the ravages of time, illustrates a phase hitherto comparatively unknown. They seem to have been men accustomed to mosaics, for they mapped out their colours so as to resemble that species of work. They used, not the thin water-colour of the early catacomb painters at Rome or Naples, but the body-colour of the later artists, who painted of the chapel of S. Cecilia in S. Calisto and the figures of Curtius and Desiderius in the

catacomb of S. Januarius. On a rough surface of plaster they laid in the flesh tones of a uniform yellowish colour, above which coarse dark outlines marked the forms, red tones the half-tints, and blue the shadows. The lights and darks were stippled on with white or black streaks, and a ruddy touch on the cheeks seemed intended to mark the robust health of the personage depicted. The hair and draperies were treated in the same manner. They were painted of an even general tone streaked with black or white lines to indicate curls, folds, light and shadow. The result was a series of flat unrelieved figures, which were, in addition, without the charm of good drawing or expression.

"In the semidome of the apsis, the Saviour was represented standing with his right arm extended, and in his left hand holding a scroll. On his right S. Paul in a similar attitude was separated from S. Elias by a palm on which the phœnix symbolized Eternity. S. Elias, in a warrior's dress, pointed with his left hand to S. Paul. To the Saviour's left S. Peter, whose form is now but dimly visible, and probably another saint were depicted. A back-ground of deep blue, spotted with red clouds of angular edges, relieved the figures. This was in fact an apsis picture similar to those in the numerous churches of Rome, and in arrangement not unlike that of SS. Cosmo e Damiano. The form of the Redeemer indeed, his head, of regular features, with a nose a little depressed and the flesh curiously wrinkled, his high forehead, and long black hair falling in locks, his double-pointed, beard, tunic, mantle and sandals, had a general likeness with those of SS. Cosmo ed Damiano. The saints, on the other hand, in their slender forms, S. Elias with his small head and long body, were reminiscent of later mosaics, whilst their attitude, and movement, their draperies, depicted with lines, their defective feet and hands, were not unlike those of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo. The Neo-Greek influence might be traced in other parts of the paintings of S. Elia. Beneath the green foreground, where the four rivers gushed from under the feet of the Saviour, and the Lamb stood pouring its blood into a chalice, an ornament separated the paintings of the semidome from those in the lower courses of the apsis. In the uppermost of these, Jerusalem, and in the intervals of three windows, twelve sheep in triple groups, between palms, were depicted. Bethlehem, no doubt, closed the arrangement on the right, but is now gone. In the next lower course, the Saviour sat enthroned between two angels and six female saints, amongst which S. Catherine in a rich costume and diadem and S. Lucy may still be recognized. The rich ornaments, the round eyes and oval faces, of these female saints, were not without admixture of the foreign element which had left its impress on Rome in the seventh and eighth centuries. Still, the angels with their hair bound in tufts and

their flying bands were of regular features. The painters covered the sides of the tribune with three courses of pictures, fragments of which remain. On the upper to the right, the prophets with scrolls, on the second, martyrs with the chalice, on the third, scenes from the Old Testament. On the left the lowest course was likewise filled up with biblical subjects taken from the Revelation. The aisles and nave were also doubtless painted, but the pictures have unfortunately disappeared. The painters inscribed their names as follows beneath the feet of the Saviour in the apsis—Joh. FF. Stefanu frīs picto . . e . . Romani et Nicholaus Nepī Johs.

"The paintings of S. Elia are far more instructive and interesting than those of a later date, and even than the mosaics of the eleventh century at Rome."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Nepi is the ancient Nepete. Its position is not higher than that of the surrounding plain, but it is cut off by deep ravines like Civita Castellana. At the entrance of the town

Castle of Nepi.

the gorge is crossed by a bridge and by a double aqueduct

built by Paul III. in the sixteenth century. Below this a little rivulet tumbles over the cliffs to a great depth. The piazza has a handsome town-hall, with a large fountain and a wide portico decorated with Roman altars and fragments of sculpture found in the neighbourhood. The cathedral has a fine campanile; its first bishop was S. Romanus, and tradition ascribes the foundation of the see to S. Peter. At the Roman entrance to the town stands the most picturesque castle, with a double gateway. Outside this there is a charming spot; the great machicolated towers hang over the edge of the cliffs, against which rises an old mill, and, below, a waterfall sparkles and loses itself in a mass of luxuriant evergreens. Turning to the right are some grand remains of ancient Etruscan wall, probably the same which were scaled by Camillus, when he came to avenge the desertion of the city from the Roman alliance to that of Etruria.

Again a drive of two hours, through woods of oaks and deep lanes overhung with golden broom, and then along the plain which is bounded by the beautiful Ciminian Hills, upon which Ronciglione and Caprarola gleam in the sunlight, and—crossing the high road from Rome to Siena—we reach *Sutri*. The little town is visible at a great distance, and occupies a crest in the tufa, filling every rocky projection with its old walls and houses, for its extent seems to have been limited by the cliffs which formed its natural protection, and which gave it such strength as made it deserve the name of "the key of Etruria."

Sutrium was made a Roman colony at a very early period, and was celebrated for its devotion to Rome. In U. C. 365 it was captured by the Etruscans, and the whole of its inhabitants were expelled, with nothing but the clothes they wore,

Camillus met them with his army as they were escaping towards Rome, and moved by their anguish, bade them be of good cheer, for he would soon transfer their troubles to their conquerors, and this he did, for that very day he reached the town, found it undefended, and the Etruscans occupied in collecting the spoil. Before night the rightful inhabitants were restored, and their victors driven out. From the rapidity with which his march was effected, "ire Sutrium" became henceforth a proverb for doing anything in a hurry. Soon after (368) the town was again taken by the Etruscans, and again restored by Camillus: in 443 the old enemy once more besieged it, when the consul Fabius came to the rescue.

As we approach the town on the Roman side, the rocks on the left of the road are filled with tombs. They are cut in the tufa, but many seem to have been fronted with more durable stone-work. The cliffs are crested by grand old ilexes which hang downwards in the most luxuriant masses of foliage, unspoilt by the axe. There is no appearance of anything more than this, and it is startling, when one turns aside from the road and crossing a strip of green meadow passes through a gap in the rocks, to find oneself suddenly in a Roman *Amphitheatre*, perfect in all its forms, almost in all its details, with corridors, staircases, vomitories, and twelve ranges of seats one above the other, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, all one with the cliffs which outwardly make no sign. The Coliseum is grander, but scarcely so impressive as this vast ruin in its absolute desertion, where Nature, from which it was taken by Art, has once more asserted her rights, and where the flowers and the maiden-hair fern, clambering everywhere up the

grey steps and fringing the rock galleries, and the green lizards darting to and fro, are the only spectators which look down upon the turfy arena. All around the great ilexes girdle it in, with here and there the tall spire of a cypress shooting up into the clear air. The silence is almost awful, and there is a strange witchery in the solitude of this place, which nothing leads up to, and which bears such an impress of the greatness of those who conceived it, and made it, and once thronged the ranges of its rock-hewn benches, now so unspeakably desolate. Dennis considers that the amphitheatre of Sutri was "perhaps the type of all those celebrated structures raised by Imperial Rome, even of the Coliseum itself. For we have historical evidence that Rome derived her theatrical exhibitions from Etruria. Livy tells us that *ludi scenici*, a new thing for a warlike people, who had hitherto only known the games of the circus, were introduced into Rome in the year 390, in order to appease the wrath of the gods for a pestilence then devastating the city, and that *ludiones* were sent for from Etruria, who acted to the sound of the pipe, in the Etruscan fashion."

Sutri.

Turning to the left, beyond the amphitheatre, a path leads

under the old city. The tufa, glowing from the red and golden colour with which time has stained it, is half rock and half masonry, the natural cliffs being surmounted by ranges of Etruscan walling, and the whole crested by stately mediæval houses which follow every crevice of the natural formation, and occasionally, where more space is required, are bracketted out from it upon arches.

On the other side of the narrow ravine, the rocky barrier is still fringed with ilexes and perforated with tombs. A little path attracted us to the entrance of one of these, just beneath the villa and the old clipped garden of the Marchese Savorelli. Over the door is inscribed in Italian :— "Here stay thy step; the place is sacred to God, to the Virgin, and to the repose of the departed. Pray or pass on.' It admitted us to one of the most interesting places we ever entered. Several tombs had apparently been thrown together at a very early period of Christianity, and formed a very long narrow Christian church, of which the pavement, roof, pillars, and seats were all one, and all carved out of the living rock. From the ante-chapel or entrance tomb, still surrounded with its couches for the dead after the manner of Etruria, one looks down an avenue of low pillars green with damp, and separated from the aisles by rock-hewn seats, to the altar, beyond which, from an inner sanctuary, a light streams in upon the gloom. On the rock walls are mouldering frescoes—the Annunciation, the Salutation, the Last Supper; several saints, and a grand angel with a face raised in low relief. It is a touching and most unearthly sanctuary, and carries one back to the earliest times of Christian life and Christian suffering more forcibly than the most celebrated Roman catacomb. The church is now

called, "La Madonna del Parto," and is still much frequented. A poor woman, while we were there, was kneelin the dimness, so lost in prayer, that she seemed quite unconscious of the strangers wandering about, though they must be rare enough at Sutri. The chapel beyond the altar had a traditional communication with the Roman catacombs, but it has been walled up now, in consequence of stories of persons having been lost there.

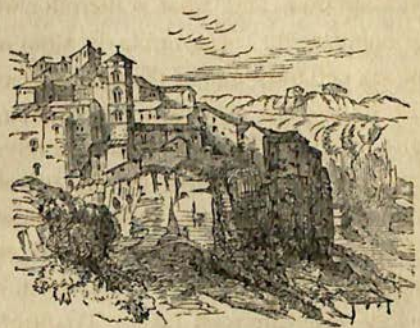
A ruin on the cliff near the Villa Savorelli, is shown as the building in which Charlemagne staid when he was on his way to Rome in the time of his "great father" Adrian I. In a wood below is the Grotta d'Orlando, a cave to which the great hero of chivalrous romance is supposed to have been lured by the witcheries of a beautiful maiden of Sutri of whom he was enamoured, and where he was shut up by her. Another story says that the Sutri maiden was not the love but the mother of Orlando, and that the Paladin was born here.

But tradition is wonderfully alive at Sutri. The house of Pontius Pilate is shown, and to the curse which he brought upon his own people, it is said that the lawless nature is due for which the natives of Sutri have ever since been remarkable. At a corner of the principal street is the head of a beast, be it ass or sheep, which is believed always to be watching the hiding-place of great treasure with its stone eyes, but the authorities of the town, who will not search for it themselves, have forbidden all other enterprise in that direction.

Some of the old palaces have beautifully-wrought cressets still projecting from their walls. In a small piazza is a grand sarcophagus, adorned with winged griffins, as a foun-

tain. The dirty *Cathedral* has a lofty tower with trefoiled windows, and an opus-alexandrinum pavement. It contains a portrait of Benedict VII., who was a native of Sutri, and of the canonized Dominican, Pius V., who was its bishop for five years.

It is about an hour's drive from Sutri to Ronciglione, retracing the road by which we came for some distance. Here the little inn of the Aquila Nera is a tolerable resting-place, and though the rooms are humble, the people are most civil and anxious to please. There is a handsome cathedral of the last century, and a large fountain in the upper town, and below the inn is one of the deep ravines so peculiar and apparently so necessary to Etruscan cities, perforated with tombs, and with a ruined castle (La Rocca) and an old church (La Providenza) clinging to its sides.



La Providenza di Ronciglione.

It is most pleasant in these old places to have plenty of time, and no fixed plans to tie one down. The walks in the still evening light along the edge of these wonderful gorges are so inexpressibly charming, and the power of resting from the glowing mid-day heat in the great shady churches. Even

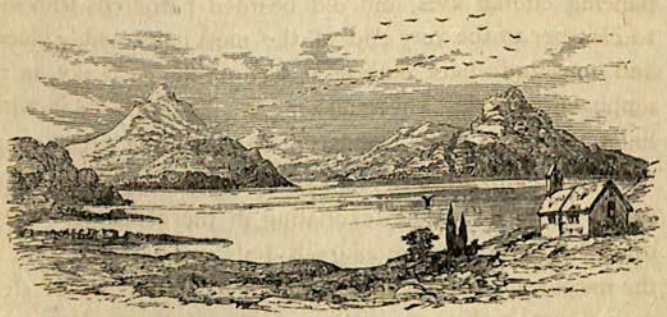
in the ugly churches, much may be derived either from the decaying, neglected pictures, often so beautiful, or from the numerous inscriptions, for in Italy almost everything is handed down to us about either places or people, indelibly written upon stone. And then it is so pleasant to make friends with the cordial, open-handed, open-hearted peasantry, who are so pleased to be talked to, so happily natured, so willing to understand a joke, and so merry, while so civil. And if there is rather a stuffy sensation of domestic fog in some of the little inns, it is atoned for by the delicious morning afterwards; and as for the fleas, if they only come thick enough and go on long enough, there is a moment when you almost try to persuade yourself that you really like them.

It is almost necessary to sleep at Ronciglione in order to have a day at Caprarola, and what is there for which such a day does not compensate? Caprarola is alike a climax of nature and of art, certainly one of the most perfectly glorious places even of Italy. No view is more singular, more historical, or more lovely. No royal palace in any country of Europe has such a situation, or has the beauty of this masterpiece of Vignola in its solitude, its desertion, and decay.

We leave Ronciglione by the Viterbo road, and as soon as we have ascended the hill behind the town, come upon the *Lago di Vico*, the Ciminian lake. Tradition tells that when Hercules was here, the natives asked him to give them a proof of his enormous strength, and that, to please them, he drove an iron bar deep into the earth; but that when they bade him draw it forth again, waters followed, which filled the hollow of the mountain and formed the lake.*

* Serv. Æn. vii. 697.

Beneath its waves the lost city of Succinium was believed to exist.* Formerly it was surrounded by a forest which was regarded as an impenetrable barrier to preserve Etruria against the attacks of the Romans. It was said that Fabius, after his great defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, was the first Roman who dared to enter the Ciminian wood, and the terror which was excited when his intention of doing so became known at Rome, caused the senate to despatch especial envoys to deter him.†



Lago di Vico.

The little lake lies, deep-blue, in the vast bason of an extinct crater. Part of the hollow is taken up by the water, and the rest by the wooded hill of Monte Venere, which looks as if it had been thrown up by the same convulsion which hollowed the bed of the waters at its foot. Virgil was here, and speaks of the lake and its mountain, and as we drive through the adjoining forests we think of Macaulay, and

> "—the stags that champ the boughs
> Of the Ciminian hill."

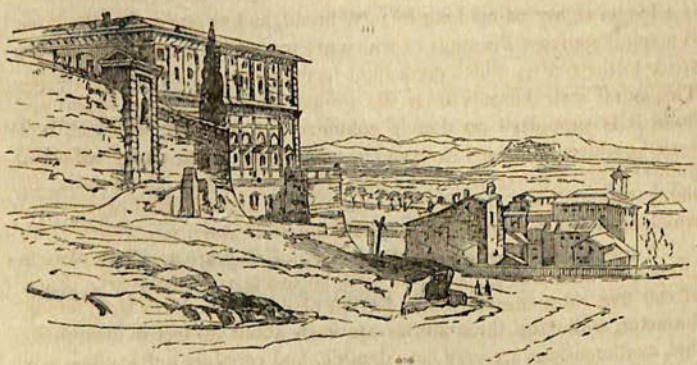
* Amm. Marcell. xvii. 7, 13.

† Livy, ix. 56; Florus, i. 17.

It is a long ascent after this; and oh, what Italian scenery, quite unspoilt by English, who never come here now. The road is generally a dusty hollow in the tufa, which, as we pass, is fringed with broom in full flower, and all the little children we meet have made themselves wreaths and gathered long branches of it, and wave them like golden sceptres. Along the brown ridges of thymy tufa by the wayside, flocks of goats are scrambling, chiefly white, but a few black and dun coloured creatures are mingled with them, mothers with their little dancing elf-like kids, and old bearded patriarchs who love to clamber to the very end of the most inaccessible places, and to stand there embossed against the clear sky, in triumphant quietude. The handsome shepherd dressed in white linen lets them have their own way, and the great rough white dogs only keep a lazy eye upon them as they themselves lie panting and luxuriating in the sunshine. Deep down below us, it seems as if all Italy were opening out, as the mists roll stealthily away, and range after range of delicate mountain distance is discovered. Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, and Alban hills, Soracte—nobly beautiful—rising out of the soft quiet lines of the Campagna, and the Tiber winding out of the rich meadow-lands into the desolate wastes, till it is lost from sight before it reaches where a great mysterious dome rises solemnly through the mist, and reminds one of the times when years ago, in the old happy *vetturino* days, we used to stop the carriage on this very spot, to have our first sight of S. Peter's.

Near a little deserted chapel, a road branches off on the right, a rough stony road enough, which soon descends abruptly through chestnut woods, and then through deep clefts cut in the tufa and overhung by shrubs and flowers,

every winding a picture, till, in about half an hour, we arrive at Caprarola. Why do not more people come here? it is so very easy. As we emerge from our rocky way the wonderful position of the place bursts upon us at once. The grand, tremendous palace stands backed by chestnut woods, which fade into rocky hills, and it looks down from a high-terraced platform upon the little golden-roofed town beneath, and then out upon the whole glorious rainbow-tinted view, in which, as everywhere we have been, lion-like Soracte, couching over the plain, is the most conspicuous feature. The buildings are so vast in themselves, and every line so noble, every architectural idea so stupendous, that one is carried back almost with awe to the re-



Caprarola.

collections of the great-souled Farnese who originated the design, and the grand architect who carried it out. The idea does not embrace only the palace itself, but is carried round the whole platform of the hill-side in a series of buildings, ending in a huge convent and church, built by Odoardo Farnese. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle alms-

giving, came hither to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given to the poor instead. "I have let them have it all little by little," said Alessandro Farnese, "but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows."

"Cardinal Farnese would have everything in his Palace of Caprarola arranged after the designs and invention of Jacopo Barozzi, the architect Vignola. Nor was the judgment of the prelate in selecting so good an architect less remarkable than his greatness of mind in constructing so noble and magnificent an edifice, which is not indeed in a position to be much enjoyed by the public, being in a remote and solitary district, but is nevertheless admirably placed for one who desires to escape for a time from the toils and vexations of cities.

"The edifice has the form of a pentagon; it is divided into four parts, exclusive of the principal front, wherein is the great door; behind which is a loggia eighty palms long by forty broad, and at one end of the same is a spiral staircase the steps of which are ten palms in width, while the space in the centre, which gives light to the whole, is of twenty palms. This spiral stair ascends from the ground to the third or uppermost floor, it is supported on double columns, and adorned with rich and varied cornices: at the lower end we have the Doric Order which is followed successively by the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, all richly decorated with balustrades, niches, and other fanciful ornaments, which render it very graceful and beautiful."—*Vasari.*

"Vignola's great work is the palace of Caprarola. The plan is unique, or nearly so, being a pentagon, enclosing a circular court. Each of the five sides measures 130 feet on plan, and the court is 65 feet in diameter, while the three stories are each about 30 feet in height, so that its dimensions are very considerable, and certainly quite sufficiently so for palatial purposes. The object of adopting the form here used, was to give it a fortified or castellated appearance, as all citadels of that age were pentagons, and this palace is accordingly furnished with small sham bastions at each angle, which are supposed to suggest that idea of defensibility. Above the terrace formed by these bastions and their curtains, the palace rises in two grand stories of "Orders," the lower arcaded in the centre, the upper including the stories of windows. This last is certainly a defect, but in spite of this, the whole is so well designed, the angles are so bold, and the details are so elegant, that it is one of the finest palaces in Italy, and we may admire the ingenuity of the archi

tect the more, because the pentagonal form is singularly unfavourable to architectural effect externally, or to commodious arrangements inside, and the site also is such that from most points it looks too high for its other dimensions. But all these defects have been overcome in a manner that makes us regret that its architect was not more employed on the great works of his day."—*Fergusson.*

There is the most overwhelming sense of strength and imperviousness to time in the huge rock-like bastions upon which the palace stands. As it has five sides, from every view of it you have an angle, and the effect is very singular. When you ascend the balustraded terraces and cross the bridge you are admitted to an open circular court, whence a magnificent staircase, a *cordonia*, leads to the upper chambers, decorated by the three brothers Zuccheri, by Tempesta, and Vignola, with pictures chiefly relating to the power and importance of the Farneses, uninteresting perhaps elsewhere, but here, where all is suggestive of them, most striking and curious. In the great hall are a fountain and a grotto, like those in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, yet roofed in and not too large in this vast chamber. 96,000 lbs. of lead, comprising the works of this and many other fountains, were sold in the last century by a dishonest steward, who also took advantage of the constant absence of the owners to make away with all the old furniture and tapestries. The walls of the hall have frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farneses:—Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo-di-monte, Canina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola; no wonder they were rich! The chapel has windows of ancient stained glass, and between them frescoes of the apostles, with S. Gregory, S. Stephen, and S. Laurence. The design of the elaborate ceiling is curiously repeated in the pavement. The next hall is all

Farnese history. The marriage of Orazio Farnese is represented (1652) with Diana, daughter of Henry II. of France,* and that of Ottavio, with a daughter of Charles V.† Pietro and Raniero Farnese are made captains-general of the Florentines. Then Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans; and the three Zuccheri carrying a canopy over Charles V., who is riding with Francis I. on one side, and Cardinal Farnese on the other. Paul III., who took such unbounded care of his family, is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the Papal army,‡ and Orazio governor of Rome.§ Ranutio Farnese is receiving the golden rose from his uncle. And there are many scenes from the life of the great Pope himself; how he presided at the Council of Trent; how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V.; and how Charles kissed his feet on his return from Africa; how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterwards all became popes. We see one of these again, Julius II., when he is receiving the city of Parma

* In this picture, besides the portraits of Diana and Orazio, there are those of Queen Catherine de' Medici; of Margaret the King's sister; of the King of Navarre; the Constable; the Dukes of Guise and Nemours; the Prince de Condé, Admiral of France; and the younger Cardinal of Lorraine; with those of another Guise who had not then been made a Cardinal; of the Signor Piero Strozzi; of Madame de Montpensier; and of Mademoiselle de Rohan.

† In the centre is Pope Paul III. The picture also contains portraits of Cardinal Farnese the younger; Cardinal di Carpi; the Duke Pier Luigi; Messer Durante; Eurialo da Cingoli; Giovanni Riccio of Montepulciano; the Bishop of Como; the Signora Livia Colonna; Claudia Mancina; Settimia; and Donna Maria de Mendoza.

‡ Here are portraits of the Pope; Pier Luigi Farnese; the Chamberlain; the Duke Ottavio; Orazio, Cardinal of Capua; Simonetta; Jacobaccio; San Jacopo; Ferrara; the Signor Ranuccio Farnese, who was then a youth; Giovio; Molza, and Marcello Cervini, who was afterwards Pope; the Marquis of Marignano; the Signor Giovan Battista Castaldo; Alessandro Vitelli; and the Signor Giovan Battista Savelli.

§ Here also are numerous portraits, including the Cardinal Jean Belley, Archbishop of Paris; with Visco, Morone, Badia Sfondrato, Ardinghelli, and Christofano Madruzio, the prince-bishop of Trent.

from Ottavio and Alessandro, the kneeling nephews of his predecessor, and restoring it to them. There is also a portrait of Henry II. of France,—" conservator familiæ Farnesiæ." All these pictures are described at the utmost length by Vasari. Many other rooms are very interesting,—the private study and bed-room of the Cardinal with his secret staircase for escape; the room covered with huge maps like the gallery at the Vatican, and with the wonderful fresco of the " Maura," for which 12,000 scudi have been refused; the room with the frescoes of the appearances of S. Michael the Archangel to Gregory the Great at Rome, and to the shepherds of Monte Gargano; and then all the family are represented again and again, and their attendants, down to the dwarfs, who are painted as if they were just coming in at imaginary doorways.

Are we really in Arcadia, when the old steward opens the door from the dark halls where the Titanic forms of the frescoed figures loom upon us through the gloom, to the garden where brilliant sunshine is lighting up long grass walks between clipped hedges, adding to the splendour of the flame-coloured marigolds upon the old walls, and even gilding the edges of the dark spires of the cypresses which were planted three hundred years ago? From the upper terraces we enter an ancient wood, carpetted with flowers—yellow orchis, iris, lilies, saxifrage, cyclamen, and Solomon's seal. And then we pause, for at the end of the avenue we meet with a huge figure of Silence, with his finger on his lips. Here an artificial cascade tumbles sparkling down the middle of the hill-side path, through a succession of stone basons, and between a number of stone animals, who are sprinkled with its spray, and so we reach an upper garden before the

fairy-like casino which was also built by Vignola. Here the turfy solitudes are encircled with a concourse of stone figures, in every variety of attitude, a perfect population. Some are standing quietly gazing down upon us, others are playing upon different musical instruments, others are listening. Two Dryads are whispering important secrets to one another in a corner; one impertinent Faun is blowing his horn so loudly into his companion's ears, that he stops them with both his hands. A nymph is about to step down from her pedestal, and will probably take a bath as soon as we are gone, though certainly she need not be shy about it, as drapery is not much the fashion in these sylvan gardens. Above, behind the Casino, is yet another water-sparkling staircase guarded by a vast number of huge lions and griffins, and beyond this all is tangled wood, and rocky mountain-side. How we pity the poor King and Queen of Naples, the actual possessors, but who can never come here now. The whole place is like a dream which you wish may never end, and as one gazes through the stony crowd across the green glades to the rosy-hued mountains, one dreads the return to a world, where Fauns and Dryads are still supposed to be mythical, and which has never known Caprarola.

CHAPTER XXIV.

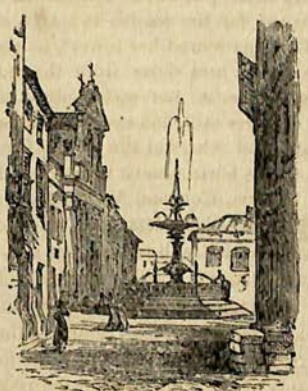
VITERBO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ON descending the Ciminian Hill towards Viterbo, one overlooks the great plain of Etruria, once crowded with populous cities, now deserted and desolate. It is a deeply interesting historical view, second only to that on the other side of the hill.

"With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake—there Tuscania reared her towers in the west—there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain—and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perusia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterræ, and other cities of the great Etruscan Confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence."—*Dennis'* "*Cities of Etruria.*"

The sun was setting as we drove down the long descent

of the Ciminian forest, and entered Viterbo, and over the gate the great figure of Santa Rosa holding her crucifix stood out stern and grey against the opal sky. Viterbo, which the old chroniclers called "the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women," is now rightly known as "the Nuremberg of Italy." Every street is a study. Such wonderful old houses, with sculptured cornices, Gothic windows, and heavy outside staircases resting on huge corbels! Such a wealth of sparkling water playing around the grand Gothic fountains, and washing the carved lions and other monsters which adorn them! The great piazza is so curious, where the houses are hung with stone shields of arms, where two lions on tall pillars guard the way, and where stands the *Palazzo Publico*, within whose court is such a fine view of the city and the hills beyond. Here, round the little platform, are five Etruscan figures reclining upon their tombs



At Viterbo.

much like people looking out of their berths in a steamer. In the palace above are preserved the forgeries by which

Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly called Annio di Viterbo, claimed for his native city an antiquity greater than that of Troy, and a marble tablet, inscribed with a pretended edict of Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, decreeing that "within one wall shall be included the three towns, Longula, Vetulonia, and Terrena, called Volturna, and that the whole city thus formed shall be called Etruria or Viterbum.

On the opposite side of the piazza, raised high against the wall of the church of *S. Angelo in Spata*, is the sarcophagus tomb of the fair Galiana, whose beauty made her the cause of a war between Viterbo and the Romans, who only consented to raise the siege of her native city, on condition of her showing herself upon the battlements, and allowing the besiegers once more to gaze upon her charms. Her epitaph says:—

"Flos honor patriæ, species pulcherrima rerum,
Clauditur hic tumulo Galiana ornata venusto;
Fœmina signa polos conscendere pulchra meretur
Angelicis manibus diva hic Galiana tenetur.
Si Veneri non posse mori natura dedisset,
Nec fragili Galiana mori mundo potuisset.
Roma dolet nimium; tristatur Thuscia tota;
Gloria nostra perit; sunt gaudia cuncta remota;
Miles et arma silent, nimio perculsa dolore.
Organa jam fidibus pereunt caritura canoris.
Anno milleno centeno terquê deceno
Octonoque diem clausit dilecta Tonanti."

"Galianæ Patritiæ Viterbensi,
Cujus incomparabilem pulchritudinem
Insigni pudicitiæ junctam
Sat fuit vidisse mortales,
Consules majestatis tantæ fœminæ
Admiratione hoc honoris ac pietatis
Monumentum hieroglyphicum exsculp."

CIↃCXXXVIII.

Though not so old as the mendacious Dominican, Nanni, would make out, there is nothing new, and nothing small, in Viterbo, whose very name, compounded of *Vetus Urbs*, would indicate its antiquity. Every wall, every doorway, every sculpture, is vast of its kind, and every design is noble. Its ancient name would appear from inscriptions to have been Surrina. The *Cathedral* (of S. Lorenzo) stands in the lower part of the town, on a rising ground, which was once occupied by a temple of Hercules, and which was called "Castellum Herculis" as late as the thirteenth century. Near it is a *Bridge* with Etruscan foundations in blocks of six courses. The cathedral stands in a kind of close, and is

Cathedral of Viterbo.

almost surrounded by different fragments of the half-demolished *Palace* where the popes of the thirteenth century resided. In the great hall which still exists, met the conclaves at which Urban IV. (1261), Clement IV. (1264), Gregory X. (1271), John XXI. (1276), Nicholas III. (1277), and Martin IV. (1277), were elected. The cardinals spent six months

over the election of the last pope, and made Charles of Anjou, who was then at Viterbo, so impatient, that he took away the roof of their council-chamber to force them to a decision, and they, in a kind of bravado, dated their letters of that time from "the roofless palace." This council-hall is surrounded by memorials of all the popes who were natives of Viterbo and its surrounding villages, or who lived there. Adjoining it is another hall, still roofless, in which Pope John XXI. (Pedro Juliani—a Portuguese) was killed by the fall of the ceiling in 1277. This room is supported by a single pillar, standing in the open space below, which projects through the floor so as to form a fountain.

"John XXI. was a man of letters, and even of science; he had published some mathematical treatises which excited the astonishment and therefore the suspicion of his age. He was a churchman of easy access, conversed freely with humbler men, if men of letters, and was therefore accused of lowering the dignity of the pontificate. He was perhaps hasty and unguarded in his language, but he had a more inexpiable fault. He had no love for monks or friars: it was supposed that he meditated some severe coercive edicts on these brotherhoods. Hence his death was foreshown by gloomy prodigies, and held either to be a divine judgment, or a direct act of the Evil One. John XXI. was contemplating with too great pride a noble chamber which he had built in the palace at Viterbo, and burst out into laughter; at that instant the avenging roof came down on his head. Two visions revealed to different holy men the Evil One hewing down the supports, and so overwhelming the reprobate pontiff. He was said by others to have been, at the moment of his death, in the act of writing a book full of the most deadly heresies, or practising the arts of magic."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

There is not much to see in the cathedral, beyond a beautiful font, pictures of several of the native popes, and the tomb of poor John XXI. close to the door. It is chiefly interesting to Englishmen from the murder of Prince Henry D'Almaine, son of Richard Earl of Cornwall and nephew of

Henry III. He was returning from the crusades with his cousin Prince Edward, and was met here by Guy de Montfort, the hereditary enemy of his family, who stabbed him while kneeling at the altar. The murderer was leaving the church and boasting of his vengeance to his followers, when one of them reminded him that his father, Simon de Montfort, had been dragged in the dust, upon which, returning to the altar, and seizing the lifeless prince by the hair, he dragged him into the piazza. The deed is commemorated by Dante, who alludes to the fact that his sorrowing father exposed the heart of Prince Henry to public pity on London Bridge, and who sees the murderer in the seventh circle of hell, plunged in a river of boiling blood.

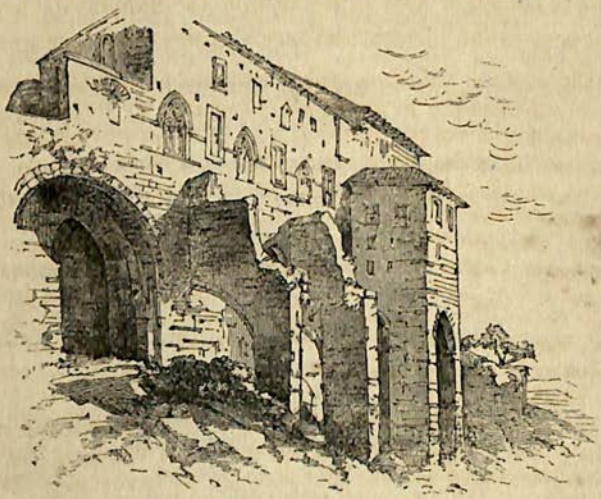
"Poco più oltre il Centauro s'affisse
Sovra una gente, che fino alla gola
Parea che di quel bulicame uscisse.
Mostrocci un' ombra dall' un canto sola
Dicendo: Colui fesse in grembo a Dio
Lo cor che in su 'l Tamigi ancor si cola."

Purgatorio, xii.

Passing through the detached Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre (beyond the council-chamber), which contains a curious fresco portrait of our Saviour, we may emerge on a terrace below the finest part of the papal palace, a lofty wall pierced with Gothic windows and supported by flying buttresses.

Quite at the other end of the town, close to the Tuscan gate, stands the fine old castle called La Rocca, like all the town-castles in this part of Italy. In front of it is a beautiful fountain approached by many steps. The neighbouring *Church of S. Francesco* has an outside pulpit, whence S. Bernardino of Siena used to address the people. It contains several

beautiful thirteenth-century tombs, especially that, resplendent with delicate sculpture and mosaic, of Pope Adrian V.,



Papal Palace, Viterbo.

who was one of three popes elected within three years after the death of the holy and wise Gregory X. He was Ottobuoni Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. He answered his relations who came to congratulate him on his election,—"Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope." He was not crowned, consecrated, or even ordained priest, and only lived long enough to choose his name and to redeem his native Genoa from interdict.* On the other side of the altar is another grand Gothic tomb, that of Cardinal Landriano (1445), with angels drawing a curtain over his sleeping figure. Opposite, is the solemn thought-inspiring picture of "the Solitude of the Virgin," by *Sebastian del Piombo*,—the Madonna watching the dead body of Christ

* See *Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity*, vol. v. 94.

through the moonlit night. It is a grand subject, grandly carried out, and should be seen in early morning, when alone there is sufficient light in the church to illumine the barren distances of the picture, and reveal figures otherwise unseen.

"The works of Sebastiano having been exalted to great, or rather infinite, reputation by the praises lavished on them by Michael Angelo, to say nothing of the fact that they were in themselves beautiful and commendable, there was a certain Messer, I know not who, from Viterbo, who stood high in favour with the Pope, and who commissioned Sebastiano to paint a dead Christ, with our Lady weeping over him, for a certain chapel which he had caused to be erected in the Church of S. Francesco in Viterbo; but although the work was finished with infinite care and zeal by Sebastiano, who executed a twilight landscape therein, yet the invention was Michael Angelo's, and the cartoon was prepared by his hand. The picture was esteemed a truly beautiful one by all who beheld it, and acquired a great increase of reputation for Sebastiano."—*Vasari.*

"The figure of Christ, which has, apparently, been drawn from nature, is nearly black; it is extended on a white winding-sheet, with the shoulders raised, and the head drooping back, admirably drawn. The difficulties of the position are completely surmounted. The Madonna, behind, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, strongly expresses the deep, passionate, overwhelming affliction of a mother, weeping for her child in a despair that knows no comfort. This is its charm; there is nothing ideal, nothing beautiful, nothing elevated. She is advanced in life; she is in poverty; she seems to belong to the lower orders of women:—but, there is nature in it, true and unvitiated, though common, and perhaps vulgar—nature, that speaks at once to every heart."—*Eaton's Rome.*

Next to S. Francesco, the most interesting church in Viterbo is that of *Sta. Maria della Verità*, outside one of the gates. The interior was once painted all over with frescoes of the rare master *Lorenzo di Viterbo*, who spent twenty-five years upon the work, completing it in 1469. The church was used as a hospital during the plague, after which it was thought necessary to whitewash it all over, only a greatly-revered figure of the Virgin and one or two saints being pre-

served in the body of the church. But the chapel of the Virgin was uninjured. It stands on the right of the nave, from which it is separated by a curious screen of wrought-iron, and it is covered all over with frescoes from the story of the Madonna. In the picture of the Nativity, her figure, kneeling in a long white veil, is perfectly lovely. The oblong fresco of the Sposalizio, crowded with figures, is most interesting, not only as a memorial of thirteenth-century art, but of all the persons living in Viterbo at that time, as every figure is a portrait. Few who visit the church will agree with the following criticism, yet it is not without interest.

"The preservation of the name of Lorenzo is due to the vanity of a citizen of Viterbo, Niccola della Tuccia, who having compiled a book of the annals of his native place, could not resist the temptation of inserting a passage in it relative to himself. He describes how Nardo Mazzatosta, having caused a chapel in S. Maria della Verità, outside Viterbo, to be painted by Maestro Lorenzo di Pietro Paolo, that artist took him for a model in his fresco of the Presentation in the Temple, 'on the 26th of April, 1469.'

"On the walls of the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta, the curious of our day will see, in a lunette, the Procession of Mary and her parents to the temple, with the Sposalizio in a lower course; in a second lunette, a Virgin and angel annunciate with saints, and the Nativity below; in a third, the Burial and Assumption of the Virgin; finally, in the ceiling, the symbols of the evangelists, prophets, fathers of the Church, and confessors, the venerable Bede amongst them.

"Nothing can be more clear than the imitation of the manner and conception of Piero della Francesca and Melozzo in the Presentation and Sposalizio. Lorenzo not only designs with the examples of Piero in his mind, he endeavours also to reproduce his architecture and perspective. In some portraits his realism is not without power; but vulgarity and affectation are striking. He is not correct as a draughtsman. His colour is cold and dull. His perspective is false, his forms rigid. These features are, however, more striking in the Nativity than in the Annunciation, which recalls Benozzo. Nor are the reminiscences of that master confined to one subject. They are produced with equal force in the ceiling, in which a head like that of the venerable Bede seems a caricature of the Florentine in tricky tone as well as in features

"The initials of Lorenzo, and the date 1469, confirm the annals of Niccola della Tuccia, but Lorenzo was busy in other parts of S. M. della Verità, besides the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta ; and an Annunciation, a Marriage of S. Catherine, and a Madonna giving suck to the infant Saviour, all of them completed before 1455, betray the same rude hand, and the influence of Gozzoli."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

In the *Chiesa degli Osservanti del Paradiso* is a replica by *Sebastian del Piombo* of his famous "flagellation" in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. Here also is a Nativity, attributed to *Pinturicchio*, but "the style is that of Spagna's pupils, such as Jacopo da Norcia, or the Perugian Orlandi who was assistant to Sinibaldo Ibi." * A lunette on the outside of the church, representing the Virgin and Child between S. Jerome and S. Francis, has been attributed, without reason, to Leonardo da Vinci—it is more probably the work of *Lo Spagna.*

No one should stay at Viterbo without going to visit the *Church of Sta. Rosa*, to look upon the incorruptible patroness of the town. There was no sign of her when we first entered the church, where the people, in loud voices, were singing "Benediction," but the service being over, we were directed to ring a bell, when a wooden screen drew up, and a nun appeared behind a grille, pointing to a blackened mummy by her side, in a golden shrine and crowned with roses. The dead face still wears a calm, rather touching, expression. A number of country people had flocked to the grille with us, most of whom knelt. We all received from the nun a gift of a small piece of knotted cord—"Disciplina"—which had been laid upon the holy body, and roses were given to those especially favoured.

Santa Rosa was not a professed nun, but a member of the

* *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*, iii. 297.

Third Order of S. Francis. In the thirteenth century she was as conspicuous for her eloquence as for her charity, and for the extraordinary moral influence she exercised over the people of Viterbo. She obtained her position as patroness of the city rather through politics than piety. By her fiery addresses she excited her fellow-citizens to rise against Frederic II. of Germany. They were defeated, and she was driven into exile, but lived to return triumphantly when the Emperor died, and after her death (May 8, 1261) she was canonized by the Pope she had served, and invoked by the party she had advocated.

"We paid a visit, at her own convent, to Santa Rosa, a very surprising woman. 'Cowards die many times before their death,' but this saint has died once since hers.

"She originally died, it seems, in the thirteenth century; but after lying dead a few hundred years, she came to life one night when her chapel was on fire, got up and rang the bell to give notice of it, and then quietly laid down and died again, without anybody knowing anything of the matter. The chapel, however, was burnt down, though she had got out of her grave and rung the bell to prevent it; all her fine clothes, too, were burned off her back, and her very ring was melted on her finger; but she remained unconsumed, though her face and hands are as black as a negro's. However, they say she was very fair four hundred years ago, before she was singed, and that she never was embalmed even after her first death, but was preserved solely in the odour of sanctity. This remarkable saint began, with praiseworthy industry, to work miracles as soon as she was born, by raising a child from the dead, while she was yet a baby herself; and miracles she still continues to perform every day —as the nun who exhibited her informed me. On inquiring what kind of miracles they were, I was informed that she cures all sorts of diseases, heals sores, and even re-establishes some lame legs; but she does not, by any means, always choose to do it, thinking it proper that the infirmities of many should continue. I have no doubt that the nun, who related her history to me, really and truly believes in it all. She knelt before the saint in silent devotion first, and then gave me a bit of cord, the use of which perplexed me much; and while I was turning it round and round in my fingers, and wondering what she expected me to do with it,

a troop of dirty beggars burst into the church, together with some better dressed, but scarcely less dirty people; and the whole company, having adored the saint, received from the nun, every one, bits of cord like mine. I inquired the use of them, and was told they had been round the body of the saint, where they had acquired such virtues, that, tied round any other body, they would save it from 'molte disgrazie.'"—*Eaton's Rome.*

Another convent, *S. Caterina*, is interesting from its connection with the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, who retired here in 1541, prompted by the wish of greater abstraction and retirement from worldly life. Here she held her principal residence till the last year of her life (1546), taking part in the education of the younger nuns. Of the sonnets which she composed here, one may be given as a specimen, and especially as showing her spirit of constant preparation for death.

"Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
In holiest accents to my inmost soul,
The name of Jesus; and my words and works
Attest true faith in Him, and ardent hope;
The soul elect, which feels within itself
The seeds divine of this celestial love,
Hears, sees, attends on Jesus; Grace from Him
Illumes, expands, fires, purifies the mind;
The habit bright of thus invoking Him,
Exalts our nature so, that it appeals
Daily to Him for its immortal food.
In the last conflict with our ancient foe,
So dire to Nature, armed with Faith alone,
The heart, from usage long, on Him will call."

Translation by J. S. Harford.

The streets of Viterbo are full of old palaces. Just above the pleasant little hotel of La Americana, is that which was built by Paul III. for his Legate. The old *Palazzo Chigi* is very curious. The loggia is covered with frescoes. Several of the chimney-pieces are magnificent, sculptured

with lilies in low relief. Some of the tapestry, with a beautiful frieze of "putti," is interesting as representing all the fashionable amusements of its time. The tall tower is now so ruinous, that its ascent, by a series of ladders, is almost dangerous, but it has a splendid view. It is a resting-place for innumerable pigeons, who do not belong to the inmates, but are allowed a home here and provide for themselves.

The *Palazzo San Martino*, which Murray would lead people to look for in Viterbo, is in reality four miles distant, on the declivity of the Ciminian Hills, whence there is a splendid view. It is well worth visiting on account of its connection with Olympia Pamfili, the famous "papessa," sister-in-law of Innocent X. She was born at Viterbo in 1594, of the noble but ruined family of the Maidalchini, and was destined by her parents for a convent, but insisted upon marrying a Count Pamfili, nineteen years older than herself. The attraction to this alliance was the fact that her husband had a brother, over whom she obtained unbounded ascendancy, and who rose under her guidance to obtain a cardinal's hat in 1629, and the papal tiara in 1644. Her husband being then dead, Donna Olympia took up her residence at the Vatican, and employed the eleven years of her brother-in-law's life in the sale of benefices, appointments, and offices of every description, for which she did not hesitate to drive the hardest bargains possible.

"Olympia established herself in the Vatican as its mistress! No step of domestic government or foreign policy decided on, no grace, favour, or promotion accorded, no punishment inflicted, was the pontiff's own work. His invaluable sister-in-law did all. He was absolutely a puppet in her hands. The keys of S. Peter were strung to her girdle; and the only function in which she probably never interfered, was blessing the people.

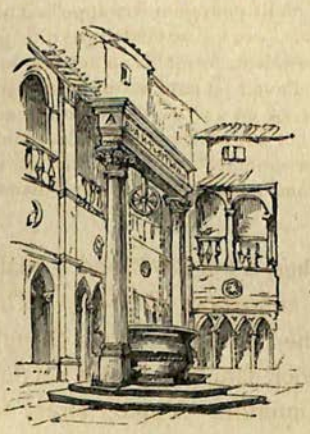
"One day a large medal was conveyed into the Pope's hands, on the

obverse of which was represented Olympia, with the pontifical tiara on her head, and the keys in her hand: while the reverse showed Innocent in a coif, with a spindle and distaff in his hands. Another day a report was brought to him from England that a play had been represented before Cromwell, called 'The Marriage of the Pope;' in which Donna Olympia is represented rejecting his addresses on account of his extreme ugliness, till, having in vain offered her one of the keys to induce her to consent, he attains his object at the cost of both of them. The Emperor again had said to the Papal Nuncio, 'Your Pope, my Lord, has an easy time of it, with Madame Olympia to put him to sleep.'"—*T. A. Trollope.*

Innocent X. died Jan. 7th, 1655, by which time Olympia had amassed, besides vast estates, and an immense amount of uncoined gold and precious stones, more than two millions of golden crowns. The succeeding Pope, Alexander VII., demanded from her an account of the State monies which had passed through her hands, and restitution of the valuables she had taken away from the Vatican; but this was never carried out, the pestilence which appeared in Italy drew away the attention of every one, Olympia herself was among its first victims, and her son Camillo, who had been allowed to resign his cardinal's hat and released from his Orders by Innocent, and married to the rich Princess Rosano, succeeded to all her treasures, and founded the great family of the Pamfili-Doria. Many relics of their wicked ancestress are still preserved in the palace of the Dorias at San Martino, especially her portrait, and her bed with its leather hangings.

There is another even more interesting palace in this neighbourhood, that of Duke Lante at Bagnaja. It is the perfect ideal of a Roman villa. We leave Viterbo by the Porta Romana, close to La Rocca, outside which there is a public garden, crowded towards evening, like the Pincio, with gaily-dressed ladies and cavalry-officers in their smart tightly-fitting uniforms.

A straight road, a mile in length, leads from the gate to the famous sanctuary of *La Quercia.* In the square before it two ancient fairs are held, which are of great antiquity, the first founded in 1240 by Frederick II., beginning on the 22nd of September, and ending on the 6th of October; the second, founded in 1513 by Leo X., beginning at Pentecost, and lasting for the fifteen days following. The front of the great church of *La Madonna della Quercia*, and its stately tower, are splendid works of *Bramante.* Over the central door is a fine representation of the Madonna surrounded by angels, and over the side doors S. Joseph and S. Stephen, S. Dominic and S. Peter Martyr, by *Luca della Robbia.* The monks of the adjoining convent are devoted to education, and when we visited the church its vast aisles were peopled with large groups of children, which the friars in their white robes were teaching. The ceiling is gilt and very magni-



The Well of La Quercia.

ficent, like that of Santa Maria Maggiore. Behind the altar,

in a kind of recess, is preserved the famous relic, the Madonna which miraculously grew out of an oak on that spot. The branch of the tree is preserved as evidence! But the great charm of the place is its glorious Gothic cloister and fountain, with the inscription, "He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." It was in this church that the Père Lacordaire and the Père Requedat made their profession. Alexandrine de la Ferronays thus describes the scene to M. de Montalembert :—

"Les cloches sonnaient, l'orgue jouait triomphant dans cette belle église. . . Je m'étais mis à genoux, baissant la tête. En la relevant, je vois près de moi deux dominicains étendus la face contre terre : c'étaient les frères Lacordaire et Requedat. Ils se sont bientôt relevés et ont écouté, assis, le discours que leur a fait celui qui ce jour-là occupait la place du supérieur. Ce discours a été excellent. Il leur a parlé de ce que devait être leur vie, obéissante et mortifiée ; de tous les différents pays de la terre où ils pouvaient être appelés à aller ; de ce qu'ils ne devaient rien s'attribuer,—ce qui ne voulait pas dire qu'ils dussent ignorer les talents qu'ils possédaient, lorsqu'ils en avaient, mais que, s'ils mourraient martyrs avant d'avoir pu faire autre chose, rien ne serait mieux— A ce mot, Pauline a vu un sourire de béatitude sur la figure de M. Requedat. Puis ils ont fait profession entre les mains du supérieur, qui les a très-tendrement embrassés. Tout a été bien vite fini, et on nous a menés voir la madone miraculeuse conservée dans le chêne."—*Récit d'une Sœur.*

Two miles further, a tall tower and a quaint castle guarding a little village announces *Bagnaja*. The castle was the old residence of the Lante family, and though neglected now and let out to poor families, it still retains much that is interesting in the interior. A steep street leads up to the iron gate of the later villa, which admits one to a glorious garden, designed by *Vignola* at the same time with the villa itself. It is a perfect paradise. In the centre of the clipped

box-walks is a large fountain with most beautiful Florentine figures—and beyond it a silvery cascade glitters and dances down through the green depths from a series of fern-fringed grottoes. On either side stand the buildings of the villa, one for the family, the other for the guests. They were begun by Cardinal Riario, and finished by Cardinal Gambara. The great hall has fine frescoes by the Zuccheri brothers, and the real comfort and elegance of the rooms attest the frequent presence of the present Duchess, who is of American birth.

Beyond the villa the walks are of indescribable beauty: gigantic plane-trees; terraces, where crystal water is ever sparkling through grey stone channels; mossy grottoes overhung with evergreens; woods of ancient ilexes, which have never known the axe, and which cast the deepest shade in the hottest summer weather; peacocks strutting up and down the long avenues and spreading their tails to the sun; and, here and there, openings towards the glorious mountain distances or the old brown town in the hollow.

But the great object of our stay at Viterbo was to see the Etruscan remains in its neighbourhood, to which three hard-worked days must be devoted, for distance and difficulty make it utterly impossible that any traveller can ever have visited Castel d'Asso, Norchia, and Bieda, on the same day, and gone on to Ronciglione, as is indicated in Murray's Handbook. It is best to make head-quarters at Viterbo, as we did, and drive out each day, for though Vetralla is nearer the scene of action at the two latter places, the inn, a mere tavern, is so dirty and so perfectly miserable, we should not advise any one to attempt it. Castel d'Asso is only five miles from Viterbo, on the edge of the great plain of Etruria, but the place is so little visited, and the track

across the fields so constantly changed, that it is most difficult to find. The description in Murray's Handbook, copied from Sir William Gell, is most grandiloquent, saying that "the cliffs of this and the four adjoining valleys are excavated into a continued series of cavern-sepulchres of enormous size, resembling nothing else in Europe, and only to be compared to the tombs of the kings of Thebes," and that "nothing can be more grand or imposing than the ruined fortress of Castel d'Asso from all parts of the valley." It is perhaps only kindly, however, to warn our readers that the highest of the individual tombs is only about ten feet high, their usual height only six feet (though the cliff above occasionally rises to a height of from 25 to 30 feet, and is now and then ornamented with a moulding near the top), so that travellers may not be deterred from visiting Egypt by the imputed resemblance of "the Bibar el Melek of Etruria." While, as for the fortress, it is a small ordinary campagna tower on the edge of the glen, with a few low, ruined walls.

Etruscan Tomb, Castel d'Asso.

As usual, on all subjects connected with Etruria, the most correct account is that of Mrs Hamilton Gray, by whom these valleys were first unlocked to the general English public, and who made her way, hatchet in hand, through the brushwood from one memorial to another, encountering and sur-

mounting difficulties, and countless natural obstacles, in a way which none but those who have followed in her footsteps can appreciate. The place does *not* present any one of the sublimities described in Murray's Handbook; it has *not* any of the natural advantages of scenery which render most of the Etruscan sites so attractive, but it is very curious, and the careful antiquarian, and real lover of historical detail, will not find it unworthy of a visit. Mrs Gray considers Castel d'Asso to have been the site of the Fanum Voltumnæ, which Dennis places at Montefiascone.

"The great interest of Castel d'Asso arises from its having been the ancient Voltumna, the grand gathering place of all the Etruscan tribes, where the national councils were held from the time of their first establishment in Central Italy; frequented on every occasion by the assembled nobles and their trains, by the rulers of each separate state, and by the priests with all the pomp of their gorgeous and awful worship. There the national chief, or dictator, was elected; hence laws were promulgated, and peace and war declared, not by one state only, but by all Etruria, collected for her own internal government, or for defence against her foes; there all those solemn councils were held which required the highest religious sanctions, and the universal national consent—a plan of government under which the nation increased and flourished for six centuries, until about fifty years before the building of Rome.

"At the head of the glen is supposed to have stood the great temple in the precincts of which the council assembled, and within which sacrifices were made; and in its immediate vicinity were the rocks dedicated to be the sepulchres of those whom Etruria honoured and mourned—the high captains of the league, the high priests, the distinguished patriots, noted orators, dreaded warriors, or beloved and wise kings; those, in short, to whom the whole nation gave a grateful burial, and for whom they wept."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray's Sepulchres of Etruria.*

The best time for a visit to Castel d'Asso is the winter; in the summer, the tombs (such is their size!) are almost entirely concealed by the brushwood. The so-called guides at Viterbo are utterly ignorant, inefficient, and useless.

The road to Castel d'Asso descends into the great plain of Etruria from the Porta Romana, and then turns to the left, at the foot of the hills. It is an excellent carriage-road as far as the hot suphureous baths of the *Bulicame*, mentioned by Dante.

"Lo Bulicame che sempre si scema."

Inferno, xii. 179.

"Tacendo divenimmo là 've spiccia
Fuor della selva un picciol fiumicello,
Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.
Quale del Bulicame esce 'l ruscello
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici ; *
Tal per la rena giù sen giva quello."

Inf. xiv. 70.

Soon after leaving the Baths, the road becomes the merest track in the wilderness, but can still be pursued in a carriage with a careful driver. It is necessary to take almost all turns to the left, and as far as possible to keep in sight the tower of Castel d'Asso. At length one arrives upon the edge of a very narrow side-gorge just opposite the ruin. Here one must leave the carriage, tether the horse, and fight one's way through the thick wild roses and honeysuckle into the main glen. Before we reach it, the tombs begin to appear on the right of the way, and continue to follow the face of the cliffs into the principal ravine, though, perhaps, small as they appear, those at the entrance of the side glen are the best specimens of the whole. The face of the cliffs is everywhere smoothed away by art, leaving the decorations of the sepulchres in high relief. These decorations are of Egyptian character, each tomb-front being marked by boldly-raised mouldings which seem to denote the outline of a door, the

* See Bussi, Storia di Viterbo.

real entrance being deep below. Occasionally the mouldings are engraved with inscriptions, generally only the names of those within, but occasionally with the addition of other words, especially of Ecasu, which is sometimes interpreted, "Rest in peace," sometimes "Adieu," though, as the learned Orioli of Bologna says, "we really know nothing about it, and our wisest plan is to confess our ignorance." There is no variety in the sculpture. The low opening at the base of the tombs admits to the interior, consisting generally of two chambers. All the tombs have been rifled, but are strewn with broken pottery; brass arms and scarabei have been found there.

"The doors of the tombs have been engraved high up on the rocks in the Egyptian form, that is, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and they have a broken and defaced, but perfectly visible, rock-cornice above them. These rock-sepulchres joined one another in a continued series; there was indeed fully a mile of them, thirty of which we counted, and the castle valley is met by another towards its centre, and directly opposite the ruin, in which we saw sepulchres in the cliffs on both sides. They were like a street, the dwellings of which correspond to each other. We found beneath each engraved door, if I may use such an expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower, which led into the burial-chamber. It would appear that these cavern mouths had formerly been covered up with earth, and that nothing remained above-ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice."—*Sepulchres of Etruria.*

The difficulties of finding the way to the sepulchres of Castel d'Asso are not to be compared to those of reaching the famous temple-tombs of Norchia, which is about fourteen miles from Viterbo. A carriage may be taken for about 2½ miles beyond the picturesque mediæval town of *Vetralla*, which stands finely on an outlying spur of the Ciminian Hills. Travellers occasionally pass the night there, but the

inn is most miserable, and it is much better to return to Viterbo and to set out again in the early morning. The site of the Forum Cassii, a station on the Via Cassia, is about a mile from Vetralla, and is now marked by the church of *Santa Maria in Forcassi*, called "Filicassi" by the natives.

The Etruscan sites of Norchia and Bieda are each about four miles from Vetralla. The road to Norchia does not lead one, as Murray says, over "bare moors," but through a forest of brushwood; nor does the eye, when you arrive there, "range along the face of the cliffs and trace a long and almost unbroken line of tombs," for though a vast number of tombs exist, they are at great intervals from one another, and exceedingly difficult to discover. We had taken the guide who is generally recommended from Vetralla to direct us to the temple-tombs, and at first, when we left the carriage, he marched on so confidently, that we had faith in his knowledge. After a long hot walk we reached a little ruined Romanesque church, occupying the end of a promontory between two ravines, and marking the site of an ancient village, called Orcle in the ninth century, a name which has been supposed to come from Hercules, who was worshipped by the Etruscans as Ercle. The church was ruined and the village pulled down at a very early period, when the place was utterly deserted on account of the malaria, and all the inhabitants removed to Vitorchiano. To our dismay our so-called guide began to try to persuade us that the ruins of the church were the famous Etruscan monument. He had been here hundreds of times, he said, "this was where all travellers staid, here they held up their hands in admiration, here they expatiated on the grandeurs of Etruria, all around were

the *scavi*, the *pozzi*, of that ancient people; why were we not satisfied?"

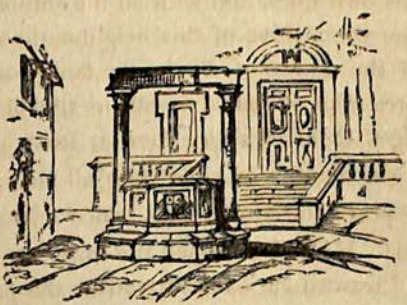
Despairing of our "guide," we engaged two *contadini* who were at work in a corn-field and set out again, struggling through the thick thorns and brambles on the hill-side, sliding down the almost perpendicular banks of tufa, and wading up to our waists in the high corn and grass, reeking with wet below from late thunder-storms, though the sun was pouring down upon us with full force, and the whole valley steaming under its influence. Dismally enough for ourselves we were so foolish as to follow the only indications which "Murray" gives, and which led us in every direction but the right one. Each little tomb we came upon, generally with the same external mouldings as those at Castel d'Asso, our contadini persisted was the celebrated monument, while the guide aimlessly scrambled about amongst the bushes, and tried to mislead us by ecstasies over imaginary discoveries, which often made us clamber up after him, to find nothing whatever.

At last, when we actually found, in the valley to the right of the church, a tomb on which two human heads were sculptured, they would search no further. The contadini declared that we must now have seen sufficient of these freaks of nature (*scherzi della natura*), for such they persisted the sepulchres to be, and the guide now changed his tone, and swore that though the temple-tomb had certainly existed,—he had forgotten it at first, but remembered it now perfectly—it had fallen down with a piece of the rock years ago, and not a vestige of it remained. For hours we searched, scrambling amid brambles and brushwood, tumbling over broken rocks, making our way over

streams by almost invisible stepping-stones, till at last, as, though we had lost all faith in each of our companions, we had still some lingering belief in the position indicated by our guide-books, we began to think that the tomb must have perished as the guide said, and, weary and disgusted, we retraced our steps to Vetralla.

Several hours of daylight still remained, so we left the ladies of our party to rest in the carriage at Vetralla, with an old blind musician seated on a chair by its side, playing on the mandolin to a song, each refrain of which ended in an invocation to "Il Dio Cupido," to soften the hearts of the *belle donne*, and two of us set off again for Bieda, taking donkeys, *such* donkeys, who alternately kicked, and fought, and brayed, and ran away for the whole four miles which separate the two villages, like so many demons. Bieda is much more worth seeing than either Norchia or Castel d'Asso; and though the Etruscan remains are exaggerated, the natural scenery of the place is most beautiful. The road is only a stony, sandy track across rough uplands, with occasional steps in the tufa. After crossing a bridge, it becomes a mere ledge in the face of the precipice, and *Bieda* is seen hanging, eyrie-like, a nest of old worn houses on the edge of the cliff, which is furrowed beneath with ranges of rude sepulchres, for the most part mere caves and devoid of ornament. Deep below a little stream murmurs through the ravine. As the Etruscan city of *Blera*, this place was of considerable importance, and though unapproached by any road, it continued to be so through the middle ages. Two Popes, Paschal II. and Sabinianus, were natives of Blera. The town has still an old gateway, and there is a beautiful well with the arms of the great

extinct family of Anguillara in its little piazza. The church was once a cathedral, and there were fourteen bishops of Blera who also ruled over Civita Vecchia and Toscanella. Over its west door is a little figure of the local saint, the "Divus Viventius," who was a native of the place, where he officiated first as priest and then as bishop. His shrine is in the crypt (now entered by steps in front of the altar, but once approached by two side staircases), which is supported



Cathedral Well, Bieda.

by curious old fluted marble columns, apparently from a pagan temple. In a side chapel is *Annibale Caracci's* fine picture of the Flagellation, displaying wonderful power of muscular drawing. In proof of the healthiness of Bieda, the tomb is shown of "Joannes Samius," who died here in his hundred and eighth year, having been parish-priest for seventy-eight years. As we came out of the church, three little children were sitting in the old Roman sarcophagus in the portico, pretending it was a boat, and a number of country-people were collected round our donkeys, curious to see the unwonted strangers, and forming the most picturesque groups with their bright costumes. Several had brought coins and

curiosities of different kinds dug up in the neighbourhood, in the hope of selling them. Our arrival had made such a sensation that it was declared to be quite impossible that we could leave without visiting the great person of the place, the Conte di San Giorgio—the very idea raised quite a clamour, and to his palazzo our new friends accordingly accompanied us in triumph. We found the young Count in his garden, decorated with beautiful vases and *amphoræ*, found in his own *scavi*, and with all the shrubs clipped into patterns after the fashion of this neighbourhood. With the purchase of the estates of Bieda, the family of San Giorgio have acquired almost feudal rights in the place, but their tenure obliges them to reside here at least six months of every year, six months of exile from all civilized life, for it was fifteen years, the Count said, since any strangers had visited Bieda. He had occupied the time in making a small museum of Etruscan curiosities found on the property. Opposite the Palazzo S. Giorgio, which is a mere country villa, are the remains of the stately tower of the Anguillaras, destroyed by the people three hundred years ago, and its lord murdered, because he insisted on an old baronial right which allowed him to forestall every bridegroom on his estates.

A steep path, a mere cleft in the tufa, leads from the gate near this tower, to a famous Etruscan bridge, the "Ponte del Diavolo," built of huge blocks of tufa. The bridge is gone, and only its three arches remain, formed of huge stones, fastened together without cement. The whole is now overgrown with shrubs and most picturesquely overhung with smilax and ivy.

"The central arch was a true semi-circle thirty feet in space. It has

been split throughout its entire length, probably by an earthquake; the blocks, being uncemented, have been much dislocated, but few have fallen. It is clear that this split occurred at an early period; for in crossing the bridge, passengers have been obliged to step clear of the gaps, which in some parts yawn from one to two feet wide, and, by treading in each other's footsteps, have worn holes far deeper than pious knees have done in the steps at A' Becket's shrine, or in the Santa Scala at Rome. They have worn a hollow pathway almost through the thick masses of rock, in some spots entirely through—a perpendicular depth of more than three feet."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The cliffs beyond the bridge rise to a great height, and the valley is exceedingly beautiful. The rock above a cave close to the bridge is covered with bullet-marks, for by old feudal custom, every inhabitant of Bieda on returning successful from the chase, is compelled to discharge his gun against this rock, in order to warn his lord, the Conte di San Giorgio, who then descends from the height to claim his tithe of the boar's thigh. Without returning into the town, one may follow a path along the hollow where there is another old bridge. Here, beneath the houses, the cliff is perfectly honey-combed with tombs, many of them used now as pig-sties or cattle-sheds.

"Here are rows of tombs, side by side, hollowed in the cliff, each with its gaping doorway; here they are in terraces, one above the other, united by flights of steps carved out of the rock; here are masses split from the precipice above, and hewn into tombs, standing out like isolated abodes—shaped, too, into the very forms of houses, with sloping roofs culminating to an apex, overhanging eaves at the gable, and a massive central beam to support the rafters. The angle of the roof is that still usual in Italian buildings—that angle, which being just sufficient to carry off the rain, is naturally suggested in a climate where snow rarely lies a day. On entering any one of the tombs, the resemblance is no less striking. The broad beam carved in relief along the ceiling—the rafters, also in relief, resting on it and sinking gently on either side—the inner chamber in many, lighted by a window on each side of the door in the partition-wall, all three of the same Egyptian form—the

triclinial arrangement of the rock-hewn benches, as though the dead, as represented on their sarcophagi, were wont to recline at a banquet—these things are enough to convince one that in their sepulchres the Etruscans, in many respects, imitated their habitations, and sought to make their cemeteries as far as possible the counterparts of the cities on the opposite heights."—*Dennis.*

We did not reach Viterbo on our return from Bieda till 9 P. M. Very early next morning we received a visit from the antiquity vendor of Viterbo, a most grandiloquent gentleman, who declared that he had himself made excavations, and was enthusiastic as to having lately discovered some fine sarcophagi—"mi sono detto, questi sono per l'Inghilterra, così gli ho destinato." He produced a little bronze ornament from a chandelier of the seventeenth century, an amorino, and swore that it was "Cupido," the ancient god of the Etruscans, upon whose image the warriors struck their weapons when they went to battle, and he protested that some scratches in the metal figure had been left by the clashing of their swords. Nevertheless, as his report of their continued existence coincided with our own opinion, we were beguiled into believing him when he vowed that he knew Norchia intimately, and that he had seen the temple-tombs hundreds of times, and so, tired as we were, we actually ordered the carriage again, and retraced the long fatiguing drive to Vetralla, and on to the copses of Norchia, taking him with us. He roused our hopes by leading us, after we left the carriage, exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we had been the day before. After long wanderings, we reached the bank of a river, which we had to wade through, and then to follow more valleys in the tufa, half choked up with brushwood. He, and all the natives, were fully convinced that we had come to Norchia to look for a hidden treasure of which

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he fancied we had discovered the whereabouts. "You know,—of course you have read in history," he said, "that the Etruscans, when they emigrated to England, took with them documents (pergamena), telling of an immense treasure buried at Norchia, and at intervals ever since the English have come, of course you know it, to seek for these riches." Hour after hour we wandered, vainly affirming that the temple-tombs were all that we cared for, and when at length in despair we insisted that we must be near the place, the guide began—"Oh si, Signori, mi pare che deve essere qui, o almeno deve essere qua," pointing in exactly opposite directions, and—it turned out that he knew nothing whatever about it, had never seen the temple-tombs in his life, had not the faintest idea what they meant, and that all he had said was a lie. For hours we searched fruitlessly,* sending the so-called guide in other directions, till at length in one of these excursions a shepherd encountered "questa spia," as he called him, and returning with him to us, declared that he really knew of a "facciata sculta" in a distant valley, and could find the way to it. All our hopes were renewed by this intelligence, our fatigues melted away, and we set out again, but it was a long round of six miles.

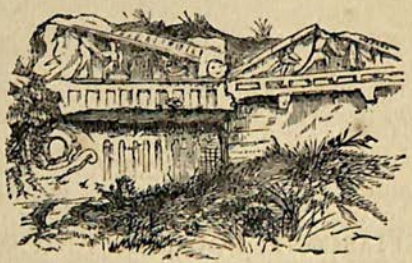
For the benefit of future travellers we may say that if they turn to the right across both fields and woods from the place where the carriage has to be left, they may eventually arrive at the tombs; but the safest way would be (utterly disregarding Murray's direction as to its being at the "extremity" of any valley at all), to make straight for the ruined church, beneath which a number of valleys unite. Looking hence

* We had not *Dennis' Cities of Etruria* with us, otherwise we might have found the tomb by his admirable plan.

(*away* from the path already traversed), the tombs are on the further side of the first collateral valley on the right.

It was a triumphant moment, when, wearied, wet, foot-sore, torn with brambles, and covered with mud, we first came in sight of the famous sepulchres. A featureless glen, smaller than the others, had opened from one of the main valleys; banks covered alternately with fragments of rock, and shrubs of wild pear and cistus, sloped up on either side to the low ranges of tufa rock which separated it from the flat plain around, and here, on turning a corner, we saw two sculptured Doric sepulchres, which recalled the monuments of Petra in extreme miniature. It is, as it were, a double tomb, with two massive projecting entablatures, but one encroaches on the other which is cut away to receive it, so that they are evidently not of the same date. Both are much alike, and have been covered with sculptures in the boldest relief. Half of one of the pediments has fallen down, but on the tomb and a half which remain, though much worn by time, the forms of warriors are distinctly visible. One figure seems to have fallen and others are fighting over him; a winged genius is also discernible; and there are remnants of colour over the whole, the ground-work apparently red. The pediments end on either side in a volute, within which is a gorgon's head. There are traces of pillars having once supported the heavy entablatures. On the mass of tufa below the pediments are traces of more figures, probably once painted, with the armour in low relief. All archæologists are agreed that both architecture and sculpture are imitations of the Greek. Orioli attributes the monuments to the fourth or fifth century of Rome. The

interiors of the tombs are quite devoid of ornament, mere chambers hewn in the tufa.



Temple-Tombs, Norchia.

Mutilated and ruined as they are, the massive sculptures of the temple-tombs will ever make them one of the most interesting of Etruscan remains, and in connection with their lost history, and their lost language, it is impossible to look upon them without the deepest interest. We, however, were unable to linger long on the rugged slopes before their portals ;—night was fast closing in, and it was so late before we reached Viterbo, that we met people coming out with lights to look for us, when we were two miles from the town.

Eight miles from Vetralla on the Via Cassia in the direction of Sutri is *Capranica*, an Etruscan site, but of little interest.

CHAPTER XXV.

MONTEFIASCONE, BOLSENA, AND ORVIETO.

(Orvieto is now most easily reached from Rome by railway (in 3½ hours) as it has a station—at the foot of the hill on which the town is situated—on the line from Orte to Siena. But those who have time will not regret the longer excursion by Viterbo and Bolsena. There is a diligence to Viterbo from Orte, and thence carriages may be taken for the rest of the excursion.)

IT is an interesting drive across the great Etruscan plain from Viterbo to Montefiascone. On the left of the road, five miles from Viterbo, are the ruins called *Le Casacce del Bacucco*, consisting of baths and other buildings of imperial date. The largest ruin is now popularly called *La Lettighetta*, or the warming-pan. Considerably to the east of this, stranded in the wide plain, are the ruins, still called *Ferento*, of the Etruscan city Ferentinum, which Horace alludes to, when he says:—

> "Si te grata quies et primam somnus in horam
> Delectat; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
> Si lædit caupona; Ferentinum ire jubebo."
>
> 1 *Epist.* 17.

From this it appears to have been a quiet country town, but Suetonius speaks of it as the birth-place of the Emperor Otho, and Tacitus as the site of a temple of Fortune. It

continued to exist in mediæval times, and was the site of an episcopal see, but was utterly destroyed in the eleventh century by the people of Viterbo, because its citizens had committed the heresy of representing the figure of Christ upon the cross with the eyes open instead of shut!

In the area of the town, mediæval remains are mingled with early Roman foundations and polygonal blocks of basaltic pavement. The principal ruin is the *Theatre*, which is finely placed on the edge of a ravine. It has seven gates, and the stage-front is a hundred and thirty-six feet in length, built of large rectangular volcanic blocks without cement.

"Ferentum, though small, and probably at no time of political importance, was celebrated for the beauty of its public monuments. Vitruvius cites them as exhibiting 'the infinite virtues' of a stone hewn from certain quarries, called 'Anitianæ,' in the territory of Tarquinii, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Volsinian Lake. This stone, he says, was similar to that of the Alban Mount in colour, i.e., it was grey like *peperino;* it was proof alike against the severity of frost and the action of fire, and of extreme hardness and durability, as might be seen from the monuments of Ferentum, which were made of it. 'For there are noble statues of wonderful workmanship, and likewise figures of smaller size, together with foliage and acanthi, delicately carved, which albeit they be ancient, appear as fresh as if they were but just now finished.' The brass-founders, he adds, find this stone most useful for moulds. 'Were these quarries near the city, it would be well to construct everything of this stone.' Pliny speaks of this stone in the same laudatory terms, but calls it a white *silex*."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

About four miles east of Ferento, by a path very difficult to find, is *Vitorchiano*, a village on an Etruscan site, which still possesses the curious privilege of having the monopoly of supplying the servants of the Roman senators. It is said that this was granted when a native of the place successfully extracted a thorn from the foot of one of the emperors. Every forty years the principal families draw lots for their

order of service, each sending one of its members, or selling the privilege at a price which is fixed by custom.

Still further east, 12 miles from Viterbo, by the direct road, is *Bomarzo.* Two miles from the modern village, which has an old castle of the Borghese, is the site of an Etruscan town, supposed to be Mœonia. There are few remains above-ground, but several interesting tombs. One, with a single pillar in its centre, is known as the *Grotta della Colonna.* Near it is the *Grotta Dipinta,* decorated with very curious frescoes of Dolphins and other monsters, some of them with semi-human faces. The temple-shaped sarcophagus, adorned with snakes, now in the British Museum, was found in this tomb.

As we continue the road to *Montefiascone,* the town is exceedingly effective from a distance, cresting a hill, and crowned by the handsome dome of a cathedral, designed by San Michele and dedicated to S. Margaret. The hill, always celebrated for its wine, probably derives thence its name,—*fiascone* signifying a large flask. Dennis considers that it occupies either the site of the Etruscan city Œnarea, or that of the Fanum Voltumnæ, the shrine where the princes of Etruria met in council on the affairs of the confederation. No Etruscan remains however exist except a few caverned tombs, now turned into the hovels of the miserable living inhabitants.

"Well may this height have been chosen as the site of the national temple! It commands a magnificent and truly Etruscan panorama. The lake (of Bolsena) shines beneath in all its breadth and beauty—truly meriting the title of 'the great lake of Italy;' and though the towers and palaces of Volsinii have long ceased to sparkle on its bosom, it still mirrors the white cliffs of its twin islets, and the distant snow-peaks of Amiata and Cetona. In every other direction is one 'intermingled

pomp of vale and hill.' In the east rise the dark mountains of Umbria; and the long line of mist at their foot marks the course of 'the Etruscan stream'—

'The noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.'

The giant Apennines of Sabina loom afar off, dim through the hazy noon; and the nearer Ciminian, dark with its once dread forests, stretches its triple-crested mass across the southern horizon. Fertile and populous was the country, numerous and potent the cities, that lay beneath the confederate princes as they sate here in council; and many an eye in the wide plain would turn hitherward as to the ark of national safety. The warriors gathering at the sacred lake in defence of their children's homes and fathers' sepulchres, would look to the great goddess for succour, the augur on the distant arx of Tarquinii or Cosa, would turn to her shrine for a propitious omen,—the husbandman would lift his eye from the furrow, and invoke her blessing on his labours,—and the mariner on the bosom of the far-off Tyrrhene, would catch the white gleam of her temple, and breathe a prayer for safety and success."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

Outside the Roman gate of the town, near the pleasant little inn of the Aquila Nera, at which the *vetturini* halt, is the principal sight of the place, the wonderful old *Church of S. Flaviano*, which dates from the eleventh century, but was restored by Urban IV. in 1262. It is a most curious building, and highly picturesque outside, with a broad balconied loggia over a triple entrance. Within, it is quite one of the most remarkable churches in Italy, by no means "subterranean," as Murray says, nor has it even a crypt, but the triforium is of such breadth, that it almost forms a second church, and contains a second high-altar, and a bishop's throne, approached by staircases on either side of the high-altar which covers the remains of S. Flaviano in the lower church. The pillars are most extraordinary, of enormous size, and with magnificent and very curious capitals sculptured with intricate patterns. Some of the side chapels are

almost in ruins. The whole building was once covered with frescoes, which are now only visible where a white-wash coating has been removed. In a chapel on the left of the

S. Flaviano, Montefiascone.

entrance they are more perfect, and exquisite specimens of Umbrian Art. The chief subject is the Massacre of the Innocents; a beautiful head, probably of the unknown artist, is introduced in the frieze. In the centre of the ceiling is Our Saviour surrounded by Angels.

An incised grave-stone before the high-altar representing a bishop with a goblet on either side of his head, is interesting as that of Bishop Johann Fugger, one of the famous family who burnt the proofs of the debts of Charles V., and lived in princely splendour in the old palace at Augsburg, now known as the "Drei Mohren." The bishop loved good wine beyond everything, and travelled over all distant lands in search of it. He was so afraid of the price

rising on his advent, that he sent on his valet before, bidding him taste the wine at the places he came to, and if he found it good to send back the word "Est." The valet came to Montefiascone and found the wine so absolutely enchanting, that he wrote the sign three times—"Est, Est, Est." The bishop arrived and drank so much, that he died that night, desiring with his last breath, that a barrel of wine might annually be upset upon his grave, so that his body might still sop in the delicious fluid, and bequeathing a large sum of money to Montefiascone on this condition. The bishop's wishes were carried out annually till a few years ago, but the price of the cask of wine is now applied to charities. On the bishop's grave is the epitaph placed by the valet.

"Est, Est, Est
Propter nimium est,
Joannes de Foucris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est."

From the hill above Montefiascone we look down over the lake of Bolsena, which we have already made acquaintance with from the top of Soracte. It is more than twenty-six miles round, and encircled by low hills. Two rocky islets break the expanse of water; on the larger, *Bisentina*, is an interesting church built by the Farnesi to commemorate the miraculous escape of Sta. Christina from drowning: in the smaller island, *Martana*, may be seen the staircase which led to the bath where the Gothic Queen Amalasontha was strangled by her cousin Theodatus. The lake is full of fish, especially eels: Pope Martin IV. died from eating too many of them:

"E quella faccia
Di là da lui, piu che le altre trapunta,
Ebbe la santa chiesa in le sue braccia
Dal Torso fu, e purga per digiuno
Le anguille di Bolsena e la vernaccia.

Purgat. xxiv.

"The lake is surrounded with white rocks, and stored with fish and wild-fowl. The younger Pliny (Ep. xi. 95) celebrates two woody islands that floated on its waters: if a fable, how credulous the ancients! if a fact, how careless the moderns! yet, since Pliny, the islands may have been fixed by new and gradual accessions."—*Gibbon*, v. 128.

As we approach Bolsena the valley is hemmed in to our right by curious basaltic rocks, formed by rows of columns closely imbedded together, as at the Giant's Causeway, and at Dunstanborough in Northumberland. Since railways have diverted the traffic, there has been absolutely no inn in

Street Scene, Bolsena

the little town of Bolsena, though artists may obtain lodgings there. They will find plenty of work in its old streets, full of beautiful doorways, and charming subjects of vine-covered

loggias before the old houses, with views of the blue lake beneath the twining branches.

Outside the northern gate is a sort of little piazza, round which are ranged some altars and capitals of columns, relics of the city of Volsinii, which the Romans built on the site of the earlier Etruscan city of Volsinium, celebrated in the pages of Livy. Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius, was born at Volsinii.

Bolsena.

That which alone saves Bolsena now from sinking into utter insignificance, is the fame of Sta. Christina, for though her legend is rejected by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, her fame continues to be great through the whole of central Italy, and as the little town of Tiro, where she was born, on the shore of the lake, has been swallowed up by its waters, the pilgrimages in her honour are all now devoted to Bolsena, where she is buried.

"Her legend, as given in the *Perfetto Legendario*, represents her as the

daughter of Urbanus, a Roman patrician, and governor of the city. He was an idolater, but his daughter, who had been early converted to the faith of Christ, called herself therefore Christina. 'One day, as she stood at her window, she saw many poor and sick, who begged alms, and she had nothing to give them. But suddenly she remembered that her father had many idols of gold and silver; and, being filled with the holy zeal of piety and charity, she took these false gods and broke them in pieces, and divided them amongst the poor. When her father returned and beheld what had been done, no words could express his rage and fury! He ordered his servants to seize her and beat her with rods, and throw her into a dark dungeon; but the angels of heaven visited and comforted her, and healed her wounds. Then her father, seeing that torments did not prevail, ordered them to tie a mill-stone round her neck, and throw her into the lake of Bolsena; but the angels still watched over her; they sustained the stone, so that she did not sink, but floated on the surface of the lake; and the Lord, who beheld from heaven all that this glorious virgin had suffered for His sake, sent an angel to clothe her in a white garment, and to conduct her safe to land. Then her father, utterly astonished, struck his forehead and exclaimed, "What meaneth this witchcraft?" And he ordered that they should light a fiery furnace and throw her in; but she remained there five days unharmed, singing the praises of God. Then he ordered that her head should be shaved, and that she should be dragged to the temple of Apollo to sacrifice; but no sooner had she looked upon the idol, than it fell down before her. When her father saw this his terror was so great that he gave up the ghost.

"'But the patrician Julian, who succeeded him as governor, was not less barbarous, for, hearing that Christina in her prison sang perpetually the praises of God, he ordered her tongue to be cut out, but she only sang more sweetly than ever, and uttered her thanksgivings aloud, to the wonder of all who heard her. Then he shut her up in a dungeon with serpents and venomous reptiles; but they became in her presence harmless as doves. So, being well-nigh in despair, this perverse pagan caused her to be bound to a post, and ordered his soldiers to shoot her with arrows till she died. Thus she at length received the hardly-earned crown of martyrdom; and the angels, full of joy and wonder at such invincible fortitude, bore her pure spirit into heaven.'"—*Jameson's Legendary Art.*

The beautiful *Church of Sta. Christina* stands near the Roman gate. In front of it is a splendid sarcophagus, with

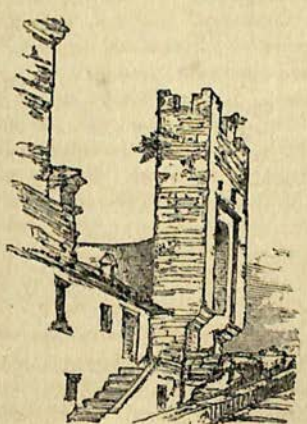
Bacchic bas-reliefs. The doors have ornaments by *Luca della Robbia.* Inside, is the shrine of the saint, with three scenes from her prolonged martyrdom,—the cutting off of her breasts, her being roasted in a furnace, and her being shot with arrows.

A dark chapel on the left is famous as the scene of the Miracle of Bolsena, pourtrayed by Raphael on the Walls of the Stanze, when, to convert an unbelieving priest, the consecrated wafer bled at the moment of elevation. The institution of the festival of Corpus Domini by Urban IV. is often attributed to this story, but really resulted from the visions of Julienne, abbess of Mont Cornillon near Liege. The miracle of Bolsena has however a still greater memorial in the Cathedral of Orvieto.

"The story of the miracle of Bolsena presents one of the most singular examples of the acceptance, and intensely-felt influences in the popular mind, of the miraculous, admitted without any such proofs or investigations as modern intellect would demand. And the two versions of the same story are essentially different. A German priest, troubled in conscience for having doubted, not (it seems) the doctrine of a *real,* but of a *carnal* Presence, in the Eucharist, set out for Rome, with the hope of securing the intercession of the chief Apostle, for the solving of his doubts or pardoning of his errors. Resting one day on the shores of the beautiful lake of Bolsena, he celebrated mass in the church of Sta. Christina; and after the consecration, whilst holding the sacred Host in his hands, with mind earnestly bent, as was natural, on the mysterious question that had led him to undertake his pilgrimage, beheld blood issuing from the consecrated species, and staining the linen corporal; each stain severally assuming the form of a human head, with features like the 'Volto Santo,' or supposed portrait of the Saviour! Such is one version; but different indeed are even leading details in the other—namely, that the priest merely let fall some drops of consecrated wine on the corporals, and when endeavouring to conceal this by folding up the linen, found that the liquid had passed through all the folds, leaving on each a red stain, in circular form like the Host! The rest of the story is given without discrepancies, and is perfectly credible. Too much awe-stricken to consume the elements, that priest, now for

ever cured of scepticism, reverentially reserved both those sacramental species; proceeded to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope, confessing his doubts, and narrating the miracle. Urban IV. immediately sent the Bishop of Orvieto to bring thither the Host and the corporals; and himself, with all the local clergy, went in procession to meet the returning prelate, at a bridge some miles distant, where he received the sacred deposit from his hands. It was soon afterwards, in 1264, that Urban IV. published at Orvieto the bull instituting the Corpus Domini festival, and commissioned S. Thomas Aquinas, who was then giving theological lectures in that city, to compose the office and hymns for the day."—*Heman's Hist. of Mediæval Christianity.*

Three stones "insanguinati" are enclosed in the altar, and beneath it is another relic, the stone which was tied to the feet of Sta. Christina, that she might sink in the lake, but which miraculously bore her up like a boat, and on which her holy foot-marks may still be seen. In the sacristy is a predella telling the story of S. George.



Castle Gate, Bolsena.

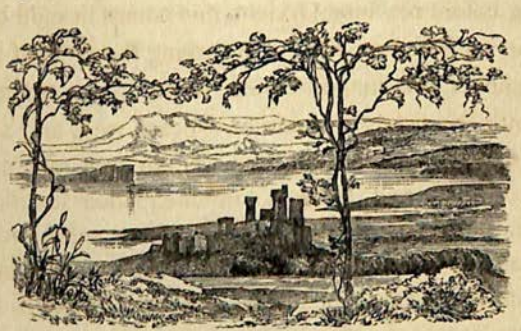
We were amused by the curious sense of proprietorship manifested by the little children who surrounded us while

we were drawing at Bolsena. "You think that those roses in your hand are beautiful, don't you?" said one little child of six years old to another; "you should see the roses in *my* vigna."

"Ah, tu hai una vigna!" exclaimed the little listener with wide jealous eyes.

"Oh, *altro!*"

Most lovely is the ascent from Bolsena into the vine-clad hills, where, between the garlands hanging from tree to tree, one has glimpses of the broad lake with its islands, and the brown castle and town rising up against it in the repose of their deep shadow.



Lake of Bolsena.

Considerably to the right, but accessible from this road, is the wonderfully picturesque mediæval town of *Bagnorea*, the ancient Balneum Regis, in the midst of a wild volcanic district, and occupying a high hill-top, only approached by narrow ridges across tremendous gulfs which separate it from the table-land. This remote town was the birth-place of Giovanni da Fidanza, the "Seraphic Doctor," who obtained his name of S. Buonaventura from the exclamation of S.

Francis, "O buona ventura," when, during a severe illness, he awoke from a death-like trance in answer to the prayers of his great master. He died in 1240, leaving behind him a vast number of mystic works, bearing such names as—"The Nightingale of the Passion of our Lord fitted to the Seven Hours," "The six wings of the Cherubim and the six wings of the Seraphim," and "The Soul's Journey to God." Dante introduces him as singing the praises of S. Dominic in Paradise :—

> "Io son la vita di Bonaventura
> Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi uffici
> Sempre posposi la sinistra cura."
>
> *Par.* xii. 127.

Long before reaching Orvieto, one comes in sight of it. It occupies an Etruscan site. On turning the crest of the hills which shelter Bolsena, one looks down into a wide valley filled with the richest vegetation,—peach-trees and almonds and figs, with vines leaping from tree to tree and chaining them together, and beneath, an unequalled luxuriance of corn and peas and melons, every tiniest space occupied. Mountains of the most graceful forms girdle in this paradise, and, from the height whence we first gaze upon it, endless distances are seen, blue and roseate and snowy, melting into infinity of space; while, from the valley itself, rises, island-like, a mass of orange-coloured rock, crowned with old walls and houses and churches, from the centre of which is uplifted a vast cathedral, with delicate spray-like pinnacles, and a golden and jewelled front,—and this is Orvieto.

The first impression is one which is never forgotten,—a picture which remains; and the quiet grandeurs of the place, as time and acquaintance bring it home to one, only paint in the details of that first picture more carefully.

"La città d Urbivieto è alta è strana:
Questa da Roman vecchi il nome prese,
Ch'andavan la perchè l'aere v' è sane."

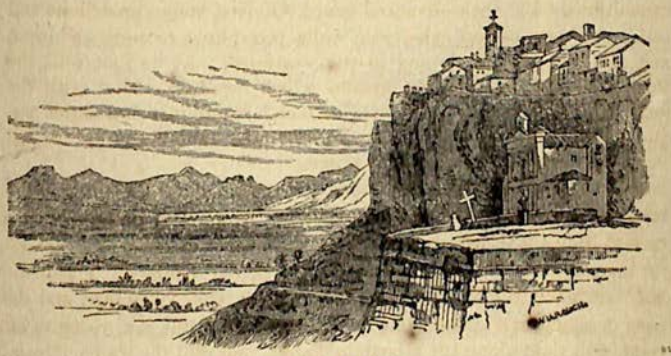
Fazio degli Uberti.

"Orvieto is built upon the first of those huge volcanic blocks which are found like fossils, embedded in the more recent geological foundations of the Campagna of Rome. Many of them, like that on which Civita Castellana is perched, are surrounded by rifts and chasms, and ravines and fosses, strangely furrowed and twisted by the force of fiery convulsions. But their advanced guard, Orvieto, stands up definite and solid, an almost perfect cube, with walls precipitous to north and south and east, but slightly sloping to the westward. At its foot rolls the Paglia, one of those barren streams which swell in winter with the snows and rains of the Apennines, but which in summer-time shrink up, and leave bare beds of sand and pestilential cane-brakes to stretch irregularly round their dwindled waters.

"The time to see this landscape is at sunrise; and the traveller should take his stand upon the rising ground over which the Roman road is carried from the town—the point, in fact, which Turner has selected for his vague and misty sketch of Orvieto in our Gallery. Thence he will command the whole space of the plain, the Apennines, and the river creeping in a straight line at the base; while the sun, rising to his right, will slant along the mountain flanks, and gild the leaden stream, and flood the castled crags of Orvieto with a blaze of light. From the centre of this glory stand out in bold relief old bastions built upon the solid tufa, vast gaping gateways black in shadow, towers of churches shooting up above a medley of deep-corniced tall Italian houses, and, amid them all, the marble front of the cathedral, calm and solemn in its unfamiliar Gothic state. Down to the valley from these heights there is a sudden fall; and we wonder how the few spare olive-trees that grow there can support existence on the steep slope of the cliff.

"Our mind, in looking at this landscape, is irresistibly carried to Jerusalem. We could fancy ourselves to be standing on Mount Olivet, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat between us and the Sacred City. As we approach the town the difficulty of scaling its crags seems insurmountable. The road, though carried skilfully along each easy slope or ledge of quarried rock, still winds so much that nearly an hour is spent in the ascent. Those who can walk should take a foot-path, and enter Orvieto by the mediæval road, up which many a Pope, flying from rebellious subjects or foreign enemies, has hurried on his mule."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Never can I forget one view I enjoyed of this cathedral. Early on an autumn morning I left Orvieto to travel by vettura southwards. The valley that surrounds the isolated height where the city stands, on the plateau above her rock-fortifications, was filled with dense mist, like a rolling sea of white waves; nothing of town, towers, or rocks was visible through that autumnal veil; but there, all radiant in the morning sun, rose, as if on an aërial island, the glorious façade, its marbles and pinnacles, mosaics and sculptures, glittering in solitary resplendence under the eye of Heaven."—*Hemans.*



From the Walls of Orvieto.

We descend into the plain by the winding road, where wains of great grey oxen are always employed for the country work of the hill-side, and we ascend the hill on which the city stands, and enter it by a gate in rocky walls. The town* is remarkably clean, but one has always the feeling of being in a fortress. Unlike Viterbo, gaiety and brightness seem to have deserted its narrow streets of dark houses, interspersed with huge tall square towers of the Middle Ages, and themselves, in the less frequented parts, built of rich-brown stone, with sculptured cornices to their massive doors and windows, and resting on huge buttresses. From one of

* There are two good inns at Orvieto—the "Belle Arti" and the "Aquila Nera."

the narrowest and darkest of these streets we come suddenly upon the cathedral, a blaze of light and colour, the most aërial Gothic structure in the world, every line a line of beauty. There is something in the feeling that no artists worked at this glorious temple but the greatest architects, the greatest sculptors of their time, that no material was used but that which was most precious, most costly, and which would produce the most glorious effect, which carries one far away from all comparisons with other earthly buildings—to the description in the Revelation of the New Jerusalem. The very platform on which the cathedral stands is of purple Apennine marble; the loveliest jaspers and *pietre dure* are worked into its pinnacles and buttresses; the main foundation of its pictured front is gold. A hundred and fifty-two sculptors, of whom Arnolfo and Giovanni da Pisa are the greatest names handed down to us, worked upon the ornamentation near the base: sixty-eight painters and ninety workers in mosaic gave life to the glorious pictures of its upper stories. All the surroundings are harmonious—solemn old houses, with black and white marble seats running along their basement, on which one may sit and gaze: a tower surmounted by a gigantic bronze warrior, who strikes the hours with the clash of his sword upon a great bell: an ancient oblong palace with Gothic arches and flat windows, where thirty-four popes have sought a refuge or held a court at different times*—all

* When Gardiner and Fox were sent on an embassy to Clement VII. here, they wrote, "The Pope lieth in an old palace of the bishop's of this city, ruinous and decayed, where, or we come to his pryvey-chamber, we pass three chambers, all naked and unhanged, the roofs fallen down, and as we can guess thirty persons, rif-raf and others, standing in the chambers for a garnishment. And as for the Pope's bedchamber, all the apparel in it was not worth twenty nobles, bed and all." The first Pope who resided at Orvieto was Adrian IV.—the Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, —but the palace was built by Urban IV., 1261—64.

serving as a dark setting to make more resplendent the glittering radiancy of the golden front of the temple in their midst.

"Willingly would I descant on the matchless façade of Orvieto, similar in style, but more chaste and elegant than that of Siena—on the graces of its Lombard architecture—on its fretted arches and open galleries—its columns varied in hue and form—its aspiring pediments—its marigold window with the circling guard of saints and angels—its quaint bas-reliefs—its many-hued marbles—its mosaic gilding, warming and enriching the whole, yet imparting no meretricious gaudiness,—the entire façade being the petrifaction of an illuminated missal—a triumphant blaze of beauty obtained by the union and tasteful combination of the three Sister graces of Art."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

No passing traveller, no stayer for one night, can realize Orvieto. Hours must be passed on those old stone benches, hours in reading the wondrous lessons of art, of truth, of beauty, and of holiness which this temple of temples can unfold. For Orvieto is not merely a vast sculpture-gallery and a noble building, but its every stone has a story to tell or a mystery to explain. What depths of thought are hidden in those tremendous marble pictures between the doors! First the whole story of Genesis; then the Old Testament story, which followed Genesis, leading on to the birth of Christ; then the story of our Saviour's life upon earth; and, lastly, the lesson of His redemption wrought for us, in the resurrection of the dead to the second life. Even the minor figures which surround these greater subjects, how much they have to tell us! Take the wondrous angels which surround the story of Christ; the Awe-stricken Angel of the Salutation, the Welcoming Angel of the Flight into Egypt, the Praying Angel of the Temptation, the Suffering Angel of the Betrayal, the Agonized Angel (and, oh, what a sublime figure, with its face covered with its hands) of the Crucifixion, the

Angel, rapt in entire unutterable beatitude, of the Resurrection. Or let us look at the groups of prophets, who, standing beneath the life of Christ, foresee and foretell its events,—their eager invocation, their meditation, their inspiration, their proclamation, of that which was to be.

Above these lower subjects is a great Mosaic of the Virgin and Child as the centre of the whole, and, on either side of it, the Baptism of Christ, and the Birth of the Virgin between the bronze emblems of the Evangelists. Next we have the Assumption, between the Annunciation and the story of Joachim and Anna. Then the stupendous rose window between the Spozalizio and the Presentation in the Temple, and, highest of all, a grand representation of the Coronation of the Virgin.

"The cathedral of Orvieto is the grand monumental record of dogmatic teaching as to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar; and the sublime office for Corpus Domini, composed by S. Thomas Aquinas, does not more impressively convey its meanings in orison or hymn, than does this splendid cathedral in the various art-works adorning it—in the very fact, indeed, of its existence.

"In 1344 Clement VI. granted an indulgence to all those who should visit Orvieto for devotional purposes; which spiritual favours were doubled in an indulgence from Gregory IX., obtainable by all who should assist at the works for this new cathedral. Then were seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services, would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stone-cutters, or other artizans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their shoulders; and those who could not do rough work, brought drink or food to the labourers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot. It is one of the proofs how utterly were Sabbatarian notions foreign to the mediæval mind, even while religious influences were at the greatest height, that Sundays and other festivals were marked by special activity (in the hours after the principal rites were over) during the progress of these labours. Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome,

Siena, and Corneto; and such prepared material used to be brought to Orvieto by buffaloes, or (if from Rome) up the Tiber as far as Orte.

"This glorious cathedral was consecrated by the Cardinal Bishop of the see, Nov. 13, 1677. If it be surpassed by other examples of Italian Gothic in architectural completeness or general harmony of effect, its façade stands unrivalled, a sun amidst minor luminaries. No description could do justice to that pomp of beauty, that concentrated resplendence of art—the noble offering of man's genius, skill, and labours, strained to the utmost during successive ages, to glorify the Eternal in this wondrous structure."—*Hemans' Hist. of Mediæval Christianity.*

"As regards the bas-reliefs on the front of the cathedral, which Vasari ascribes to Niccola, Giovanni, and other artists whom he generalizes under the name of 'Tedeschi,' it is at the present time impossible to fix either the date of their completion, or the names of the numerous sculptors who assisted in producing them. . . . The greatest sculptor employed at the cathedral in the first years after its foundation in 1290, was Ramo di Paganello 'de ultramontis,' a master who, after the commission of some offence against the laws of Sienna, had been exiled and then pardoned in 1281. With Ramo di Paganello in 1293 were Jacobo Cosme of Rome, Fra Guglielmo of Pisa, Guido, and a number of other sculptors from Como. . . . The bas-reliefs of the front sufficiently prove that sculptors of different periods executed various parts of them; and as the labours of the edifice lasted till 1356 under Lorenzo and his son Vitale Maitani, it is apparent that, in addition to works that might have been completed in the loggia at an early time, others of much later period were used.

"The principal ornaments of the front are four pilasters. . . . In the first on the left, representing scenes from the creation to the settlement of the children of Noah, the creation of Adam and Eve, in the lowest course, is a fine composition, full of truthful and natural movement, no longer in the conventional and sculptural forms peculiar to Niccola and the continuators of his manner, but by one who sought to follow, and, if possible, to improve upon, nature. They may therefore be by Andrea Pisano. The Temptation, and Adam and Eve hiding at the voice of our Lord,—the Expulsion, and our first parents labouring by the sweat of their brow,—the Sacrifice of Cain and Abel, and the murder of the latter, were of that advanced art which seemed to foreshadow the manner of Pollaiolo. Noah teaching his children, Tubal Cain and Seth, in the uppermost course, were no longer in the same style, but revealed, in their short and square figures, the manner of the followers of Niccola. The second pilaster was devoted to the genealogy of the

house of David, and terminated at the upper part by a relief of the Crucifixion. The third was occupied by incidents from the life of the Saviour, admirably composed and grouped, but recalling, like the second, the styles of Niccola and Giovanni's followers. In the fourth pilaster, the upper course representing the Saviour in glory was of the same class; but the lower compartment, far different, exhibited more modern types, and seemed the perfection of the manner of Giovanni Pisano. It would have been difficult to find a more fertile fancy, greater skill in rendering form, more vigour or character, in the beginning of the fourteenth century than were exhibited in the resurrection of the dead from their graves, and in the agonies of tortured souls in the Inferno. Here, Lucifer was no longer the quaint hybrid of Niccola and Giovanni, but a monster in human form, writhing with bound hands, and supported by hissing dragons, whose scaly frames were twined round his. The most inexhaustible invention seemed hardly taxed by the variety of pains inflicted and endured by the sinners; nor would it be easy to find more truthful imitations of nature in the most varied motion than in the figures of those in the grasp, or hanging from the jaws, of the devils. Such life and motion might well have caused wonder in Signorelli when he laboured in this very Duomo, and in Michael Angelo, whose imaginative mind might be struck with the ingenuity of one in whom he could recognize a spirit akin to his own."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"Among the bas-reliefs of Orvieto is perhaps the most important series of the Days of Creation existing. Here, in some measure doubtless owing to the conditions of sculpture, which does not admit of subjects requiring colour, the series commences with the Creation of Fishes and Birds on the fifth day.

"Here the Creator is seen attended by two angels, who accompany Him throughout, and seem, by their expression and actions, intended to suggest the emotions proper to the scene. Thus they hover behind Christ as he stands on the brink of a stream blessing the fish who are disporting in it, while the birds stand on the opposite cliff in a stiff row, as if awaiting the Divine mandate. In this scene the eagle and the goose are easily recognizable; while some songster of the grove alights with outspread wings on a bush close by, and in the distance a hawk stands by itself.

"On the sixth day the same figure, attended by two angels in gestures of admiration, is seen blessing the animals, who stand in two files before them. In front are the smaller quadrupeds—the goat, the pig, and two species of long-haired sheep, which remind us of similar fancy animals, doubtless then cultivated in Italy, which appear in pictures by old masters. Behind them are the ox, the horse, and, further from us, the

lion and the camel. A dog, that dumb friend of man, is seen beneath the ox, his well-known companion."—*Lady Eastlake, History of Our Lord.*

"The happiest innovation (anticipated indeed in the mosaics of Venice) is the introduction of two angels attendant on Our Lord throughout the work of Creation and his subsequent intercourse with man."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

After seeing the exterior, the interior of the cathedral seems bare and colourless, yet it is full of beauty, though occasionally the effect of the 13th-century work is destroyed by later details. The pillars are striped with alternate black and white marble as at Siena, and a strange lurid light is cast by alabaster windows at the west end. The east end is full of colour from early Umbrian frescoes, and has beautiful *tarsia* work of hermits and sainted bishops. The statues which stand before the pillars in the nave are of gigantic size and take away from the effect of height: the best are those by *Ippolito Scalza* of S. John and S. Thomas, and the S. Roch near the entrance.

"The Annunciation is represented in front of the choir by two colossal statues by *Francesco Mochi:* to the right is the Angel Gabriel, poised on a marble cloud, in an attitude so fantastic that he looks as if he were going to dance; on the other side stands the Virgin, conceived in a spirit how difficult! yet not less mistaken; she has started from her throne; with one hand she grasps it, with the other she seems to guard her person against the intruder; majesty at once, and fear, a look of insulted dignity, are in the air and attitude,—"*par che minacci e tema nel tempo istesso,*"—but I thought of Mrs Siddons while I looked, not of the Virgin Mary."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

"The frescoes in the choir of Orvieto are by *Ugolino di Prete Ilario.* They represent the glory of the Trinity, the life of the Virgin, the prophets, apostles, and fathers of the Church, with forty popes and bishops in half-length figures."—*Kugler.*

"The paintings (in the choir) represent the life of the Virgin, in twenty-eight compartments,—twenty-two, in two rows, circulating round the chapel, carry the history from the Repulse of Joachim to the

Dispute in the Temple; it is resumed above the Eastern window with her dying interview with the Apostles, her Death, her Burial and Resurrection, and concludes with her Assumption and Coronation, this last occupying a large lunette on the vault of the chapel, the three corresponding spaces being filled with personations of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, each attended by angels; the twelve prophets are depicted at full length on the north and south walls, parallel to the Assumption, and below them again the Apostles, six on either side, each holding a scroll containing the article which he contributed to the creed, within the jambs or hollows of the rose-windows, attended to the right and left respectively by the Evangelists and Doctors of the Church. While, lastly, lowest of all, and immediately above the wooden stalls of the choir, a line of forty half-figures represent the Fathers and Doctors who have originated the honorary titles and epithets of the Madonna.

"These frescoes are very faded, and in many places barely distinguishable; there is little beauty or force in them, but a degree of naïveté and simple feeling that is very pleasing; the compositions however are much inferior to the execution, and frequently very novel and original; and the conjecture naturally arises that the best of them may have been borrowed from those of Pietro (di Puccio) at Arezzo, eulogized by Vasari. The chapel was painted in 1370."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

"Beneath the frescoes of the Calvary, Burial, and Resurrection, the spectator may still read the words: 'Hanc capellam depinxit Ugolinus pictor de Urbereteris, anno domini MCCCLXIV. die Jovis VIII. mensis Junii. Yet Vasari with characteristic carelessness assigns these frescoes to Pietro Cavallini, finding, no doubt, some vague resemblance of style between them and those of the transept at Assisi. This Ugolino, not to be confounded with the goldsmith Ugolino di Veri, is called in contemporary records 'di Prete Ilario.' He was employed at the same time with Orcagna and Andrea Pisano, and was assisted by Maestro Giovanni Leonardelli, a glass painter and mosaist long employed in Orvieto."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

To the left of the high altar is the *Chapel of the Santissimo Corporale*, entirely covered with frescoes relating to the Miracle of Bolsena and the institution of the festival of Corpus Domini which resulted from it. The famous relic is preserved in a silver shrine of 1338, ornamented with

twelve paintings in enamel by Ugolino Vieri, a goldsmith of Siena.

A beautiful picture of the Virgin is by *Lippo Memmi.*

"Inscribed (in Latin) beneath the Virgin's feet is 'Lippo, native of the pleasant Siena, painted us.' The Virgin stands with her hands joined in prayer, between fourteen angels, one of whom at each shoulder loops back her mantle, beneath which kneels in three rows a noble crowd of kings, princes, monks, and nuns. The Virgin has an oval face and broad neck, the angels full faces and throats, and hair waving round broached fillets in attitudes affecting grace. The colour is lively, rosy, and flat, and the execution careful beyond measure."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

On the other side of the nave is the more famous chapel of the *Madonna di S. Brizio*, a glorious gallery of 13th-century art. Here one learns to appreciate the tremendous power of *Luca Signorelli* (1440—1521), so little known elsewhere, following as the successor of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who painted the lovely groups of Christ, the Virgin, and saints upon the ceiling. The frescoes of Signorelli are a regular series,—first, we have the teaching of Antichrist; no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, who, at a distance, might easily be mistaken for the Saviour, and who bears all His usual pictorial attributes. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close, that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ. Then we have the Resurrection—the vast angels of the judgment blow their trumpets, and the dead arise, struggling, labouring, out of the earth, to obey a summons which they cannot resist. Then comes Hell, so filled with misery, that the pictured suffering seizes upon your imagination, and will

come back at intervals for ever—with the recollection of the fiends of Signorelli, not monsters, but men filled with hatred and vengeance, torturing the naked souls, or floating over them on bat-like wings. And lastly we reach the Resurrection of the Just, where the angelic choirs are welcoming a concourse of rejoicing souls, whose every attitude and expression betokens the most unspeakable bliss. Beneath are portraits of some of the Italian poets: that of Dante is quite magnificent.

"While the priest sings, and the people pray to the dance-music of the organ, let us take a quiet seat unseen, and picture to our minds how the chapel looked when Angelico and Signorelli stood before its plastered walls, and thought the thoughts with which they covered them. Four centuries have gone by since those walls were white and even to their brushes; and now you scarce can see the golden aureoles of saints, the vast wings of angels, and the flowing robes of prophets through the gloom. Angelico came first, in monk's dress, kneeling before he climbed the scaffold to paint the angry Judge, the Virgin crowned, the white-robed army of the Martyrs, and the glorious company of the Apostles. These he placed upon the roof, expectant of the Judgment. Then he passed away, and Luca Signorelli, the rich man who 'lived splendidly and loved to dress himself in noble clothes,' the liberal and courteous gentleman, took his place upon the scaffold. For all the worldliness of his attire and the delicacy of his living, his brain teemed with stern and terrible thoughts. He searched the secrets of sin and of the grave, of destruction and of resurrection, of heaven and hell. All these he has painted on the walls beneath the saints of Fra Angelico. First come the Troubles of the last Days, the Preaching of Antichrist, and the Confusion of the Wicked. In the next compartment, we see the Resurrection from the Tomb, and side by side with that is painted Hell. Paradise occupies another portion of the chapel.

"Look at the 'Fulminati'—so the group of wicked men are called whose death precedes the judgment. Huge naked angels, sailing upon van-like wings, breathe columns of red flame upon a crowd of wicked men and women. In vain they fly from the descending fire. It pursues and fells them to the earth. As they fly, their eyes are turned toward the dreadful faces in the air. Some hurry through a portico, huddled together, falling men, and women clasping to their arms dead

babies scorched with flame. One old man stares straight forward, doggedly awaiting death. One woman scouts defiance as she dies. A youth has twisted both hands in his hair, and presses them against his ears to drown the screams and groans, and roaring thunder. They trample upon prostrate forms already stiff. Every shape and attitude of sudden terror and despairing guilt is here. Next comes the Resurrection. Two angels of the judgment—gigantic figures, with the plumeless wings that Signorelli loves—are seen upon the clouds. They blow trumpets with all their might; so that each naked muscle seems strained to make the blast, which bellows through the air, and shakes the sepulchres beneath the earth. Thence rise the dead. All are naked, and a few are seen like skeletons. With painful effort they struggle from the soil that clasps them round, as if obeying an irresistible command. Some have their heads alone above-ground. Others wrench their limbs from the clinging earth; and as each man rises it closes under him. One would think that they were being born again from solid clay and growing into form with labour. The fully risen spirits stand and walk about, all occupied with the expectation of the judgment; but those that are in the act of rising have no thought but for the strange and toilsome process of this second birth. Signorelli here, as elsewhere, proves himself one of the greatest painters by the simple means by which he produces the most marvellous effects. His composition sways our souls with all the passion of the terrible scenes that he depicts. Yet what does it contain? Two stern angels on the clouds, a blank grey plain, and a multitude of naked men and women. In the next compartment Hell is painted. This is a complicated picture, consisting of a mass of human beings entangled with torturing fiends. Above hover demons, bearing damned spirits, and three angels see that justice takes its course. Signorelli here degenerates into no mediæval ugliness and mere barbarity of form. His fiends are not the bestial creatures of Pisano's bas-reliefs, but models of those monsters which Duppa has engraved from Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,'—lean, naked men, in whose hollow eyes glow the fires of hate and despair, whose nails have grown to claws, and from whose ears have started horns. They sail upon bats' wings, and only by their livid hue, which changes from yellow to the ghastliest green, and by the cruelty of their remorseless eyes, can you know them from the souls they torture in Hell. Ugliness and power of mischief come with length of years; continual growth in crime distorts the form which once was human; and the interchange of everlasting hatred degrades the tormentor and his victim in the same demoniac ferocity. To this design the science of foreshortening, and the profound knowledge of the human form in every posture, give its

chief interest. Paradise is not less wonderful. Signorelli has contrived to throw variety and grace into the somewhat monotonous groups which this subject requires. Above are choirs of angels, not like Fra Angelico's, but tall male creatures clothed in voluminous drapery, with grave features and still solemn eyes. Some are dancing, some are singing to the lute, and one, the most gracious of them all, bends down to aid a suppliant soul. The men beneath, who listen in a state of bliss, are all undraped. Signorelli, in this difficult composition, remains temperate, serene, and simple; a Miltonic harmony pervades the movement of his angelic choirs. Their beauty is the product of their strength and virtue. No floral ornaments, or cherubs, or soft clouds are found in his Paradise. Yet it is fair and full of grace. Michael Angelo could not have painted such celestial bliss, and Luca seems to have anticipated Raphael."—*J. A. Symonds.**

"Fra Angelico entered into an agreement with the rulers of Orvieto on the 14th of June, 1447, to employ his summer recess of three months every year in painting the chapel of S. Brizio, in the cathedral, in fresco, for which he was to be paid two hundred gold florins per annum, his pupil Benozzo seven per month, and two assistants three each. He began immediately, and worked without intermission till the 28th September, by which time the three most southerly compartments in the groined roof of the chapel, overhanging the altar, were completed—two by himself, and the third by Benozzo. Something, however, of an unpleasant nature—the death, probably, of Antonio Giovanelli, one of his assistants, who fell from the scaffold and was killed—had occurred to discompose him, and he returned no more, though expressly invited to do so, and the chapel remained for fifty years unfinished, till completed by Luca Signorelli.

"Meanwhile, the two compartments coloured by Fra Angelico would of themselves repay a pilgrimage to Orvieto. In the lunette over the altar, opposite as you enter, Our Saviour is seated in judgment, supporting the globe of the universe, as in the mosaics, a most majestic figure, His face turned in reproof towards the reprobate, sorrowful wrath darkening the face of love; the vesica piscis surrounds Him, and He is attended by angels blowing the summons. But the 'Prophetarum laudabilis numerus,' the noble host of the Seers of Israel, on the left hand of Our Saviour, are still given, rising in a pyramidal group till they culminate in the swart-haired Baptist; the Moses especially is magnificent, a prophet indeed. For majesty these are certainly Fra Angelico's *chef-d'œuvre;* they show how capable he was of expressing

* From "Sketches in Italy and Greece," which contain some of the most beautiful and poetical—yet true—word-pictures in the English language.

the loftiest thoughts as well as the tenderest and softest—hell and sin were alone too difficult for him."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

"The upper part of the hinder wall, and a compartment of the vaulting, are adorned by Fiesole, 1447. The wall contains Christ as the Judge of the world, surrounded by the loveliest angelic forms; the Saviour is similar in action to that by Orcagna, but without the same lofty expression of Divine wrath. On the vaulting are seen the prophets, one behind the other, in a pyramidal group, chiefly venerable forms, full of dignity and beauty, in splendily-arranged drapery on a gold ground. This subject is like a vision of heavenly glory."—*Kugler.*

"The council of the cathedral, after waiting nine years for Perugino, and after trying Pinturicchio, finally resolved that Luca Signorelli should decorate the chapel of S. Brizio.

"It would be curious to ascertain what the painter's reflections may have been as he contemplated the unfinished master-pieces of Angelico on one of the ceilings of the chapel. The last great artist who embodied the essentially religious element had left the traces of a mighty talent behind. How was the equally mighty representative of new principles and of modern modes of thought, to reconcile his creations with those of his precursor? One can understand a debate in the Orvieto council, if the members discussed the relative merits of Pinturicchio and Signorelli. Would not the tender, perhaps affected, Perugian be better suited to continue the work of the mystic Dominican than the fiery follower of Piero della Francesca? But Signorelli prevailed. Pinturicchio, whose art is that of Perugino minus his best qualities, was not fit to compete with the gigantic power of one whose *opus* following on that of his teacher was necessary to the development of Italian painting; —who left at Orvieto his mark for all time.

"Looking round him at Orvieto, Signorelli might see, not merely the comparatively small production of a ceiling by Angelico; his imagination might feed on the examples of great bygone sculptors. He could leisurely examine the bas-reliefs of the time of the Pisan revival, the Giottesque ones of Andrea Pisano. He might perhaps still see mosaics by Orcagna. He certainly followed the ideas of Dante in the conception of an Inferno. . . . . Here, then, on the classic ground trod before by so many Italian artists, Signorelli, at the age of threescore, was enabled to satisfy his instincts to the full by delineating scenes of a highly dramatic character. Had it been the fortune of Angelico to complete the chapel of S. Brizio, he would no doubt have painted the same subjects in the grand but kindly solemn spirit which pervades those in the ceilings,—a spirit the very reverse of that which marks the colossal, and often vulgar, forms of the Cortonese. Both men

were great in their path ; but they pursued different ways and aims ; the one wafting the spectators into an atmosphere of calm, the other with difficulty convincing him that he is not hovering over a field of battle. Unavoidable indeed is the reflection that Signorelli, whilst he challenges our admiration, does so by a medley of conflicting and not always pleasing impressions. The pleasure which he creates is not entirely unalloyed. Like Michael Angelo, he fascinates and crushes ; he extorts applause by his extraordinary vigour, and hardly leaves a moment for the analysis of the sensations which crowd together at sight of his master-pieces. Cold reason supervenes. We admit the daring conception, and its successful realization, but we feel less sympathy than surprise. The athlete has taken away our breath by the performance of his feats ; he has not touched one of the softer fibres of our heart."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The famous picture of the Madonna in this chapel, long an object of pilgrimage, is very curious.

"In pictures, we rarely find the Virgin standing, before the end of the 14th century. An almost singular example is to be found in an old Greek Madonna, venerated as miraculous, in the cathedral of Orvieto, under the title of La Madonna di San Brizio, and to which is ascribed a fabulous antiquity. I may be mistaken, but my impression, on seeing it, was, that it could not be older than the end of the 13th century."—*Jameson's Legends of the Madonna.*

Though it rather injures the effect of the chapel, the famous Pietà of *Ippolito Scalza* (1579), sculptor of several other works in the cathedral, must not pass unnoticed. It is a group of four figures larger than life, and is very grand in its way.

The Signorelli Chapel should be seen in the colouring of early morning, when the sun streams directly through its windows upon the walls whence the living frescoes arise from the dead gold of their ground-work, and upon the polished floor of purple Apennine marble. Then the rest of the church, which is separated from the chapel by a gor-

geous wrought-iron screen, is lost in its deep shadows, and one seems to be alone with the spirits and the dead.

Bell-tower, Orvieto.

Many of the older churches of Orvieto are full of interest, and have been too little noticed. In the *Church of S. Bernardino* is a good picture by *Sinibaldo Ibi* of the Virgin enthroned between S.S. Peter and Paul, the kneeling Francis, and Bernardino. Leaving the more inhabited parts of the town, one must visit, where it stands forlorn and deserted on a grass-grown space, the old *Church of S. Domenico*, which was used as a fortress by the Guelfs in 1346, for it contains a grand monument by *Arnolfo* to Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282.

"Supported on brackets high up in the right transept of the church, this monument is, like those of the Cosmati at Rome, a mixture of mosaic, sculpture, and architecture. The body of the cardinal lies on the slab of the sarcophagus, whose sides are adorned with mosaics. A trefoil tabernacle, supported on twisted columns, is pointed at the apex and sides with statuettes of a square Roman build."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Not far from this, at the eastern end of the town, is the well called *Il Pozzo di San Patrizio*, made by Sangallo to supply the garrison in case of siege, when Clement VII. and his court fled hither after the sack of Rome in 1527, the

last of a long series of popes who have sought a refuge in Orvieto. It is a hollow tower with two staircases of 248 steps, circling one above the other, one for ascent, the other for descent. The well was commemorated on the reverse of a medal designed and struck by Benvenuto Cellini at the command of Clement VII., who wished it to bear a figure of Moses striking the rock, with the legend "Ut bibat populus."

Close by is the *Castle*, beneath which a hollow way through the rocks leads under a postern gate in the walls. Combined with the tall canes and the flocks of goats which may frequently be seen here, it is a splendid subject for an artist.

In the *Casa Gualtieri* (the house of Count Gualtieri the historian) is a fine fresco of S. Michael trampling on the dragon, by *Eusebio*, removed from the Gualtieri chapel in the cathedral.

And no artist must leave Orvieto without rambling round its walls, with their wide views over valley and mountains, whose delicate tints contrast with the dark brown of the crumbling houses and solid bastions of the town. The ramparts end in a triangle near *S. Juvenalis*, a curious old church, much spoilt by whitewash, but covered with beautiful decaying frescoes of the Umbrian school.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NARNI AND TERNI.

(There is now no decent inn at Narni, but tolerable lodgings may be obtained there at a very low price, and good food from a trattoria. At Terni there are several very good hotels, and plenty of carriages at the station; Narni, however, is far the most beautiful place.)

SOON after losing sight of Soracte, the railway to the north passes *Otricoli*. Two miles below this, in the plain, are the ruins of *Ocriculum*, the southernmost city of Umbria, 44 miles from Rome, on the Via Flaminia. It was here, in B.C. 217, that Fabius Maximus took the command of the army of Servilius, after the battle of Thrasymene. In 413, the army of Heraclianus, Count of Africa, was defeated here by Honorius. Ancient inscriptions speak of the place as "splendidissima civitas Ocricolana," a description which is borne out by the number of remains of important public buildings discovered in 1780. The famous mosaic floor of the Vatican and a colossal head of Jupiter were found at this time; but the existing ruins are unimportant. Ocriculum was an episcopal see after the fall of the Empire. It is not known when the city perished or why the inhabitants removed to the present town, which is picturesquely situated on a hill above the Tiber. Ariosto speaks of the windings of the river here, but the trees he describes have disappeared:

"Ecco vede un pratel d'ombre coperto
Che si d'un alto fiume si ghirlanda
Che lascia a pena un breve spazio aperto,
Dove l'acqua si torce ad altra banda,
Un simil luogo con girevol onda
Sott' Oticoli 'l Tevere circonda."

Cant. xiv. 38.

We now reach *Orte*, whence the railway to Orvieto diverges. The town is picturesquely situated on a rocky platform, and in its situation is something like a miniature Orvieto, the houses rising close upon the edge of the tufa rocks.

Here we leave the Tiber, which flows beneath Orvieto, and follow the course of the *Nera*, the *Nar* of classical times, which emerges from a wooded ravine, with white sulphurous waters,

"Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ."

Æn. vii. 518.

and falls into the Tiber below Orte.

"Narque albescentibus undis
In Tiberim properans."

Sil. Ital. viii. 453.

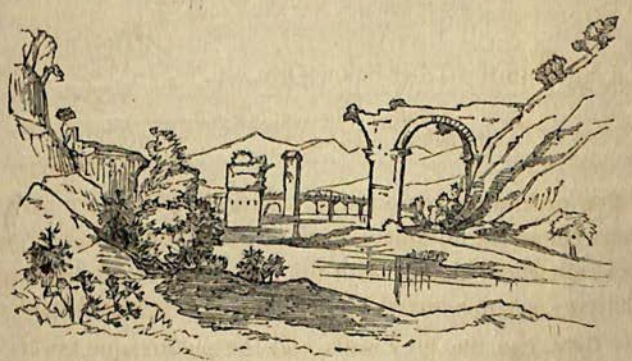
Few ravines are more full of beauty than the deep narrow gorge below Narni, broken here and there by masses of grey rock, elsewhere clothed with the richest green of ilex, cork, phillyrea, arbutus, mastick, and flowering heath. Above, on the right, rise the grey walls and the picturesque towers of the town. Just where the glen opens towards the plain on the other side, the Via Flaminia is carried over the ravine of the Nar by the famous *Bridge of Augustus*, which is considered to surpass all other bridges in boldness. Originally it had three arches, of which one on the right bank is entire, and sixty feet in height. Martial alludes to it as the pride

of the place in his days, when he accuses Narni, by its superior attractions, of taking away his neighbour Quintus Ovidius from his Nomentan farm.

"Narnia, sulfureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda jugo.
Quid tam sæpe meum nobis abducere Quinctum
Te juvat, et lentâ detinuisse morâ?
Quid Nomentani causam mihi perdis agelli,
Propter vicinum qui pretiosus erat?
Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere, Narnia, Quincto;
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui."

Ep. vii. 93.

The bridge is now a grand ruin, ivy and shrubs garlanding its mighty parapets. Between the piers is a most picturesque view of the ruined convent of S. Casciano, crowning a rock amid the woods.

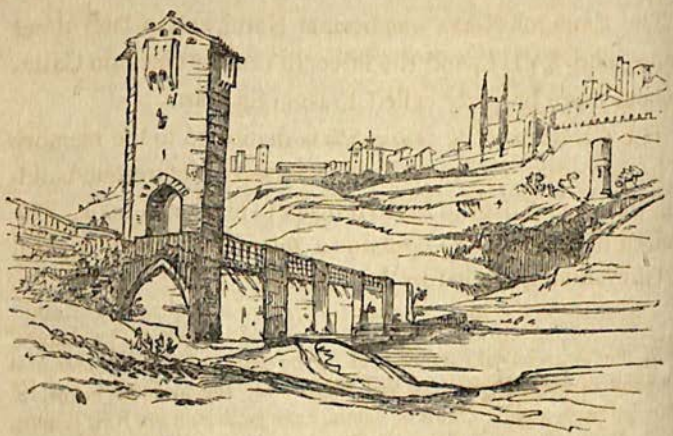


Roman Bridge, Narni.

Close to the Roman ruin, is an old mediæval bridge guarded by a high gate tower, almost equally picturesque.

A winding road leads up the hill to the town, which occupies the site of the ancient Narnia, called Nequinum

by the Umbrians. It was taken B. C. 299 by the consul M. Fulvius, who was consequently honoured with a triumph



Mediæval Bridge, Narni.

"de Samnitibus Nequinatibusque." During the 2nd Punic War, Narni was the point at which an army was posted to oppose the approach of Hasdrubal on Rome. The town owes its ruin, chiefly, not to Goths or Vandals, but to soldiers in the pay of the Venetian Republic.

Most beautiful are the views of the glen and river from the old walls. The situation is well described by Claudian:

> "Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
> Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
> Non procul amnis adest urbi, qui nominis auctor,
> Ilice sub densa sylvis arctatus opacis
> Inter utrumque jugum, tortis anfractibus albet."
>
> *De Sext. Cons. Hon.* 515.

and its rock-enthroned position is alluded to by other poets:

". . duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia."

Sil. Ital. viii. 458.

The Emperor Nerva was born at Narni, and in later times Pope John XVIII., and the fifteenth-century chieftain Gattamelata, more properly called Erasmo da Narni.

The *Cathedral of S. Juvenalis* is dedicated to the memory of its first bishop, A. D. 369, and is a most picturesque building, which no artist will fail to transfer to his sketch-book. The church of S. Girolamo contains a fine altar-piece by a pupil of Ghirlandajo, copied by Lo Spagna.

"The Saviour crowns the Virgin, on clouds supported by cherubs' heads, under a conical canopy held up by seraphs, in the centre of a company of angels, prophets, and sibyls. On the meadow below, S. Francis kneels amid a crowd of saints, amongst whom are S.S. Jerome, Louis, Bernardino, and John the Baptist. The arching of the upper part is a border with cherubs' heads; and three niches in each pilaster contain S.S. James, Mary Magdalen, Louis, Giovanni Capistrano, Catherine, and Bernardino."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

(It is a drive of 6 miles from Narni (carriage 10 francs) to the old city of *Amelia*, beautifully situated on the side of the Umbrian mountains. This town is seldom visited, but well deserves attention. It is now the seat of a bishopric, but its chief interest is derived from its Cyclopean walls, of which there are magnificent remains. As *Ameria*, it was one of the most important cities of Umbria. Cato, quoted by Pliny (iii. 14), says that the origin of Ameria was much older than that of Rome, and that it was founded B. C. 1045. The place is frequently mentioned by Cicero in his defence of Roscius, in a manner which proves that it must then have been a flourishing municipal town. It is mentioned by Virgil:

"Aut Amerina parant lentæ retinacula viti."
Georgics, i. 265.

and by Silius:

". . His populi fortes Amerinus."
viii. 462.

It is still, as in ancient times, celebrated for its delicious plums, which flourish abundantly in its rocky soil, and are dried and sold in great quantities.)

A very short railway journey, leaving the mountains and crossing a richly cultivated plain, takes us to *Terni* (*Inns;* Angleterre, Tre Colonne), a small, rather prosperous town, with some manufactories. It occupies the site of one of the many cities called *Interamna*, in this case, on account of its situation near the meeting of the Nar and Velinus, and it is said to have been founded B. C. 672. There is a tradition, without any foundation (though inscribed over the town-gate), that Tacitus the historian was born here, but it was certainly the patrimonial residence of his descendants, the Emperors Tacitus and Florianus. Here, in A. D. 253, the Emperors Trebonianus Gallus and Volusianus his son were put to death by their own soldiers while marching against Æmilianus. Some insignificant remains exist of an amphitheatre (in the bishop's garden) and of temples dedicated to Hercules and the Sun. A number of Roman inscriptions are collected on the walls of the Palazzo Publico. Terni is the seat of a very ancient bishopric, but the dull *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta* was designed by Bernini. The *Church of S. Francesco* has a chapel with some interesting frescoes (c. 1475) attributed to *Fiorenzo di Lorenzo*, an admirable though little-known master, whose principal works are at Perugia.

(It is a drive of about 4 miles from the town to the celebrated Falls of

the Velino, *La Caduta delle Marmore.* A carriage costs from 5 to 10 francs, but a distinct agreement must be made. Plenty of small copper coins should be taken, as various gates have to be opened, and various points of view are exhibited, for which fees of from 2 to 5 soldi are amply sufficient. There are two ways of seeing the Falls: either (1) by ascending the hills to the summit, a long and fatiguing drive, especially on a hot day, and descending near the Fall on foot by a zig-zag path through the rocks; or (2) driving through the valley to the gate leading to the Villa Graziani, whence a donkey (½ to 1 franc) is usually taken to the foot of the Fall, by those who do not like to walk: it is no great distance.)

The first part of the road to the Falls leads through the richly cultivated valley, described by Pliny * as so fertile, that its meadows would produce four crops of hay in the year. The picturesque village crowning the hill in front is *Papignia.* Long before you reach the Falls the sound of the rushing waters tells of your approach.

The source of the Velinus is close to the ancient Falacrinum, the birth-place of Vespasian, where an old church still bears the name of S. Maria di Fonte Velino. Its waters are so strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, that they constantly tend to form a deposit of travertine, and so to block up their own channel. The result was, that unless the course of the river was artificially regulated, the valley of the Velinus was frequently inundated, while, if the waters were allowed to descend with too great vehemence, the fertile lands of Interamna shared the same fate. Marcus Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of the Sabines, in B. C. 271, was the first who attempted to make a permanent channel, which should protect both the lower and upper valleys, and for that purpose carried the river through a cutting in the cliff, and formed the celebrated waterfall. The channel of Den-

* xviii. 28, s. 67.

tatus was gradually filled up by time, and other beds formed for the river, but the original course was re-opened by Pope Clement VIII., in 1598. The regulation of the Fall has, from its earliest existence, been a source of dispute between the inhabitants of Reate and those of Interamna or Terni. A statue was erected to Cicero by the people of Reate for his legal services on this question.

The total height of the waterfall is more than 800 feet. The best view of it is from below: no description is necessary but that of Byron:

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

Childe Harold.

The Villa Graziano, whose grounds contain the best view of the Falls, was once inhabited by Queen Caroline, as Princess of Wales.

Those who have time may visit the lake of *Pie di Luco* in the valley above the cascade.

"The beautiful expanse of water called Pie di Lugo, about a mile in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the Fall, is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, of the bordering mountains, of the towns perched on their sides, the village Pie di Lugo, and, rising behind it, the old castle of Labro, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness."—*Eustace's Tour.**

(From Terni an excursion may be made to *Todi*, an interesting episcopal city, occupying a very lofty position above the valley of the Tiber in the direction of Perugia. The Gothic *Cathedral* has some admirable frescoes by *Lo Spagna*. Several other churches are interesting: that of the *Madonna della Consolazione* is a fine work of Bramante.

* A project is entertained for entirely draining this beautiful lake.

Todi occupies the site of the ancient *Tuder*, whose lofty position is mentioned by Silius Italicus:

"Gradivicolam celso de colle Tudertem."

iv. 222.

". . . excelso summum qua vertice montis
Devexum lateri pendet Tuder."

vi. 645.

The walls of the city are in many parts very perfect, but are much less rude than those of Volterra and other Etruscan cities, and are evidently Roman. Remains of an ancient building have been supposed to be those of the temple of Mars, which Silius alludes to:

"Et haud parci Martem coluisse Tudertes."

viii. 464.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPOLETO AND THE CLITUMNUS.

BETWEEN Terni and Spoleto the railway winds by cuttings and tunnels through the *Monte Somma*, which in *vetturino* days was a most picturesque and interesting pass. It is said to derive its name from a temple of Jupiter Summanus on its summit.

We emerge from the mountains close to the grand old archiepiscopal city of *Spoleto*, which covers the sides of a lofty hill, while, behind, rises its fortress, and then the great Monte Luco, dotted with hermitages peeping out of the rich foliage of evergreen woods. Carriages (50 centimes) are waiting at the station to take travellers into the town. "La Posta" is a very tolerable inn.

Spoleto was the ancient Spoletium, which is first mentioned in history when a Roman colony was established here B. C. 240, after close of 1st Punic War. In B. C. 217, just after the battle of Thrasymene, Hannibal advanced against Spoletium and was repulsed, a fact proudly recorded on the gates of the town. In the later part of the same war this was one of the colonies which proved themselves most faithful and devoted to Rome. Florus speaks of Spoletium as "municipium Italiæ splendidissimum," Cicero as "colonia Latinis in primis firma et illustris." * Here the Emperor Æmilianus was put

* Cicero pro Balb. 21.

to death by his soldiers after a three months' reign. The fortifications of the town were partially destroyed by Totila, but were restored by Narses. The Lombards (c. A. D. 570) made Spoleto the capital of a duchy, which in time became entirely independent, and did not cease to exist till the 12th century.

Spoleto.

Since the accession of the Sardinian Government, a quantity of new streets, and a broad road winding up the hill, have done much to annihilate the mediæval aspect of Spoleto, but have greatly added to its convenience. The new road leads, by easy zig-zags, almost to the castle—*La Rocca*—on the hill-top. This fortress was originally built by Theodoric, but, as it now stands, is chiefly the work of Pope Nicholas V. Just below it, is the entrance to the footway across the magnificent *Aqueduct of Della Torre*, which unites the town to Monte Luco. Though often repaired in later times, it was built by Theodelapius, first Duke of Spoleto, in 604.*

* Campello, Storia di Spoleto.

On the other side of the castle stands, on a lower level, the *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta*, which was built in 1153, when Frederic Barbarossa was attacking the town. It is in the transition style. In the gabled west-front are eight rose windows. Between these, a mosaic, bearing the name of the artist, Salsernus, 1220, represents Christ throned between the Virgin and St. John, a work mentioned by Lord Lindsay "as the earliest ascertained mosaic of the Italico Byzantine revival." * The beautiful renaissance portico, with five arches, a rich frieze, and a stone pulpit at either end, is the work of Bramante. The door-frame is very richly sculptured.

The interior is modernized. A chapel on the right of the entrance contains a ruined *Pinturicchio* of the Virgin between St. Joseph and St. Lawrence. In the winter choir is a picture of the Virgin and Child between two aged saints. It is generally ascribed to Lo Spagna, but is more probably the work of *Bernardino Campilius* (c. 1502), from whose hand many pictures remain at Spoleto. It serves as a monument to the Blessed Gregory of Spoleto, "who died in converse with angels, in extreme old age, in a hermitage on Monte Luco, in 1473." On the stalls in this chapel are allegorical figures of prophets and sibyls, the work of *Jacopo Siculo*, another Spoletan artist, of the Lo Spagna school.

In the entrance of the chapel on the left of the high-altar, is the tomb of the Florentine painter Fra Filippo Lippi (1412-69), with his bust.

"Fra Filippo was requested by the commune of Spoleto, through the medium of Cosimo de' Medici, to paint the chapel of their principal church—that of Our Lady—and this work, with the assistance of his pupil Fra Diamante, he was bringing to a successful termination, when

* Christian Art, ii. 55.

death prevented his completing it. It was believed that the profligacy of his conduct was the cause of his death, and that he was poisoned by persons who were related to the object of his affections."—*Vasari*, ii.

Lorenzo de' Medici was sent as an ambassador by the Florentines to reclaim the body of their great fellow-citizen, but was refused by the Spoletans, because their city was "so poorly provided with ornaments, above all with distinguished men, and Florence, in her superfluity, might be content without this one." The epitaph is by Politian:

"Conditus hic ego sum picturæ fama Philippus
Nulli ignota meæ est gratia mira manus;
Artifices potui digitis animare colores
Speraraque animos fallere voce diu:
Ipsa meis stupuit natura expressa figuris,
Meque suis passa est artibus esse parem.
Marmoreo tumulo Medices Laurentius hic me
Condidit, ante humili pulvere tectus eram."

Lippi was always dabbling in imprudent love-affairs, and already, many years before, had carried off a beautiful nun, Lucrezia Buti, from a convent at Prato, and by her had become the father of Filippino.

Opposite the monument of Lippi are the tombs of Francesco Orsini and the Bishop Fulvio Orsini, 1581. In the choir are the frescoes on which Lippi was occupied at his death. At the sides of the Death of the Virgin, the Annunciation and the Nativity are depicted.

"The first is in the spirit of Angelico's conception of the same subject, and his pictures are conjured up before the beholder's eyes, when he looks upon the angel presenting himself in the mouth of a portico in the form of those common to the Dominican and to Masolino at Castiglione di Olona,—upon the Virgin's graceful surprise as she receives the message,—or upon the Eternal, whose rays fall upon her through a window that lights the gallery."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"In spite of all injuries, the charming fulness of the composition, the

simple beauty of the figures, and the powerful colouring, produce an excellent effect."—*Kugler.*

In the roof of the apse the Coronation of the Virgin is represented, surrounded by angels, prophets, and sibyls.

Opening from the portico of the Cathedral is the *Baptistery*, which is covered with interesting frescoes by *Jacopo Siculo.* On the roof are Adam, Noah, Moses, and Melchizedek; on the altar-wall, the Apostles; on the left wall, Gabriel; on the right wall, St. Jerome.

In the *Palazzo Communale*, almost opposite the Cathedral, is a beautiful fresco by *Lo Spagna*, removed from the citadel, representing the Virgin between S.S. Jerome and Francis, Catherine, and Brizio.

"Lo Spagna most retains his similarity to Perugino in this fresco."—*Kugler.*

Hence we may descend, turning to the left, to the Porta Romana, outside which is a charming *passeggiata*—an avenue of acacias with box hedges. It leads towards a convent on a hill, whence there is the best view of Spoleto. On the left, approached by a long flight of steps, is the *Church of S. Pietro*, the original cathedral dedicated to S. Brizio, who is buried there. The west front is most curious: between the square-headed doors are reliefs of monsters, men in conflict with lions, and angels and devils disputing over the dead. Above are cows, and male figures, in high relief. Inside, is a modern statue of the metropolitan S. Brizio, kneeling before St. Peter.

"This church is mentioned as existing in the fifth century, and it continued to be the cathedral till 1067, when the present cathedral was constructed. No record remains of the date of the very curious façade, but

the style of its decorations, the rudeness of the workmanship, and the subjects which are introduced, give us reason to believe that this part of the building must have been added in the course of the twelfth century. By that time, bas-reliefs, in compartments, had been adopted; and at that time, knights in armour and allusions to the last judgment were commonly introduced as the ornaments of ecclesiastical buildings. In one of the bas-reliefs it will be observed that an imp has concealed himself beneath the balance, and is pulling down the unfavourable scale.

"In the struggles between the Emperors and the Popes, Spoleto, by adhering to the latter, drew upon itself the vengeance of Frederick Barbarossa. It is not improbable that the church of S. Pietro, which stood in an exposed situation, may have been one of the buildings which was injured on that occasion, and that the existing façade may have been added after the storm had subsided."—*H. Gally Knight.*

On the right of the *Passeggiata* are the *Convents of S. Paolo* and the *Madonna di Loreto.*

The great striped red and white *Church of S. Domenico*, has a chapel covered with 14th-century frescoes, a Pietà attributed to *Lo Spagna*, and a good copy of Raffaelle's Transfiguration by *Giulio Romano.* In returning to the hotel from hence we pass under the *Porta della Fuga*, a Roman arch, formerly decorated with two lions, of which one has lately (1874) been destroyed, and the other mutilated. The adjoining conventual Church has a tabernacle by *Lo Spagna* containing a Virgin and Child between S.S. John Baptist, Jerome, Scholastica, and Antonio Abate. In the *Church of S. Ansano* is another noticeable *Lo Spagna* of the Virgin and Child.

A walk should be taken in the early morning to La Rocca, when the mists are rolling along the gorge and through the narrow arches of the mighty aqueduct. Most lovely is then the first burst of sunshine over Monte Luco,—the whole mountain like a most luxuriant garden, covered with box, sage, arbutus, ilex, and juniper. Delightful paths wind up-

wards through the woods, and present new views, each more beautiful than the last. Scattered amongst the odoriferous thickets are a succession of chapels, and buildings which once were hermitages, for a perfect Thebaid was established here in 528 by S. Isaac of Syria, and the Catholic Church honours many saints who have spent a portion of their lives here. At the top of the mountain, in a wood of chestnuts, is the pilgrimage *Church of La Madonna delle Grazie.* The principal convent is that of S. Giuliano. No more beautiful or heaven-inspiring retreat could well be found than the cells in this flowery mountain-forest. Michael-Angelo, on Sept. 18, 1556, wrote to Vasari:

"I have just been visiting, with no small fatigue and expense, but with great pleasure, the hermitages of the mountain of Spoleto. I have scarcely brought the half of myself back to Rome, because one only finds true liberty, peace, and happiness amid such scenes."

Those who stay long in Spoleto (and it is a delightful summer residence) will find much to interest them in the many minor works of Lo Spagna (ob. 1526), scattered through the smaller churches and the desecrated convents both in the town and in solitary situations in the neighbouring forests. This painter, whose real name was Giovanni Spagnuolo di Pietro, was a friend and fellow-pupil of Raffaelle in the school of Perugino, and his works follow close in the footsteps of Raffaelle and Pinturicchio. He was made a citizen of Spoleto, where he married and spent the chief part of his life.

The most interesting works of Lo Spagna are in the poor village of *S. Giacomo*, four miles from Spoleto, on the way to the temple of the Clitumnus. Here there is a small church dedicated to St. James of Galitzin. The frescoes in

his honour for the most part relate to a picturesque legend in the life of the Apostle.

"There was a certain German, who with his wife and son went on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. Having come as far as Torlosa, they lodged at an inn there; and the host had a fair daughter, who, looking on the son of the pilgrim, a handsome and a graceful youth, became deeply enamoured, but he, being virtuous, and, moreover, on his way to a holy shrine, refused to listen to her allurements.

"Then she thought how she might be avenged for this slight put upon her charms, and hid in his wallet her father's silver drinking-cup. The next morning, no sooner were they departed, than the host, discovering his loss, pursued them, accused them before the judge, and the cup being found in the young man's wallet, he was condemned to be hung, and all they possessed was confiscated to the host.

"Then the afflicted parents pursued their way lamenting, and made their prayer and their complaint before the altar of the blessed Saint Iago; and thirty-six days afterwards, as they returned by the spot where their son hung on the gibbet, they stood beneath it, weeping and lamenting bitterly. Then the son spoke and said, 'O my mother, O my father! do not lament for me, for I have never been in better cheer: the blessed apostle James is at my side, sustaining me and filling me with celestial comfort and joy!' The parents, being astonished, hastened to the judge, who at that moment was seated at table, and the mother called out, 'Our son lives!' The judge mocked at them: 'What sayest thou, good woman? thou art beside thyself! If thy son lives, so do these fowls in my dish.' And lo! scarcely had he uttered the words, when the fowls (being a cock and a hen) rose up full-feathered in the dish, and the cock began to crow, to the great admiration of the judge and his attendants. Then the judge rose up from table hastily, and called together the priests and the lawyers, and they went in procession to the gibbet, took down the young man, and restored him to his parents; and the miraculous cock and hen were placed under the protection of the Church, where they and their posterity long flourished in testimony of this stupendous miracle.

"In the vault of the apsis is the Coronation of the Virgin; she kneels, attired in white drapery flowered with gold, and the whole group, though inferior in power, appeared to me in delicacy and taste far superior to the fresco of Fra Filippo Lippi at Spoleto, from which Passavant thinks it is borrowed. Immediately under the Coronation, in the centre, is a figure of St. James as patron saint, standing with his

pilgrim's staff in one hand and the Gospel in the other; his dress is a yellow tunic with a blue mantle thrown over it. In the compartment on the left, the youth is seen suspended on the gibbet, while St. James with his hand under his feet sustains him; the father and mother look up at him in astonishment. In the compartment to the right, we see the judge seated at dinner, attended by his servants, one of whom is bringing in a dish: the two pilgrims appear to have just told their story, and the cock and hen have risen up in the dish."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Three miles beyond S. Giacomo, the road to Foligno reaches the hamlet of *Le Vene*, and passes immediately behind a small building which is none other than that which poets have described as the *Temple of the Clitumnus*.

The "Temple" stands on a steep bank overlooking the little river, here still called *Clitumno*, which has its source near this, the name Le Vene being derived from the numerous springs or vents of water by which it is formed. In classical times, as now, it was famous for its clear water, and the beauty of the cattle on its banks:

"Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos."
Virgil, Geo. ii. 196.

"Qui formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves."
Propert. ii. *El.* xix. 25.

"Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum."
Sil. Ital. viii. 452.

"Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro."
Juv. Sat. xii. 13.

"Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis,
Visere cura fuit."
Claud. vi. *Cons. Hon.* 506.

"nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam."

Stat. Sylv. i. 4.

We learn from Pliny that this spot was not only one of local veneration, but was visited by strangers. The Emperor Caligula travelled here for this purpose.* The building which still exists was probably a successor of one of the shrines or chapels (sacella) mentioned by Pliny, which were scattered over the hill-side above the temple of the river-god. The little existing building is of the Lower Empire. It will be interesting to read upon the spot the description of C. Pliny, written to his friend Romanus:

"Have you ever seen the sources of the Clitumnus? If not (and I think, if you had, you would have mentioned it to me), go and see them. I saw them not long since, and I regret that I did not see them sooner. There is a rising ground of moderate elevation, thickly shaded with ancient cypresses. At the foot of this, a fountain gushes out in several unequal veins, and having made its escape, forms a pool, whose broad bosom expands, so pure and crystal-like, that you may count small pieces of money that you throw in, and the shining pebbles. Thence it is impelled forward, not by the declivity of the ground, but, as it were, by its own abundance and weight. Though yet at its source, it is already a spacious river, capable of bearing vessels, which it transports in every direction, even such as come upwards, and strive against the stream; it is so powerful that oars give no assistance downwards, but upwards oars and poles can scarce get the better of the current. It is a delightful recreation to those who amuse themselves with floating upon its surface, to exchange alternately, as they alter their direction, labour for ease, and ease for labour. Some parts of the banks are clothed with the wild ash, some with poplars, and the transparent river gives back the image of every one of them distinctly, as if they were submerged beneath its waters. The coldness of the water is equal to that of snow, and its colour nearly so. Hard by, is an ancient and venerable temple. There stands the God Clitumnus himself, not naked, but adorned with

* Suet. Cal. 43.

the *prætexta*. The oracles which are delivered there indicate, not only the presence, but the prophetic power of the deity. Several chapels are scattered about the neighbourhood, each containing an image of the god; each has a sanctity, and each a divinity peculiar to itself; some also contain fountains. For besides the Clitumnus, who is, as it were, the father of all the rest, there are some smaller streams, distinct at the source, but which mingle with the river as soon as it passes the bridge. There ends everything sacred and profane. Above the bridge, navigation only is allowed; below it, swimming is permitted. The inhabitants of Hispella, to whom Augustus made a present of the place, supply a bath and an inn for the accommodation of the public. Along the banks are a number of villas, to which the beauty of the stream has given birth. In a word, there is nothing with which you will not be delighted. For you may even indulge your propensity for study, and may read many inscriptions written by different persons on every pillar and every wall, in honour of the fountain and the god. Many you will applaud, some you will laugh at, though, in fact, such is your good nature, you will laugh at none. Farewell."—*C. Plin. Lib.* viii. *Ep.* 8, *Eustace's Trans.*

The scene is still one of unspoilt loveliness, as when Byron visited it:

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

"And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales."

Childe Harold.

About 2½ miles beyond the Temple of the Clitumnus is *Trevi* (a station on the railway), the ancient Trebia, a mountain-town occasionally resorted to by Romans in summer, and one of the steepest places imaginable, each house apparently rising on the hill-side almost where the roof of the last comes to an end. It deserves visiting on account of the pictures in its churches.

La Madonna delle Lagrime contains a large fresco of the Adoration of the Magi by *Perugino*. In the same church are a set of frescoes by *Lo Spagna*, among which Kugler notices the Deposition as of peculiar excellence.

"In a lunette, S. Ubaldo in benediction sits between rows of kneeling monks, whilst an angel holds up an open book out of which he reads, and others attend with his crozier and mitre. In the Deposition from the Cross, beneath the lunette, as in the chief personage of the lunette itself, a distant reminiscence of Raphael may be discovered. The Deposition is taken from that in the Borghese Palace at Rome, or from one of the numerous drawings sketched previous to its completion. On the pilasters of the altar, two canvasses contain S. Catherine of Alexandria and S. Cecilia. Had not Spagna renewed his companionship with Raphael at Rome, he could scarcely have done anything so redolent of the great master."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The *Church of S. Martino*, outside the town, has a fine altar-piece by *Lo Spagna*, executed about 1512. It represents the Coronation of the Virgin, with S.S. Mary Magdalen and Catherine in the foreground, and in the distance a view of the convent of S. Francesco at Assisi. In the dead-house of the adjoining convent is an Assumption by the same artist. A lunette of the Virgin and Child in the church is a beautiful work of *Tiberio d'Assisi.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE ABRUZZI (ABRUZZO ULTERIORE II.)

(This tour is easily made from Rome, and will soon be rendered extremely simple by the new lines of railway, branching off from Terni. The excursion however should be postponed at least till April, as the snow lies long in the Abruzzi, or it may be more pleasantly taken in October. The reports of brigands and alarming adventures are almost entirely unfounded. No difficulties attend the tour. The roads are excellent, the food generally very tolerable, and the inhabitants simple and hospitable to a degree, and uniformly kind and civil to strangers. The mediæval costumes are preserved, and are highly picturesque.

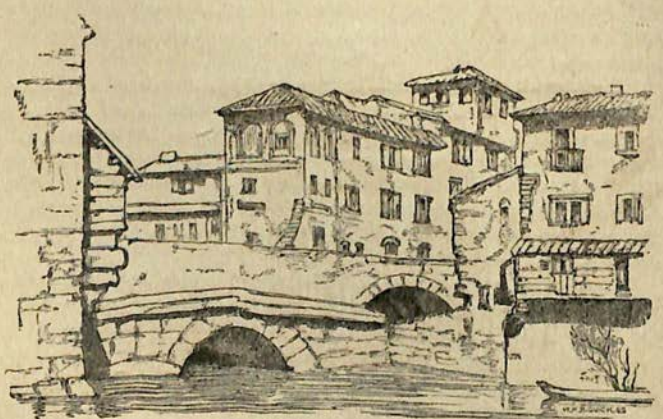
The Abruzzi have hitherto been unspoilt by a rush of English and Americans, and the old Italian scale of prices is maintained. A journey of 8 or 9 hours by diligence seldom costs more than 5 or 6 francs. Five soldi are considered a handsome *buonamano* for a guide or facchino for a short distance. In the hotels, rooms cost from 1 to 2 francs, dinner from 2 to 2½ francs, breakfast from 60 to 85 centimes. At present it is quite unnecessary to make a bargain at the hotels, and would only lead to suspicion and mistrust.

Those who travel in the Abruzzi should be as unencumbered as possible with luggage, for which there is little or no accommodation in the carriages or diligences.

The Abruzzi consist of three provinces. Abruzzo Ulteriore, whose principal towns are Ascoli, Teramo, and Civita di Penne; Abruzzo Ulteriore II., which includes part of the Sabina, and contains Civita Ducale, Aquila, Solmona, and Avezzano; and Abruzzo Citeriore, which includes the country around Chieti, Lanciano, and Vasto. It is only with the second of these, whose mountains are visible from Rome, that we are now concerned. It is most easily approached through the Sabine hills below Rieti. There are two ways of reaching

Rieti from Rome by a public conveyance. First, by the diligence which meets the quick train from Rome to Florence at the station of Corese, and arrives at Rieti at 3 p. m., having halted for 2 hours at a wayside inn; and, secondly, by the diligence which leaves the market-place at Terni at 12, on the arrival of the same train, and reaches Rieti at 5 p. m., without any halt. A place in the diligence from Terni to Rieti costs 3 francs; a two-horse carriage for the same, 16 francs.)

IT is a long ascent from Terni to Papigno, above the Falls. Thence, avoiding Pie di Luco with its lake and echo, the road follows the upland plain of the Velino, filled with vines trained upon the white mulberry-trees. The country is wonderfully rich. Cicero * speaks of it as the Rheatine Tempe. The banks of the river were the "Rosea rura Velini" of Virgil.† The hills are limestone, and consequently incapable of fine forms, and there is little beauty, till we reach *Rieti*



Roman Bridge, Rieti.

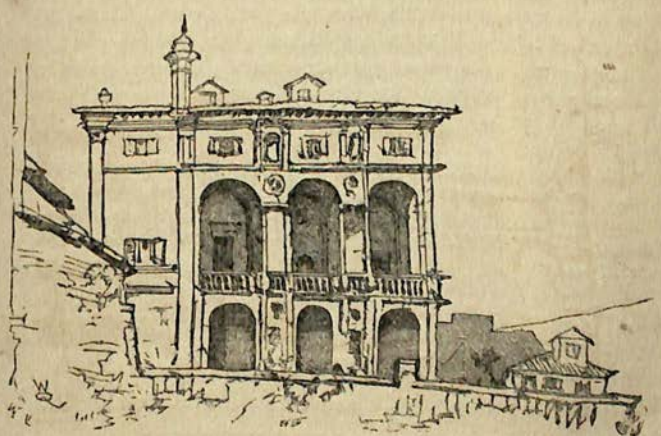
high in the upland, 1396 feet above the sea, but close under

* Ad Att. iv. 15. † Æn. vii. 712.

a mountain-side, surrounded by walls and approached by a handsome *passeggiata*. The town is very flourishing, and a large Beet-root Sugar-Manufactory has been established there. The *Croce Bianca* is a clean and very tolerable hotel, also *La Campana* in the piazza.

The Roman remains are the *Bridge* over the Velino, and a handless and footless statue called Cicero, in one of the streets. Ancient Rheate was celebrated for its mules and asses, extolled by Strabo, and by Varro in his dialogues *De Re Rustica*. Silius Italicus pretends that the town derived its name from Rheate, the Latin Cybele :

> . . . magnæque Rheate dicatum
> Cœlicolum matri."
>
> viii. 417.



Palazzo Vincentini, Rieti.

The principal *Church* of *S. Maria* has a wide portico. It contains a statue of S. Barbara by *Bernini*. There is a

pleasant view from the platform outside, close to which is the beautiful *Palazzo Vincentini* with open loggias, a most graceful work of *Vignola*. The churches of *S. Pietro* and *S. Agostino* have fine doorways, and *S. Pietro Mantine* a richly carved wooden roof. The charm of Rieti depends entirely upon its pure air and surrounding vineyards.

"The Queen of the Sabine land, as its inhabitants sometimes proudly call it, is built at the foot of the mountains, in a rich plain full of vineyards. The swift Velino rushes by the town, which is a nest of quaint red-roofed houses guarded by several towers and a citadel. No more joyous spot is there on earth than Rieti in the vintage season, when all the population swarms forth from their hive to gather in the rich purple and amber clusters and heap them into waggons drawn by great meek-eyed oxen, or pile them up in panniers on the backs of asses, which the children have crowned with leafy garlands snatched from the vines. Half-naked boys, graceful as fawns and brown as satyrs, perch themselves in the trees to which the vines cling, and throw down the grapes with jest and song to the laughing girls below: matrons in picturesque red boddice and snowy head-gear superintend; children frolic round and steal grapes; spare and swarthy men complete the scene, and over all is a turquoise sky — radiant sunshine — everywhere laughter and song!

"But in winter Rieti assumes a wilder aspect; sudden storms dash upon it and turn the clear Velino into a roaring torrent which sweeps wildly away all that falls on its surface, and tears at the banks as if it would drag them down after the large stones that it rolls along its bed." —*Mademoiselle Mori.*

(From Rieti, a very interesting excursion on foot or on horseback may be made (16 miles) to *Lionessa*, situated under the mountain of the same name, and rich in Gothic churches and fragments of domestic architecture.

Six miles further, near the source of the Nar, is *Norcia*, the ancient Nursia. Here Vespasia Polla, mother of the Emperor Vespasian, was born. The family had property

near this, called Vespasiæ,* a memorial of which exists in the name Monte Vespio. Far more interesting natives of Norcia were S. S. Benedict and Scholastica. The place is said to be dangerous from the brigand-tendencies of its population, and it can scarcely be reached in winter from the snow. Virgil speaks of the coldness of its climate:

"Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
Nursia."—*Æn.* vii. 715.

and Silius Italicus,—

"nec non habitata pruinis
Nursia."—viii. 418.

Twelve miles hence by a bridle-path, is *Amatrice*, with Gothic churches, and paintings by its especial artist Cola di Amatrice. Eight miles from this, and two from Civita Reale, is the village of *Collicelli*, close to which is the church of *S. Silvestro in Farlacrino*, marking the site of *Falacrinum*, and with ruins close by, supposed to be those of the Flavian palace, where Vespasian was born, and to visit which he was in the habit of returning.

"Locum incunabulorum assidue frequentavit, manente villa qualis fuerat olim, ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret."
Suetonius, viii. 2.

The hamlet of *San Vittorino* occupies the site of *Amiternum*, which sent a cohort to the assistance of Turnus against Æneas.

"Ecce, Sabinorum prisco de sanguine, magnum
Agmen agens Clausus, magnique ipse agminis instar;
. . . . . .
Una ingens Amiterna cohors, priscique Quirites."
Virgil, Æn. vii. 706.

* Suet. Vesp. c. 1.

The modern name is derived from a martyr-bishop, buried in its church. Sallust was born at Amiternum.)

The road to Aquila is most dreary. It enters the mountains at *Civita Ducale*, where there is a picturesque piazza with a fountain, and two remarkable churches, one with a fine Lombard doorway, the other with a beautiful rose window. The place was founded in 1308, by Robert, Duke of Calabria.

(Fearless pedestrians may make a wild but interesting excursion from hence to the remains of the castle of *Petrella*, famous for the sufferings of Beatrice Cenci * in the 16th century.

> "That savage rock the Castle of Petrella,
> 'Tis safely wall'd, and moated round about:
> Its dungeons under-ground, and its thick towers,
> Never told tales: though they have heard and seen
> What might make dumb things speak."
>
> *Shelley.*

The village of *Torano*, in the same direction, has remains of Cyclopean walls, supposed to belong to the Tiora of Dionysius, and to the place called Thyra in the 'Martyrologium Romanum,' where S. Anatolia was martyred under Decius.)

There is nothing more of interest till we reach the *Bagni di Paterno*, some sulphuric springs with a strong smell, boiling up close on the right of the road. These were the Aquæ Cutiliæ, annually used by Vespasian, and here he died, A. D. 79, perhaps in the Roman palace of which the ruins remain upon the left.

"At Cutiliæ, though his disorder much increased, and he injured himself by too free use of the cold waters, Vespasian nevertheless attended to

* See Walks in Rome, vol. i.

the despatch of business, and even gave audience to ambassadors in his bed. At last, being very ill, he cried out, 'An Emperor ought to die standing upright.' In endeavouring to rise, he died in the arms of those who were assisting him, upon the eighth of the calends of July (June 24), being sixty-nine years, one month, and seven days old."

Suetonius.

Varro considered the Lacus Cutiliæ as the centre—"umbilicus"—of Italy. The pool which formerly existed here had a floating island, described by Dionysius as "four hundred feet in diameter," formed by the incrustation of carbonate of lime. The Lake was consecrated to Victory (Vacuna?), and was considered so sacred, that no one was allowed to approach it, except on certain festivals.

Jolting through the narrow street of *Borgo Velino*, where the houses almost meet overhead, we reach *Antrodoco*, a dull town, more than half destroyed a few years ago by an earthquake, in which a great portion of the inhabitants were killed. On the hill above are fragments of a castle of the Vitelli. This was the station Interocrea on the Via Salaria, and was first destroyed by the people of Aquila in 1364.

It is a dismal country of barren hill-sides till we come in sight of *Aquila*, which occupies a platform rising above the plain, with mountains all around. On the left is the Gran Sasso d'Italia with its twin peaks of perpetual snow; on the right is Rocca di Mezzo, and, beyond it, the grand outline of La Maiella.

Aquila "La Roma degli Abruzzi" (*Locanda del Sole*, good, reasonable, and clean) is a memorial of the great Emperor Frederick II. His idea was to make it the capital of Italy, one of the most important places in the world, and he built a grand palace here. But his death cut short all his projects, and left only the skeleton of his intentions.

The mountains around Aquila are vast, but the situation is bare and desolate, and almost devoid of vegetation. It has eight months of pitiless winter, and four months of scorching, life-blasting summer. Its rocks, its soil, its churches, are riven and rifted by constant earthquakes, for even now nature suddenly often sets all the bells ringing and the clocks striking, and makes fresh chasms in the old yellow walls. In the streets, low two-storied cottages often stand side by side with handsome palaces, and few of the churches remain entire. Yet in spite of the God-forsaken look of everything, there is a sort of ghastly poetry about Aquila, and there are many who will find a strange interest, and experience many new sensations, on its tawny hills, and amid its deserted buildings.

"È l' Aquila, citta degli A bruzzi fra altissimi monti posta, è dalle rovine de' luoghi convicini tanto cresciuta, che di uomini, di armi, di richezze era la prima riputata dopo Napoli."

Porzio.

Of the ninety churches which once existed here, a vast number, or portions of them, remain.

S. Bernardino (reached from the hotel by the Via Principe Umberto and crossing the Corso), rises aloft in the face of the snow, with a stately front by *Cola da Amatrice* (1525-42). On the right, is the tomb of the saint, covered with reliefs by *Silvestro Salviati* (1505).

S. Bernardino, a native of Massa near Siena, was born in 1380, of the noble family of the Albizeschi. He was of great beauty and stately presence. At seventeen he began to devote himself to work in the hospitals, and ruined his health by his self-sacrifice during the plague at Siena. At twenty-three he became a Franciscan monk, and henceforward his life was almost entirely that of an itinerant preacher. "Of the wonderful success of his sermons, many striking anecdotes are told. His

hearers were not only for the moment affected and melted into tears, but in many instances a perfect regeneration of heart and life seems to have taken place through his influence. Those who had defrauded, made restitution; those who owed money, hastened to pay their debts; those who had committed injustice, were eager to repair it. Enemies were seen to embrace each other in his presence; gamblers flung away their cards; the women cut off their hair, and threw down their jewels at his feet; wherever he came, he preached peace; and the cities of Tuscany, then distracted by factions, were by his exhortations reconciled and tranquillized, at least for a time. Above all, he set himself to heal, as far as he could, the mutual fury of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, who, at that period, were tearing Italy to pieces."

Throughout his whole life, S. Bernardino despised worldly honours and ideas, and three bishoprics were pressed upon him in vain. He founded the Order of the Osservanti, which not only engaged to follow, but *followed*, the strict rule of S. Francis. On May 20, 1444, he died at Aquila, while on one of his journeys as a pedestrian preacher, and in 1450 he was canonized by Nicholas V.

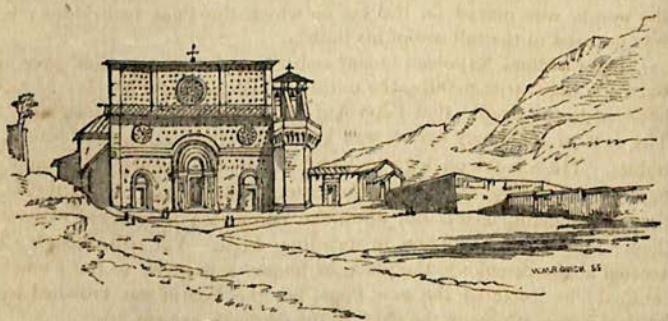
In almost all representations of S. Bernardino, is introduced a tablet with the monogram of the Saviour surrounded by golden rays, being a device which he invented that it might be sold for the maintenance of a poor man whom he had induced to abandon the sale of cards and dice. —*See Jameson's Monastic Orders, and Butler's Lives of the Saints*, vol. v.

On the left of the high altar is the beautiful tomb of Beatrice Camponi: She lies upon a richly decorated sarcophagus and her child below it. In the second chapel on the right is a fine Assumption by *Luca della Robbia*. The second chapel on the left has an admirable wrought-iron screen.

The steps of S. Bernardino are used as the cattle-market of Aquila. Goats perch upon the higher part, sheep and oxen lie in the sun on the broad platforms below. Descending the stairs between the ruined chapels of a Via Crucis, we reach—passing (left) a ruined Gothic house—the Porta di Collemaggio.

About half-a-mile outside this gate, on a dust-laden, wind-

stricken platform, is the beautiful church of *S. Maria di Collemaggio.* Only the front of the original building of c. 1260 remains—of white marble inlaid with red marble. It has three splendidly-wrought portals and three rose-windows above them. Over the doors runs a beautiful gallery of wrought-iron, with cressets. Hence, once in every year, the Bishop of Aquila reads the bull of Cœlestine V., with the advantages he conferred upon the town. On a line with the façade, rises the low very heavy machicolated bell-tower.



S. Maria di Collemaggio, Aquila.

The inside of the church was destroyed by earthquake in 1703 and has been modernized, but is bare and desolate to a degree. A curious series of animal-pieces lines the walls, introduced apropos of the saintly legends connected with them. They are by *Andrew Ruter*, a Flemish monk, who was a pupil of Rubens. In the pavement are a number of curious incised monuments of abbots and bishops. In this church the hermit Cœlestine V. was crowned Pope in 1294.

"Over his shaggy sackcloth the hermit had put on the gorgeous attire of the Pontiff; yet he would not go to Perugia to receive the homage of the conclave. Age and the heat of the season (he had been

accustomed to breathe the mountain air) would not permit him to take the long unwonted journey. He entered the city of Aquila riding on an ass, with a king on each side of him to hold his bridle. Some of the indignant clergy murmured at this humiliation of the Papal majesty, (the successor of S. Peter was wont to ride a stately palfrey), but they suppressed their discontent.

"If there had been more splendid, there never was so popular an election. Two hundred thousand spectators crowded the streets. In the evening the Pope was compelled again and again to come to the window to bestow his benediction; and if hierarchical pride had been offended at the lowliness of his pomp, it but excited greater admiration in the commonalty: they thought of Him who entered Jerusalem 'riding on an ass's colt.' Miracles confirmed their wonder: a boy, lame from the womb, was placed on the ass on which the Pope had ridden; he was restored to the full use of his limbs.

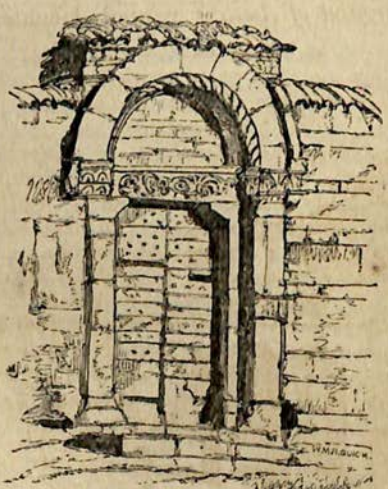
"The Cardinal Napoleon Orsini assisted at the inauguration, gave to the Pope the scarlet mantle, the mitre set with gold and jewels; he announced to the people that Peter had taken the name of Cœlestine V. The foot of the lowly hermit was kissed by kings, cardinals, bishops, nobles. He was set on high to be adored by the people. The numbers of the clergy caused singular astonishment; but the cardinals, though reluctant, would not allow the coronation to proceed without them; they came singly and in unwilling haste. Yet still, though all assisted at the ceremony, the place of honour was given to the French cardinal: he anointed the new Pope, but the Pontiff was crowned by Matteo Rosso, probably the elder of the cardinals present.

"A few months showed that meekness, humility, holiness, unworldliness, might make a saint; they were not the virtues suited to a Pope. The utter incapacity of Cœlestine for business soon appeared; he lavished offices, dignities, bishoprics, with profuse hand; he granted and revoked grants, bestowed benefices, vacant or about to be vacant. He was duped by the officers of his court, and gave the same benefice over and over again, but the greater share of all fell to his brethren from the Abruzzi. He shrank from publicity; he could only speak a few words of bad Latin."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The tomb which contains the body of Cœlestine, stolen, after his canonization, from the cathedral of Ferentino, is at the end of the left aisle. His skull is preserved here, secured under eight keys, four of which are in the hands of the civil

authorities. Once a year it is publicly shown. Over the left temple is a square hole, said to have been made by the nail by which he was murdered.

Besides these two great churches, many others are worth visiting. The causeway from the Collemaggio leads to the gate towards Solmona, near which is *S. Marco*, with a fine Lombard door. A little behind, is *S. Marciano*, also with a remarkable door. Between this and the Porta Romana is *S. Domenico*, a vast simple Gothic church with two admirable doorways; and, close by, the plain but picturesque front of *S. Pietro di Sasso*. Several old houses and convents near this have Gothic fronts, especially in the Via Porta Romana. In Spain, their windows would be called *Ajimez*. The best of

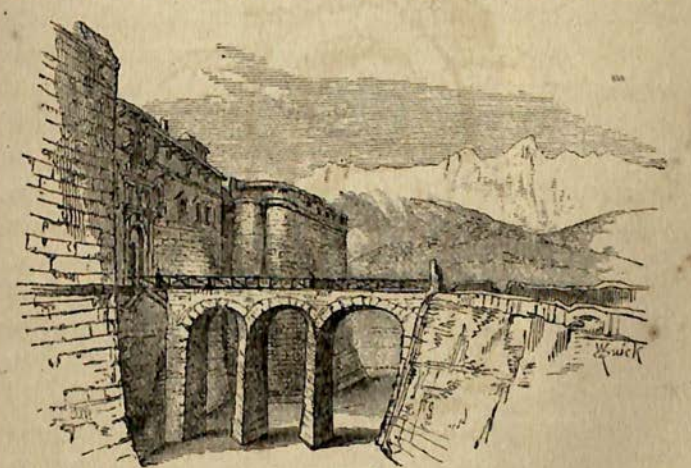


S. Nicolo d'Anza, Aquila.

these fronts is so ruinous, that it will soon be quite lost, if pains are not taken to preserve it.

Left of the Porta Romana, between it and the Corso, is *S. Nicolo d'Anza*, beautifully situated, with a most picturesque gateway to its little garden. Near it, in a square, is *S. Silvestro*, with a splendid rose-window. Inside its west door are two frescoes by some very good early Umbrian master, one pourtraying the Virgin and Child throned with saints, the other the Baptism of Constantine—the emperor being represented as Christ. In a street on the right, beyond this, is *S. Maria Paganica*, which has a stately west front, with a rich doorway, approached by a flight of steps: outside are tombs with reclining figures.

The tall tower which rises close to the inn, and which is adorned with a grand eagle—"Aquila"—is a remnant of the *Palace of Margaret of Austria*, natural daughter of Charles



Castle of Aquila.

V., and widow of Ottavio Farnese, who was governor of the province.

At the upper end of the Corso is an open space, beyond which is the *Citadel*, built in 1543 on the site of Frederick's palace. Its massive walls are guarded by a wide moat. From its ramparts there is a grand view of the mountains, especially of the Gran Sasso d'Italia.

The great fountain, called *La Riviera*, is very curious, and dates from 1272. It is a quadrangular court surrounded by ninety-nine little fountains, in memory of the different communities which were united to form the city.

A diligence, drawn by four horses with their manes tied up into plumes, took us to Popoli along the dreary hideous road, which runs for many hours through a dusty waste between two lines of parched mountains. Our only entertainment was the extraordinary harness of the animals we met, the central horse being generally surmounted by a perfect pagoda of brass, rising story above story, each separate landing having a peal of bells, with generally a sort of little windmill at the top to keep off the flies, and in front a figure of S. Antonio, standing detached, and in an attitude of benediction. At length, at the top of a weary pass, we came upon a grand view over the snowy Maiella, and then began to descend by rapid zig-zags to *Popoli*, a small, crumbling, earthquake-stricken town, overlooked by the ruined castle of the Cantelmi. The principal church has a very interesting façade. Its upper story is of the 17th century, but is surmounted by an old figure of S. George on horseback, and the lower story has a curious rose-window with smaller roses springing out of it, and a platform guarded by huge lions. A tower, built by the Counts Resta of the Marsica, has been half buried in an earthquake. The branch line of railway

from Pescara to Solmona runs through Popoli, and as the town is filthy, we were glad to take refuge at the station, where there is an excellent caffé, till the train came to carry us the pleasant half-hour's journey through the valley to *Solmona*. Here there are three inns; *Albergo della Stazione* (in the piazza), with a good view; *Albergo del Toscano*, perfectly filthy; and the "*Casa de Monsieur Raffaelle*," 43 Corso Ovidii. We chose the last, and found its owners most civil and obliging; and a kind of rough comfort, though the cocks and hens shared our sitting-room, and fresh eggs were laid for us, almost at our feet.

On approaching Solmona, you pass out of the desert into a cultivated valley, at the end of which, on an isolated platform reached by viaduct, is the stately town, crowned by many towers and backed by grand masses of snow. On the left, the monastery of Cœlestine is seen beneath the mountain, and his more famous hermitage, clinging, eyrie-like, to one of its ridges.

Solmona.

Solmona is a perfectly mediæval city, many of its iron

balconies and Gothic house-windows being worthy of the best Venetian palaces. Being the birth-place of Ovid, the principal street is called Corso Ovidii, and is adorned with a poor statue of the poet, who was tenderly attached to his native city.

> "Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis."
>
> *Trist.* iv. 9.

> "Sulmonis gelidi, patriæ, Germanice, nostræ;
> Me miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est."
>
> *Fast.* iv. 81.

The Corso crosses a small square containing a cinquecento palace, *Casa Communale*, of marvellous beauty, adorned with statues of sainted popes and cardinals ranged along its façade, between the richly-traceried windows. In one of these, the pilasters, which imitate palm-trees, rest upon lions, while the rose above is upheld by floating angels.

The great piazza, where snow mountains are seen on all sides above the houses, is one of the largest in Italy, and is rendered exceedingly picturesque by the aqueduct which crosses its upper extremity, and beneath the arches of which a broad flight of steps, ever crowded with figures, descends from the street. Behind the aqueduct, rises the front and the grand Gothic portal of *S. Francesco.* The inside of the church, and its cloisters, ruined by an earthquake, are now used as the market. Another church, *S. Maria della Tomba* has a fine entrance and rose-window. The daily costume of the male peasantry is most becoming and picturesque, and much like that of Murcia in Spain:—white shirts and full breeches of white linen fastened close at the knee, blue stockings, and an open sleeveless jacket of

blue cloth, with a scarlet sash. On Palm-Sunday, when we were at Solmona, the female costume was perfectly magnificent, the women wearing red cloth over their white *panni*, and a profusion of gold and coral ornaments. In preparation for Holy Week, immense coloured rosaries of sugar were selling, gaily decorated with feathers and ribbons, and thus religion was sweetened, as people were to suck off a sugar-plum for every prayer they said.

We had a steep and exhausting walk up to the wild mountain cell where Cœlestine V. lived as the hermit Pietro Murrone from 1239 to 1294, and we could not but pity the archbishop and bishops, who in a time of even worse or no foot-paths scrambled up thither to announce his strange election to the Papacy, and carry him off, more like a frightened wild beast than a human being, to his splendid coronation at Aquila. No transition has ever been more extraordinary.

"Suddenly a solitary monk was summoned from his cell, in the remote Abruzzi, to ascend the Pontifical throne. The Cardinal of Ostia, Latino Malebranca, had admired the severe and ascetic virtues of Peter Murrone, a man of humble birth, but already, from his extraordinary austerities, held by the people as a man of the highest sanctity. He had retired from desert to desert, and still multitudes had tracked him out in vast swarms, some to wonder at, some to join his devout seclusion. He seemed to rival, if not to outdo, the famous anchorites of old. His dress was hair-cloth, with an iron cuirass; his food bread and water, with a few herbs on Sunday.

"Peter Murrone has left an account of his own youth. The brothers of his Order, who took his name, the Cœlestinians, vouched for its authenticity. His mother was devoutly ambitious that one of her eleven children should be dedicated to God. Many of them died, but Peter fulfilled her most ardent desires. His infancy was marked with miracles. In his youth he had learned to read the Psalter; he then knew not the person of the Blessed Virgin, nor of St. John. One day they descended bodily from a picture of the Crucifixion, stood before him, and sweetly

chaunted portions of the Psalter. At the age of twenty he went into the desert: visions of Angels were ever round him, sometimes showering roses over him. God showed him a great stone, under which he dug a hole, in which he could neither stand upright, nor stretch his limbs, and there he dwelt in all the luxury of self-torture among lizards, serpents, and toads. A bell in the heavens constantly sounded to summon him to prayers. He was offered a cock, he accepted the ill-omened gift; for his want of faith the bell was thenceforth silent. He was encircled by a crowd of followers, whom he had already formed into a kind of Order or Brotherhood; they were rude illiterate peasants from the neighbouring mountains.

"Either designedly or accidentally the Cardinal Malebranca spoke of the wonderful virtues of the hermit, Peter Murrone: the weary Conclave listened with interest. It was in that perplexed and exhausted state, when men seize desperately on any strange counsel to extricate themselves from their difficulty. . . . Peter Murrone was declared supreme Pontiff by unanimous acclamation.

"The place of Murrone's retreat was a cave in a wild mountain above the pleasant valley of Solmona. The ambassadors of the Conclave having achieved their journey from Perugia, with difficulty found guides to conduct them to the solitude. As they toiled up the rugged ascent, they were overtaken by the Cardinal Peter Colonna who had followed them without commission from the rest. The cave, in which the saint could neither sit upright nor stretch himself out, had a grated window with iron bars, through which he uttered his oracular responses to the wondering people. None even of the brethren of the Order might penetrate into the dark sanctuary of his austerities. The ambassadors of the Conclave found an old man with a long shaggy beard, sunken eyes overhung with heavy brows, and lids swollen with perpetual weeping, pale hollow cheeks, and limbs meagre with fasting: they fell on their knees before him, and he before them.

"So Peter Murrone the Hermit saw before him, in submissive attitudes, the three prelates, attended by the official notaries, who announced his election to the Papacy. He thought it was a dream, and for once assuredly there was a profound and religious reluctance to accept the highest dignity in the world. He protested with tears his utter inability to cope with affairs, to administer the sacred trust, to become the successor of the Apostle. The news spread abroad; the neighbouring people came hurrying by thousands, delighted that they were to have a saint, and their own saint, for a Pope. The hermit in vain tried to escape; he was brought back with respectful force, guarded with reverential vigilance. Nor was it the common people only

who were thus moved. The King of Naples, accompanied by his son, now in right of his wife entitled King of Hungary, hastened to do honour to his holy subject, to persuade the hermit, who perhaps would be dazzled by royal flatteries into a useful ally, to accept the proffered dignity. The hermit-pope was conducted from his lowly cave to the monastery of Santo Spirito, at the foot of the mountain. He still refused to be invested in the pontifical robes. At length arrived the Cardinal Malebranca: his age, dignity, character, and his language urging the awful responsibility which Peter Murrone would incur by resisting the manifest will of God, and by keeping the Popedom longer vacant (for all of which he would be called to give account on the day of judgment), prevailed over the awe-struck saint. Not the least earnest in pressing him to assume at once the throne were his rude but not so unambitious hermit brethren: they too looked for advancement, they followed him in crowds wherever he went."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

Hermitage of Pietro Murrone.

The mountain is savage to a degree, and its pathlets are

guarded by huge sheep-dogs, against which stones are the only protection. Shepherds sit contentedly to see you devoured, and play prettily on their reed-pipes as in classical times. "Will you come up and show us your pipe," we said to a boy in rags who was sitting on a rock beneath us. "Certainly not," he answered, with true mountain independence, "if you want to see it, you can come down to me."

The original cell of Pietro Murrone is a cave, but, above it, a hermitage in two stories has been built long ago and is adorned with rude frescoes. A sort of brotherhood of hermit-monks was established here, and here "the blessed Roberto de Salie" died in the odour of sanctity, having first been favoured with a vision of the soul of Cœlestine in bliss.

We could not but wonder if Cœlestine was at all like the poor hermit, the last of the brotherhood—who still lingers here—utterly filthy—absolutely ignorant—coarse, and uncivilized. Yet with a sort of rude courtesy he offered us the poor hospitality of his smoke-blackened den. "Would we have an egg boiled or fried—a little black bread, not such as Signori like, *Ah no! dunque io gli raccomando a la carità di Dio.*"

Beneath the hermitage is the great monastery founded in honour of *S. Pietro Celestino*, rather like the Escurial in its proportions and situation. It is ghastly ugly. Under the Papal Government it was a hospital and orphanage. The present Government have turned out the children and made it a prison. The church has a picture of Cœlestine by *Raphael Mengs*. Built into a small chapel above the convent, are a few Roman fragments from Corfinium.

It is said that Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, lived here in retreat as a monk, when he fled from Rome, but the her-

mitage of S. Spirito in the Maiella is also pointed out as the

Hermit of the Abruzzi.

place where he lived "come fraticello, con romiti e persone di penitenza."

(An excursion may be made (14 miles) from Solmona to the *Lago di Scanno*, but it must be performed partly on horseback and partly on foot, and in winter it is impossible from

the snow, or the swelling of the Sagittario in the narrow pass called *Gli Stretti di S. Luigi.*

"The Lago di Scanno is really one of the most perfectly beautiful spots in nature, and the more so for being in so desert a place. Its dark waters slumber below bare mountains of great height; and their general effect might recall Wast Water in Cumberland, but that every craggy hill is of wilder and grander form. At the upper end of the lake, which may be a mile and a half in length, an avenue of beautiful oaks, dipping their branches into the water, shades the rocky path, and leads to a solitary chapel, the only building in sight, save a hermitage on the mountain beyond. The beauty and stillness of this remote lake are most impressive.

"The costume of the women of Scanno is extremely peculiar, and suggests an oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the elder females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days, the material of the Scannese dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, &c., the shoes of blue worked satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff.

"The head-dress is very striking: a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth, among the poorer orders; but of worked purple satin with the rich, and this again is bound round, turbanwise, by a white or primrose-coloured fillet, striped with various colours, though, excepting on festa days, the poor do not wear this additional band.

"The hair is plaited very beautifully with riband; and the ear-rings, buttons, necklaces, and chains are of silver, and in rich families often exceedingly costly."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

Another savage excursion, impossible in winter snows, may be made from Solmona, by Pettorano, Rocca Valloscura, and Roccarasa, to *Castel di Sangro* (so called from its river), a picturesque old town with a castle of the Counts of the Marsica. There is a path hence through wild mountain passes, by Barrea, Alfidena, and the Passo del Monaco over the mountain of La Meta, to the pilgrimage-chapel of

S. Maria del Canneto. A road also leads from Castel di Sangro to *Isernia*, a very interesting old town, with a curious aqueduct, a beautiful fountain, and a round church with a shrine of S.S. Cosmo and Damian, of great repute for the cure of disease in all the neighbouring country. Hence there is a road to Naples by *Venafro*, where are fine polygonal walls and an old castle of the Caraccioli.

There is a direct road, traversed by a diligence in summer, from Solmona to Celano on the Lago Fucino, which saves an immense detour. It passes by *Pentima*. Near this are the remains of the ancient *Corfinium*, many fragments of which are built into the curious Church of S. Pelino, where S. Alexander I. is buried. But in winter and spring this road is wholly impassable from snow, and we were reluctantly compelled to return through the moonlight to Aquila, by the diligence which leaves Popoli at 7 P.M. and arrives at 2 A.M.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE MARSICA—THE LAGO FUCINO.

THE morning after reaching Aquila (March 31) we took the Avezzano diligence (9 francs 50 c.) which left Aquila at 10 A. M. It was a long ascent for several hours after Aquila, and then we reached the upland plains of snow. The driver had many stories to tell of the perils of that way, and how once he and his four horses were nearly lost, and only rescued by a whole village turning out at the sound of his alarm bell. We did not wonder, for the scenery was that of Lapland; fields, hedges, mountain-sides entirely concealed under a snow-mantle, and for hours our road was a mere track cut in the snow, which rose in walls on either side, where it had drifted, to the height of the diligence.

If they ceased talking, the coachman and the postal-guard sang in parts, and for hours, one of the wild melancholy songs of the Abruzzi.

"Sa vi digo, Maria, dij vui,
Povir amur!
V' Anvid a le mie nossi.—
Resignurin;
V' Anvid a le mie nossi.—
—A le vostri nossi an j ven nent,
Povir Amur!

Ch'i sun titti le vostri,
Resignurin
Ch'i sun titti le vostri——"

and so on, through at least fifty stanzas.

We paused to change horses at a dismal village in the snow, *Roca di Mezzo*, halting under a gateway so completely out of the perpendicular from earthquakes that it requires a buttress almost as big as itself to keep it up.

At *Camindoli* the road begins to descend into the Marsica by a series of frightful and unguarded precipices, and, passing beneath a village with the singular name of *Sant' Appetite*, emerges from the mountains at Celano. As we approach this town by a long defile, patches of pale blue water under the abrupt cliffs on the opposite side of the valley, indicate how beautiful the scene must have been, before the Lago Fucino, which once completely filled the intervening plain, was dried up.

Celano itself has a glorious castle, rising in three tiers of battlements and towers against the mountain-side. It was built in the time of the unhappy Countess Covella dei Ruggieri, imprisoned by her own son Ruggierotto, who was anxious to seize her estates, and only let out of prison to plead the cause of her unnatural oppressor, and to see her property confiscated by Ferdinand of Arragon to his son-in-law Antonio Piccolomini, nephew of Pope Pius II. The town, which has a chapel of the Piccolomini painted by Giulio Romano, is the birthplace of the *Beato Tomaso di Celano*, who is reputed to have written the *Dies Iræ*, c. 1250.

"Its situation is said to be near that of Cliternum. Count Tomaso of Celano appears to have been a turbulent subject of the Emperor Frederick II., who, in 1223, took and destroyed the town, exiling its

inhabitants to Calabria, Sicily, and Malta; whence they returned, and rebuilt their dwellings in the following reign. There is a poetical tradition of a palace in the old town, containing a marble staircase famous for curing anybody who was in love, by the simple remedy of walking to the top of it.

"The castle of Celano, a splendid fortress, and till recently in good preservation, was built about 1450, by one of the three husbands of the Countess Covella; but whether Lionello Acclozamuro, or Giacomo Caldora, or Odoardo Colonna, it is not easy to state, as historians disagree as to the order in which the lady's husbands succeeded each other. But as, in 1430, a son of Lorenzo Colonna, Count of Alba and Celano, was made Duke of Amalfi by Queen Giovanna II., it is most probable the castle is of Colonna origin."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

The district upon which we have now entered, still called the Marsica, was the country of the Marsi, who, after their subjugation by Rome in 45 A. U. C., became its firm allies. Their legendary founder was Marsus, son of Circe, whence, perhaps, they are frequently represented as magicians, who had the power of rendering harmless the venom of serpents. Virgil alludes to this in the passage in which he gives his beautiful one-line description of the Lago Fucino.

> "Quin et Marrubiâ venit de gente sacerdos,
> Fronde super galeam et felici comtus olivâ,
> Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro:
> Vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris
> Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
> Mulcebatque iras, et morsus arte levabat.
> Sed non Dardaniæ medicari cuspidis ictum
> Evaluit; neque eum juvere in vulnera cantus
> Somniferi, et Marsis quæsitæ montibus herbæ.
> Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
> Te liquidi flevere lacus."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 750.

And Silius Italicus speaks in the same terms of the Marsi:—

"At Marsica pubes
Et bellare manu, et chelydris cantare soporem,
Vipereumque herbis hebetare et carmine dentem.
Æctæ prolem Angitiam mala gramina primam
Monstravisse ferunt, tactuque domare venena
Et lunam excussisse polo, stridoribus amnes
Frenantem, et sylvis montes nudasse vocatis.
Sed populis nomen posuit metuentior hospes,
Cum fugeret Phrygios trans æquora Marsya Crenos."
Sil. Ital. viii. 497.

Below Celano, a road leads beneath the mountains along what was once the basin of the lake (6 miles) to *Avezzano*, a dull country town, with a fine old castle of the Barberini at one end of it, originally built by the Colonna. Here we found a tolerable little inn with a good mountain view, which is a pleasant centre for excursions.

Castle of Avezzano.

Only about three miles from Avezzano, crowning one of the lower hills, is *Alba Fucinensis*, once a very important place, the head-quarters of the *Legio Marsica*, which Cicero praises in his Philippics, and the stronghold where Syphax,

king of Numidia, Perseus of Macedonia, and other captive sovereigns were imprisoned by the Romans. It continued to be a strong fortress after the fall of the Empire, and its final ruin is due to Charles I. of Anjou, who destroyed the city, to punish its adherence to Conradin. Beneath the present town are very perfect polygonal walls, and there are some remains of an amphitheatre. It looks down upon the ancient territory of Alba, fruitful from early times.

" . . . interiorque per udos
Alba sedet campos, pomisque rependit aristas."
Sil. Ital. viii. 508.

Standing quite on a separate height, is the interesting *Church of S. Pietro*, occupying the site of a temple, portions of which are incorporated in its walls. It has an ancient mosaic pavement. The position is most beautiful, backed by Monte Velino and overlooking the plain of Tagliacozzo. In the valley, near the present village of *Scurcola*, Conradin, the unhappy son of Manfred, was defeated (August 26, 1268) by Charles I. of Anjou, a victory which established the power of the Guelphs in Italy. It is said to have been due to the advice given to Charles by Alard de St Valery, who was then returning from the Holy Land.

"E là da Tagliacozzo
Ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo."
Dante, Inf. xxviii. 17.

Hence Conradin fled with a few faithful attendants to Astura, where he was betrayed by the traitor Frangipani, and hurried by Charles to Naples, where he was executed. The ruined *Church of S. Maria della Vittoria* was built by the conqueror to commemorate his victory.

It is about 10 miles from Avezzano to *Tagliacozzo*, which

for savage picturesqueness—"gli orrori," the natives call it—is almost unrivalled.

"I have never seen anything more majestic than the approach to Tagliacozzo. It is a precipitous ravine, almost artificial in appearance; and by some, indeed, considered as having been partly formed by the Romans, for the transit of the Via Valeria. A monastery, with a *Calvario*, or range of shrines, stands at the entrance of this extraordinary gorge, the portals of which are, on one hand, huge crags, crested with a ruined castle; on the other, perpendicular precipices: between them is placed the town, receding step by step to the plain below, while the picture is completed by the three peaks of the towering Monte Velino, entirely filling up the opening of the ravine.

"The lines of Dante have rendered the name of this town familiar to the reader of Italian poetry; not that the battle between Conradino and Charles was fought within a considerable distance, and one wonders why the celebrated though decayed city of Alba, or the modern Avezzano, near which the engagement actually took place, did not rather connect their names with so great an historical event. Tagliacozzo was then, perhaps, the more important place. At present, the town contains upwards of three thousand inhabitants, and is the most thriving in all the Marsica.

"There is no record of Tagliacozzo having been the site of any ancient city; though Tagliaquitum, Taleacotium, have called forth a great deal of ingenuity from various antiquarian etymologists. It seems to have been a stronghold of importance, and its possession was often contested during the divisions of the middle ages, as commanding a passage between the Papal and Neapolitan dominions: the counts, or dukes of Tagliacozzo, were consequently powerful barons. In 1442 A. D., it was bestowed on the Orsini by King Alfonso: and, in 1497, Fabrizio Colonna received it from King Ferrante; and the Colonnesi still hold much of the territory round the town. Tagliacozzo is much resorted to by the devout, from its containing the remains of the Bishop Tommaso di Celano, whose bones rest in the church of S. Francesco. The Madonna, called dell' Oriente, is also an object of great veneration."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

There is a bridle road from hence to Arsoli, which is only a short distance off the high road between Tivoli and Subiaco. Tivoli is only about 30 miles distant, so that this is the short-

est way of returning to Rome, but it is necessary to ride for some hours. The path, for the most part, follows the ancient *Via Valeria:* and it passes *Carsoli*, on the site of Carseoli, where the Equi sacrificed foxes to Ceres, and where Bitis, son of the king of Thrace, was imprisoned by the Romans. Ovid speaks of the coldness of its climate:

> "Frigida Carseoli, nec olivis apta ferendis,
> Terra, sed ad segetes ingeniosus ager.
> Hac ego Pelignos, natalia rura, petebam;
> Parva, sed assiduis uvida semper aquis.
> *Fast.* iv. 683.

Cavaliere, beyond this, was built by a Cavaliere of the Colonna family, who was nearly lost on these desolate hills in the snow.

A third excursion, and one which should on no account be omitted, may be made from Avezzano to *Luco.* The road passes along the shore of what once was the *Lago di Fucino*, sometimes called the *Lago di Celano.* It is 2181 feet above the level of the sea, had an area of 36,315 acres, and was 35 miles in circumference. Having no natural outlet, the villages on its banks were subject to frequent inundations, and, as early as the time of Julius Cæsar, the Marsi petitioned help and advice for carrying off the superabundant waters. The Emperor Claudius undertook the construction of an emissary at his own cost, on condition of receiving all the land reclaimed by the drainage. It was the intention to carry the waters into the Liris by a tunnel $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and hewn, for a great part of the way, out of the solid rock. For this work, 30,000 men were employed for eleven years.

The Emissary was opened by Claudius and Agrippina with a great gladiatorial display in A. D. 52.

"A passage having been cut through the mountain between the lake Fucinus and the river Liris, in order that a greater number of persons might be induced to come and see the magnificence of the work, a sea-fight was got up on the lake itself; in the same manner in which Augustus before exhibited one on an artificial pool on this side the Tiber, but with light ships, and fewer men. Claudius equipped galleys, of three and four banks of oars, and manned them with 19,000 mariners; surrounding the space with a line of rafts, to limit the means of escape, but giving room enough, in its circuit, to ply the oars, for the pilots to exert their skill, for the ships to be brought to bear upon each other, and for all the usual operations in a sea-fight. Upon the rafts, parties of the prætorian guards, foot and horse, were stationed, with bulwarks before them, from which catapults and balistas might be worked: the rest of the lake was occupied by marine forces, stationed on decked ships. The shores, the adjacent hills, and the tops of the mountains, were crowded with a countless multitude, many from the neighbouring towns, others from Rome itself; impelled either by desire to witness the spectacle, or in compliment to the prince; and exhibited the appearance of a vast theatre. The emperor presided, in a superb coat of mail, and, not far from him, Agrippina, in a mantle of cloth of gold. The battle, though between malefactors, was fought with the spirit of brave men; and, after great bloodshed, they were excused from pressing the carnage to extremities.

"When the spectacle was concluded, the channel through which the water passed off was exhibited to view, when the negligence of the workmen became manifest, as the work was not carried to the depth of the bottom or centre of the lake. The excavations were, therefore, after some time, extended to a greater depth; and, to draw the multitude once more together, a show of gladiators was exhibited upon bridges laid over it, in order to display a fight of infantry. Moreover, an erection for the purpose of a banquet, at the embouchure of the lake, caused great alarm to the assembly; for, the force of the water rushing out, carried away whatever was near it, shook and sundered what was further off, or terrified the guests with the crash and noise. At the same time, Agrippina, converting the emperor's alarm to her own purposes, accused Narcissus, the director of the work, with avarice and robbery; nor did Narcissus repress his anger, but charged Agrippina with the overbearing spirit of her sex, and with extravagant ambition."—*Tacitus*, xii. 56, 57.

Owing to various errors in its construction, the Emissary of Claudius continued to be practically a failure, and though Hadrian and Trajan attempted to improve it, it soon became choked up. Frederick II. vainly attempted to re-open it. In 1852 the lake was granted by the government to a Swiss company, on condition that they would undertake to drain it, and their rights were purchased by Prince Torlonia, who at his sole cost—about £1,400,000—has carried out the work. One engineer after another has perished from fever while employed in its construction, and the expense has been so enormous, that it has become a popular saying, "O Torlonia secca il Fucino, o il Fucino secca Torlonia."

After all, the work may still in one sense be esteemed a failure. Though the redeemed land is wonderfully rich, it is considered that the profits of a thousand years will not repay the Torlonias for the expenses they have undergone; the inhabitants of the towns along the lake, who formerly gained an abundant livelihood as fishermen, are reduced to the utmost poverty; and, while the air was formerly extremely salubrious, the natives are now a constant prey to fevers from the exhalations of the marshy land. It is hoped that this experience may preserve the beautiful lakes of Thrasymene and Bolsena.

About two miles from Avezzano, at the spot called *Incile*, we pass the works of *the Emissario*. The modern work has destroyed the whole of the interesting remains of the time of Claudius, and though the mountains cannot be spoilt, there is little else to remind us of the scene of a few years ago, which Lear has beautifully described:

"The plain of Avezzano; the clear blue lake; Alba, and Velino, with its fine peaks, alternately in bright light, or shaded by passing

clouds; the far snow-covered mountains beyond Solmona; the bare pass of Forca Carusa; the precipitous crag of Celano,—all these at once, brilliant with the splendour of Italian morning, form a scene not to be slightly gazed at, or lightly forgotten—the utter quiet of all around! the character of undisturbed beauty which threw a spell of enchantment over the whole!

"A herd of white goats blinking and sneezing lazily in the early sun; their goatherd piping on a little reed; two or three large falcons soaring above the lake; the watchful cormorant sitting motionless on its shining surface; and a host of merry flies sporting in the fragrant air,—these are the only signs of life in the very spot where the thrones of Claudius and his Empress were placed on the crowd-blackened hill: a few fishing-boats dotted the lake where, eighteen centuries ago, the cries of combat rent the air, and the glitter of contending galleys delighted the Roman multitude.

"The solitary character of the place is most striking; no link between the gay populous past, and the lonely present; no work of any intermediate century breaks its desolate and poetical feeling."—*Excursions in Italy.*

About 5½ miles from Avezzano we reach *Luco.* There is nothing to see in the town, except a miraculous Madonna in the principal church. But on the right, just before reaching the town, we pass the *Church of S. Maria di Luco* which occupies the site and looks down upon the walls of the ancient city of *Angutia*, identified by inscriptions. Here also, at an earlier time, was the sacred grove (the *Lucus Angutiæ* of Virgil) of Angutia, the sister of Circe and Medea.

The church, which rises on the ancient walls, is of great age, having been given to the Benedictines, by Doda, Contessa de' Marsi, in A. D. 930. It is a very interesting building with round-headed doorways. The interior has been used as a Campo Santo, and there is a chapel filled with skulls and human bones. The situation, surrounded by oak-trees, is lovely, and must have been surpassingly so, when it looked out upon the vast expanse of lake-waters.

Lear mentions how the rope of the church bell was carried through the window of the sacristan's house, so that he might ring it without leaving his room, and it is so still.

About three miles beyond Luco is *Trasacco* (formerly Transaqua) built on the site of the palace of Claudius, afterwards inhabited by Trajan. Here the *Church of S. Rufino* is said to have been built in A. D. 237, by the first Bishop of the Marsi, who suffered martyrdom, with S. Cesidio, under Maximin.

Beyond, on the former shore, are several other villages, *Ortucchio*, with an old castle, standing near the supposed site of Archippe, which Pliny describes as having been swallowed up by the lake; *Pescina*, the see of the bishop still called "Il vescovo de' Marsi;" and *San Benedetto*, occupying the site of *Marruvium*, the capital of the Marsi:

> "Marruvium, veteris celebratum nomine Marri,
> Urbibus est illis caput."
>
> *Silius Ital.* viii. 507.

Many remains of ancient buildings may be seen, and during the drought of 1752, several statues of Roman emperors, now in the museum at Naples, were discovered here in the lake.

CHAPTER XXX.

SORA, AND THE LAND OF CICERO.

(An uncomfortable and frequently crowded diligence leaves Avezzano at 8 P. M., arriving at Sora about 1 A. M.

Sora is easily reached from Rome, by the station of Rocca-Secca, from which it is a pleasant drive of about 3 hours, and a railway will shortly bring it within the range of an even easier excursion from the capital.

The *Albergo di Roma* at Sora is an admirable country inn, with exceedingly moderate prices. Carriages may be obtained at Sora for the day. To Arpino and Isola with S. Domenico, 12 francs: to Isola alone 2½ francs: to S. Germano, staying some hours at Atina, 20 francs: to Rocca-Secca, from 12 to 15 francs.)

ON leaving Avezzano the road immediately begins the ascent of the *Monte Salviano*, so called from the wild sage with which it is covered. The views are beautiful, of the valley, and the opposite heights of Monte Velino. Crossing the mountain, we reach, in a savage situation on the right, *Capistrello*, beneath which is the mouth of the Emissary of the Lago Fucino. About three miles beyond the village of Civita di Roveto, a road on the left leads (2 miles) to *Civita d'Antino*, cresting a hill, and occupying the site of the ancient *Antinum* of which some polygonal walls remain. Near this is the waterfall of *La Schioppo*, a beautiful cascade of the river Romito.

On the left, four miles before reaching Sora, we pass beneath the town of *Balsorano*, crowned by a grand old castle of the Piccolomini. It is a glorious subject for an artist.

Sora, a bright well-paved town on the river Liris, was originally a Volscian city colonized by the Romans. In modern times it was the birthplace of Cardinal Baronius. It has a ruined castle, which, after having passed through the hands of the Cantelmi and Tomacelli, now gives a ducal title to the Buoncompagni.

"During the earlier portion of the middle ages Sora is often mentioned as a frontier town, which the Lombard dukes of Benevento attacked and plundered. It may have been then Byzantine. From time to time governed by counts of Lombard race (for the whole region near the Liris was once filled with Lombards), it fell into the hands of the emperor Frederick II., who destroyed it. Afterwards it belonged to the powerful counts of Aquino, who possessed almost all the land between the Vulturnus and the Liris. Then Charles of Anjou made the Cantelmi, relations of the Stuarts, counts of Sora, and Alfonso of Arragon raised Sora to a duchy, of which Nicolo Cantelmi was the first duke. The Popes had long coveted the possession of the beautiful border-land, and they obtained it under Pius II., whose captain Napoleone Orsini conquered Sora. Ferdinand I. of Naples confirmed the possession; but Sixtus IV. separated it from the church in 1471, when he married his nephew Leonardo della Rovere to the king's niece, who received the duchy of Sora as a dowry. Afterwards Gregory XIII. bought Sora, in 1580, from the duke of Urbino for his son Don Giacomo Buoncompagni, and seldom has a Roman 'nipote' had a more charming possession. This property remained in the hands of the Buoncompagni-Ludovisi till the end of the 18th century, when it returned to Naples, and of the splendour of that Roman nepotism there only remains in Rome the Palazzo di Sora and the title of Duke of Sora, which is now borne by the eldest son of Prince Ludovisi-Piombino."—*Gregorovius.*

The present interest of Sora arises entirely from the fact that here Italian costume reaches its climax. The dress is purely Greek, and so are the ornaments, and so, indeed, is

the wonderful beauty of the women. The best peasant jewels, of designs such as are seen in Greek sculpture, are all bought and sold here. Owing to the factories of the Liris and the great care which their owner, M. Lefebvre, bestows upon his workmen, the people are all most thriving and prosperous, and the valley of the Liris may be regarded as "the Happy Valley" of Central Italy.

Contadina, Valley of the Liris.

"The modern factories, mostly paper-mills, on a large scale and on the newest system, owe their rise chiefly to Frenchmen of the time of

Murat, among them M. Lefebvre. [This man arrived poor, but the banks of the Liris became to him an Eldorado, for he drew pure gold from the power of water. He left to his son manufactures and millions. The king of Naples, I think Ferdinand II., ennobled his family; they richly deserved this honour, for a hitherto scarcely cultivated region owes to the inventive genius of this one man an abundant life which will not disappear but increase. The creative action of a man in a certain circle of industry belongs to those manifestations of human activity which we may contemplate with the purest interest; if such (action) is frequent in England, Germany, or France, and rare in Naples, we may easily imagine how highly merit of this kind is to be esteemed."—*Gregorovius.*

As in the days of Juvenal, Sora may be looked upon as a pleasant retreat for respectable old age:

> "Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
> Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
> Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum."
>
> *Sat.* iii. 223.

It is only two miles from Sora, descending the valley of the Liris, to the old conventual church of *S. Domenico Abáte.* It stands on an island in the Fibreno, close to its junction with the Liris. The nave is of very good and pure Gothic. In the adjoining convent S. Domenico Abáte died. These buildings occupy the site, and are built from the remains of the beloved villa of Cicero. In Cicero "de Legibus" * Atticus asks why Cicero is so much attached to this Villa, and Cicero answers:

"Why, to tell the truth, this is the real home of myself, and my brother here. Our family, a most ancient one, had its rise here, our household-gods are here, our clan, and many a relic of our ancestors. Well, and you see this Villa, it was enlarged to its present form by my father, who, as his health failed, spent his latter years here in study, and in this very spot, my grandfather being still alive, and the Villa still

* II. 1. 3.

small and old-fashioned, like the one at Cures on my Sabine estate, I was born. So that deep down in my heart I cherish a singular feeling and affection for the place: just as we read of that most cunning hero, who to see his Ithaca renounced immortality."

Contadina, Sora.

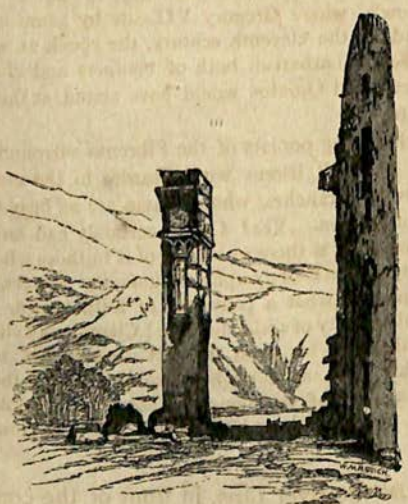
Afterwards the island became the property of Silius Italicus.

"Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.

Martial, Ep. xi. 49.

As we enter the plot of garden ground behind the convent, we cannot wonder at the affection which the great orator entertained for the place. On all sides it is sur-

rounded by clear glancing water. The Fibrenus is lovely, with wooded banks, and abounding in trout. Through the trees we have exquisite mountain views. In spring the banks are one sheet of violets, and primroses—which are very rare in Italy. Amid the rich vegetation lie fragments and capitals of columns; a tall pillar with some Roman masonry grouped around it, stands at the west end of the church, and the crypt is supported by low massive pillars of granite and marble, evidently taken from the ruins of the villa.



Remains of Cicero's Villa, S. Domenico.

"It was here that Cicero, Quintus, and Atticus held those conversations which we possess as the three books 'de Legibus.' They wander on foot from Arpinum to the river Fibrenus, they arrive at the 'insula quæ est in Fibreno,' here they will sit and philosophise further. Atticus wonders at the beauty of the place, and Cicero, who remarks that he is fond of meditating, reading, or writing here, says that the place has a peculiar additional charm for him from having been his own cradle:

'*quia hæc est mea et hujus fratris mei germana patria; hinc enim orti stirpe antiquissima, hic sacra, hic gens, hic majorum multa vestigia.*' He relates that his grandfather possessed this villa; that his sickly father, who enlarged it, there became old in his studies. At the sight of his birthplace Cicero confesses that the same feeling came over him which Ulysses experienced, when he preferred the sight of Ithaca to immortality. He avows that Arpinum is his home, as 'civitas,' but that he properly belonged to the country round Arpinum; and Atticus now paints the lovely position of the island in the arms of the Fibrenus, which refreshes the waters of the Liris, and is so cold that he scarcely dared to bathe his feet in it. They sit down to converse further about the laws, and we prefer the sight of these three men of Roman urbanity, and of the highest education of their day, to that of the company of monks in cowls, where Gregory VII. sits by some holy man with a tangled beard, in the eleventh century, the epoch at which Rome was lost in the deepest barbarism both of manners and civilization. How Cicero, Atticus, and Quintus would have stared at the Romans of the eleventh century.

"So the chattering poplars of the Fibrenus surrounded the cradle of Cicero—and one still listens with pleasure to the ceaseless whispers of these quivering branches, whose leaves are as busy and talkative as the tongues of women. Yes! Cicero certainly had an enviable birthplace, but what good is there in talking of it to those who can never give one glance at this land of nymphs, of unfading flowers, and an eternal spring? Around it, what a panorama of hills, brown, or hyacinthine-blue in the still majesty of aerial distance! Cicero was a child of the plain, not of the hills, and his great intellect accumulated to itself all the learning of his time, as a mighty stream receives the brooks: but Marius was a child of the mountain, born above in Arpinum within the walls of the Cyclops, and hither we will now turn our steps."—*Gregorovius.*

If we cross the river Liris, in front of the convent, by the ferry-boat—which is in itself a picture, when filled with women in their bright costumes, accompanied by their donkeys with panniers full of vegetables—we may visit, below the gardens, the ruin of a Roman bridge, called *Ponte di Cicerone.* Only a single arch remains.

The most famous of the monks of S. Domenico was Hildebrand, afterwards Pope Gregory VII.

"This wonderful man may often have sat under the poplars on this charming island of Cicero in dreamy meditation, but he would never have dreamt that an emperor should one day stand before his door in the dress of a penitent, and that it was reserved for him to play a greater part in Rome, indeed in the history of the world, than either Marius or Cicero."—*Gregorovius.*

Below S. Domenico we reach the *Cartiera*, the paper-manufactory, of M. Lefebvre, in whose gardens are some charming little cascades—*cascatelle*—of the Fibreno.

Here, turning to the left, we ascend the olive-clad hills, by a beautiful terraced road of about three miles, to *Arpino*. The country is rich and smiling, and the people prosperous and well cared for. Men and women alike wear sandals, pointed at the toe. Arpino stands finely on twin hills, one summit occupied by the Cyclopean, the other by the Roman city.

"There is a great charm in seeing for the first time, in the mysterious distance, a place to which belong two celebrated names, which mark epochs in the world's history, and have been known to us from childhood. Memories of youth return to strengthen the impression—school scenes when Cicero was explained, even the look of the well-worn school-book in grey paper, Cicero's Orations, above all the declaiming of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Quousque tandem Catilina.' And there before us is Cicero's birthplace."—*Gregorovius.*

The Roman city of Arpino is entered by a gateway with Roman masonry. Near it is a tomb, which the local antiquary Clavelli describes as that of King Saturnus, the legendary founder of the city.

Arpinum was an ancient city of the Volscians, from whom it was taken by the Samnites, and from them, B. C. 305, by the Romans, under whom, in B. C. 188, it obtained the Roman franchise, and was enrolled in the Cornelian tribe. C. Marius was born here, being of ignoble birth.

"Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
Poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro; . .
Nodosam post hæc frangebat vertice vitem,
Si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra.
Hic tamen et Cimbros, et summa pericula rerum
Excipit; et solus trepidantem protegit urbem."

Juvenal, Sat. viii. 245.

And M. Tullius Cicero, whose father was of equestrian rank.

"Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, et modo Romæ
Municipalis eques galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni monte laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis et tituli, quantum non Leucade, quantum
Thessaliæ campis Octavius abstulit udo
Cædibus assiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit."

Juvenal, Sat. viii. 237.

Cicero constantly speaks, in his works, of his native Arpinum. He describes its inhabitants as rustic and simple, as was appropriate to the rugged district in which they lived, but with all the virtues of mountaineers, and he applies to Arpinum the lines in the Odyssey about Ithaca :—

Τρηχεῖ, ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος· οὔτι ἔγωγε
ἧς γαίης δύναμαι γλυκερώτερον ἄλλο ἰδέσθαι.

Odyss. ix. 27.

When Arpino rebelled against Pius II. and was taken by his general, the Pope desired that it might he spared "for the sake of Marius and Marcus Tullius." Arpino itself has always been very proud of its distinguished citizens, whose busts adorn its little Casa Communale. The sites of houses are pointed out which are reputed to have belonged to them, though there is no reason to suppose that Cicero lived nearer

than the Fibrenus. The church of St. Michaele is shown as occupying the position of a Temple of the Muses; and that of S. Maria di Civita, on the apex of the hill, of a Temple of Mercury Lanarius.

The painter Giuseppe Cesari, commonly known as the "Cavaliere d'Arpino" (1560—1640), was born here, in a house which is still pointed out.

"The Cavaliere d'Arpino formed a great school, by means of which he directed the Roman practice, and formed a decided opposition to other masters, particularly the school of the Caracci."—*Kugler.*

"The Cavaliere d'Arpino left behind him *progeniem vitiosiorem.* He was born a painter, and in so vast and difficult an art, had endowments sufficient to atone, in part, for his defects. His colouring in fresco was admirable, his imagination was fruitful and felicitous, his figures were animated. His works are almost innumerable."—*Lanzi.*

Mounting above the houses on the left of the town, a stony path over glaring steeps of limestone rock thinly planted with olives, leads to the *Citta Vecchia.* It has considerable remains of Cyclopean walls, and behind a church on the citadel is one of the earliest *architectural* monuments in Europe, a most remarkable arch of gigantic rough-hewn stones without cement, projecting in different courses till they meet. It is said to resemble the gates at Tiryns and Mycenæ.

"It may be mentioned that the Cyclopes assisted in making the gate at Mycenæ (*vide* Pausanias in Argol), and there they cut and even squared their blocks; and that Diomede, who of course had often seen that gate, founded the city of Arpi, in Apulia. Query: Did any of that or any other Greek colony reach Arpinum, the name of which seems a derivative?—for the gate of Arpinum, now called Acuminata, remains in such a state, that the size, the form, and even the number of stones seem almost a copy of the gate of Mycenæ. The blocks also on each side of the portal advance, in the same manner, as if to embrace a triangular stone above the opening. The triangular stone, with the two jambs, and

the architrave, unfortunately do not remain, but the upper part of the opening could have been closed in no other manner."—*Gell.*

"I stood high on the Cyclopean walls and gazed with rapture upon the Latian landscape, for the citadel being in such a lofty situation, the view around is grand and extensive. The hill of Sora looked like a little pyramid, like one of those in Egypt; and, in its black shadow, lay

Gate of Arpinum.

the town; and fully exposed to view was the valley of the Liris, majestically surrounded by high hills. There is La Posta from whence the Fibrenus flows; there Sette Frati (Seven Brothers) dedicated to the sons of Felicitas, where that strange Alberic had the vision, which preceded that of Dante and may perhaps have been the foundation of it. Many other places and castles glimmer in the blue atmosphere of these most

glorious mountain ranges. On the Roman side we see Veroli, Monte San Giovanni, Frosinone, Ferentino, and at the side rises an obelisk-like hill surmounted by the castle of Arce, and another on which stands the solitary and very black tower of Monte Negro. All these castles are of Saturnian origin, and strange is the scene upon which one gazes, when sitting upon these ivy-covered Cyclopean walls, over which the elements have swept for thousands of years.

"It is a historical panorama which surrounds Arpinum, and I shall not leave its citadel without first recalling that short and true picture into which Valerius Maximus compressed the career and origin of Marius. From that Marius, he says, a low-born Arpinian, an obscure man in Rome, who was even as it were disliked as a candidate, rose *that* Marius, who subjugated Africa, drove King Jugurtha before his chariot, annihilated the armies of the Teutons and the Cimbri, whose two-fold trophies were seen in the city, whose seven consulships are registered in the Fasti, who, from an exiled Consul and a proscribed man, became a proscriber. What is more full of contrasts than his career? Yes, this is a man who, regarded as miserable, seems most miserable, or, as fortunate, most fortunate."—*Gregorovius.*

On regaining the high road, we must (before returning to Sora) turn to the left for about half a mile, to visit the wonderfully beautiful *Falls of the Liris* at Isola. The cascade (greatly increased by the draining of the Lago Fucino) falls in a mass of water, encircled by smaller streams, from beneath an old castle, almost into the midst of the picturesque town of Isola. The colour is really glorious, and the Iris is even more beautiful than that of Terni.

(It is a pleasant drive of 13 miles from Isola down the valley of the Liris to the station of Rocca-Secca on the line from Naples to Rome. *Arce* (seven miles from Arpino) is seen upon the left: it is supposed to be identical with *Arcanum*, where Quintus Cicero had a villa.* *Rocca-Secca*, high on the mountain-side, is falsely mentioned by many authors as the birthplace of S. Thomas Aquinas, who was

* Cicero ad Q. Fr. iii. 1, 9. Ad Att. v. 1.

born in the family house at Aquino. The Counts of Aquino had a fortress at Rocca-Secca, but it was never used as a residence.)

It is a delightful drive of about five hours from Sora to S. Germano. Four miles from Sora, on the left, was once the little *Lake of La Posta*, but it has been entirely drained, to the great detriment of the scenery. As we approach Atina many ruined tombs appear near the road-side.

Atina occupies a striking position on a hill, and is approached by a beautiful ascent through rocks and trees. It has an old castle, with a Roman statue and other fragments built into its walls. The position strikingly resembles that of Arpino. The Volscian city occupied the other apex of the double hill, and is approached by a very steep rocky path, almost a staircase, beginning behind a convent, opposite the gate of the later town. It has a double platform, guarded by two ranges of ancient walls, and at the summit is the citadel. Antiquaries suggest fragments of masonry as representing temples, &c., but they are very obscure. The situation is most imposing, girt in by rocks and with views into the depths of wild mountain gorges.

Pietro Diacono declares Atina to have been the oldest of cities, having been "built by King Saturnus, after he was expelled by his son Jupiter." Martial speaks of its age in his epigram on Marius Atinates.

> "Mari, quietæ cultor et comes vitæ,
> Quo cive prisca gloriatur Atina."
>
> x. 92.

In some of its old inscriptions the town is called "Atina Saturni filia." The place must have been of great strength,

and is mentioned as "Atina potens" by Virgil (Æn. vii.). After leaving this ancient city, there is nothing more to be seen, till, on descending to the plain, and turning the shoulder of the hills, the great convent of Monte Cassino and the castle of Rocca Janula below it are discovered upon the right.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MONTE CASSINO.

THE great monastery of Monte Cassino is now brought within a few hours of Rome by the station of S. Germano on the Naples railway. Though it is bereaved of its former splendours, strangers are still hospitably received within its walls. All travellers should visit it, for those who are careless of its sacred memories and historical associations, will find sufficient to delight them in its architectural features, and in its position, which is one of the finest in Europe.

The railway to S. Germano has been already described in preceding chapters as far as Frosinone. The next station, *Ceccano*, is at the foot of a town which is, externally, perhaps the most picturesque on the whole line. On the left bank of the river was the site of *Fabrateria Vetus*.

Ceprano (distant 2½ miles from the station) has an old castle which was the scene of several events in Papal history. Paschal II. lived here while he was quarrelling with Henry IV.: here Lucius II. had his interview with Roger of Sicily; and hither the cardinals came to welcome Gregory X. as Pope. Here, in 1266, the Count of Caserta, left by Manfred

to defend the passage of the Garigliano, fled at the approach of Charles of Anjou.

> "E l'altra, il cui ossame si accoglie
> A Ceperan, là, dove fu bugiardo
> Ciascun Pugliese.
>
> *Dante, Inf.* xxviii. 15.

Crossing the Liris, we pass near the site of the Volscian *Fregellæ*, which was colonized by Rome B. C. 328. It was destroyed in consequence of a rebellion in B. C. 125, and *Fabrateria Nova* founded in its stead.

We now pass Rocca-Secca (described Ch. XVII.), and leave, to the right, the ruins of Aquino (see Ch. XXIX.).

From a great distance, the convent of Monte Cassino is visible, rising on the hill-top above the plain of the Garigliano. As we come nearer, we see the splendid old castle of Rocca Janula, half-way up the ascent, surrounded with towers, embattled and crenellated, and connected by a long line of turretted wall with the town of San Germano at its feet.

San Germano * is wonderfully picturesque. It occupies the site of the Roman Casinum, which Strabo describes as the last town of Latium on the Latin way. Livy (XXII.) tells how Hannibal intended occupying it to prevent the consul Fabius from advancing on Campania; but was led by a mistake of his guide to Casilinum. Silius Italicus speaks of its springs:

> "Nymphisque habitata Casinis
> Rura evastantur."
>
> xii. 527.

and of its foggy climate:

* The inn is the Albergo Pompei, a very clean, comfortable, pretty little hotel in a garden, indeed one of the best country inns in Italy. Double-bedded rooms 3 francs, single rooms 2 francs, dinner 3 francs. These prices should be maintained.

"et nebulosi rura Casini."
iv. 227.

Casinum continued to flourish under the empire, but was destroyed by the Lombards in the 6th century. Its modern name of S. Germano is derived from a holy bishop of Capua, a contemporary and friend of S. Benedict.

About half a mile from the town, just above the high road from S. Germano to Rome, is the principal relic of Casinum, an *Amphitheatre*, small, but very perfect externally, built, as an inscription * narrates, at the private expense of Numidia Quadratilla, whose life and death are celebrated by Pliny the younger.† The interior is an utter ruin.

Above the Amphitheatre is the little *Church of the Crocifisso*, occupying an ancient tomb which is shown as that of Numidia Quadratilla. It is cruciform with a dome in the centre, and much resembles the tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna. The blocks of stone in the entrance-walls are colossal. At the head of the steps in front of the church is a sacrificial altar. The hermit who takes care of the tomb has a school above it. Immediately beneath are the vast remains of the *Seminary* of Monte Cassino, occupying the site of the historical convent Plumbariola. They enclose a courtyard, with a well and an old fig-tree. The surrounding corridors remind one, on a small scale, of the Coliseum before the spoliations of Rosa. A little beyond, on the side of the mountain, is a garden of Indian figs, with quite a settlement of small houses amongst the great cactus plants. The view in returning to S. Germano is most beautiful.

Near the town, on the banks of the river *Fiume Rapido*,

* Now at Monte Cassino, let into the wall of a gallery.
† Ep. vii. 24.

are some ruins of a Roman villa, supposed to be that of Varro (called by Cicero "a most conscientious and upright man"), of which he has left us a detailed description in his Res Rust. III. 5. It was here that Marc Antony indulged in the orgies, against which Cicero poured forth his eloquence.

"How many days did he spend in that villa in the most scandalous revels. From morning onwards it was one scene of drinking, gambling, and vomiting. Unhappy house! unhappy indeed in its change of masters. For Marcus Varro it was a place of studious seclusion, not a theatre for his lusts. What noble discussions, what high thoughts, what works originated there! The laws of the Roman people, our ancestral traditions, every kind of scientific and learned theory! but with you as its denizen (no *master* you) the place resounded with drunken voices; the floors were flooded, and the walls dripped with wine . . ."

Cic. Phil. ii. 41.

The churches of San Germano, though modernized, are full of interest. The *Collegiata* was built by the Abbot Gisulf in the 9th century, and, though greatly altered in the 17th century, retains its twelve ancient marble columns.

Donkeys may be obtained, if desired, for the ascent to the Monastery, price 2 francs each. The steep and stony path winds above the roofs of the houses, leaving to the right the ruins of the castle of *Rocca Janula*, which was twice besieged and taken by Frederick II. At each turn of the path the view is fresh; at each it is more beautiful. We look down upon the purple valley through which winds the silver thread of the Garigliano, and in which Aquino, Pontecorvo, and many other towns are lying. Beyond, girdling in the plain on every side, are chains of mountains, broken into every conceivable form, every hue of colour melting into the faintest blue, tossing far away in billow upon billow of rocky surge,

crested or coated with snow. Sometimes, as you turn a corner, a promontory of rock juts out like a vast buttress, covered with wood; sometimes, the path itself is lost in the deep thickets where only the blue sky can be seen through the twisted boughs of the dark ilexes, which open again to admit a new snow-peak, or a fresh vista of purple mountains. Small oratories by the wayside offer shelter from

Castle of Rocca Janula.

the wind and sun, and commemorate the Benedictine story. First we have that of S. Placidus, the favourite disciple of the patriarch; then that of S. Scholastica, the beloved sister; then a triple-chapel where one of the Benedictine miracles occurred. Beyond these, a cross upon a platform marks the final meeting-place of Benedict and Scholastica. It is not known that the beloved twin-sister of S. Benedict ever took any vows, though she privately dedi-

cated herself to God from childhood. When her brother came to his mountain monastery, she followed him, and founded a religious house in the valley below (it is supposed at the spot called Plumbariola), where she devoted herself to a life of prayer with a small community of pious women her companions.

"There is something striking in the attachment of the brother and sister, the human affection struggling with the hard spirit of monasticism. S. Scholastica was a female Benedict. Equally devout, equally powerful in attracting and ruling the minds of recluses of her own sex, the remote foundress of convents, almost as numerous as those of her brother's rule. With the most perfect harmony of disposition, one in holiness, one in devotion, they were of different sexes and met but once a year."—*Milman.*

It was here that they met for the last time and passed the day together in pious exercises. At this last interview Scholastica implored Benedict to remain with her till the morning, that they might praise God through the night; but the saint refused, saying that it was impossible for him to be absent from his convent. Then Scholastica bent over her clasped hands and prayed, and, though the weather was beautiful and there was not a cloud in the sky, the rain began immediately to fall in such torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of such a terrific kind, that neither Benedict nor the brethren who were with him could leave the place where they were. "The Lord be merciful to you, my sister," said the Abbot, "what have you done." "You have rejected my prayers," answered Scholastica, "but God has been more merciful," and thus the brother and sister remained together till the morning. St. Gregory the Great, who tells the story, says that one must not be surprised that the wish of the sister was heard by God rather than that of the brother, because, of

the two, the sister was the one who loved him the most, and with God the one who loves the most is always the most powerful.

As we draw nearer the convent, we find a cross in the middle of the way. In front of it, a grating covers the mark of a knee which is said to have been left in the rock by St. Benedict when he knelt there to ask a blessing before laying the foundation-stone of his convent.

Benedict came hither from Subiaco, when he had already been 36 years a monk, led through the windings of the Apennines, says the tradition, alternately by two angels and two birds, till he reached this spur of the mountain above Casinum, which had then already been ruined by Genseric. Strange to say, the inhabitants of this wild district were, in the sixth century of Christianity, still Pagan, and worshipped Apollo in a temple on the top of the mountain, where also was a grove sacred to Venus. Gregory the Great wrote that which he was told by four of Benedict's disciples, three of whom succeeded him in the government of the monastery, and one of whom, Honoratus, was abbot at the time:

"The holy man (Benedict) in changing his home changed not his foe. Nay, rather his conflict grew the more severe, inasmuch as he found the author of evil himself openly warring against him. The strong place called Cassino is situated on the side of a lofty mountain which enfolds the fort in a broad hollow; the mountain itself rears its peak three miles into the air. Here stood a very ancient temple, in which Apollo was worshipped in heathen fashion by the foolish country folk. Groves too, devoted to devil-worship, had grown up on every side, in which even still the folly of a crowd of misbelievers kept up blasphemous sacrifices. Hither came the man of God, brake in pieces the idol, overthrew the altar, burnt down the grove, and in Apollo's own temple set up a chapel to St. Martin, and, where the altar of the god had stood, a chapel to St. John. Here he tarried, and by preaching the gospel far and near brought over a host of converts to

the Faith. This was more than his old enemy could quietly bear. So now, not secretly, nor in dreams, but quite openly he presented himself before the saint, and with great shouts complained that violence was being done him. To whom the holy man answered never a word, tho' the fiend taunted him saying, "No Benedict, but Maledict thou! What hast thou to do with me, why persecutest thou me?"

S. Gregory the Great, ii. 8.

Dante writes in allusion to this:

"Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,
Fu frequentato già in su la cima
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.
Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima
Lo nome di Colui che'n terra addusse
La verità, che tanto ci sublima;
E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse,
Ch'io ritrassi le ville circostanti
Dall 'empio culto che'l mondo sedusse."

Par. xxii.

Seated on the greensward in front of the convent, with the glorious view before us, it will be interesting, before we enter the monastery, to go back to its story.

According to a bull of Pope Zacharias of 748, the abbey was built on land of Tertullus, father of the young Placidus, one of the favourite disciples of S. Benedict. The Patriarch was probably attracted to that especial spot by the desire of attacking Paganism in one of its last strongholds, by cutting down the grove of Venus, and destroying the temple of Apollo. He worked with his own hands at the building, and he is said to have fought in person with the Evil One, who tried to interfere with his work, and to have subdued him when he had successfully disinterred unhurt one of his monks whom the arch-enemy had buried under a fallen wall.

On the site of the temple, Benedict built two oratories, one to St. John Baptist the first hermit, the other to St. Mar-

tin the famous monk-bishop of Gaul. Around them, he erected dwellings for his disciples, with mills, store-houses, and all necessary buildings, so that everything required for daily life might be found within the walls of the monastery. "Here the monastic life," according to the expression of Pope Urban II., "flowed from the heart of Benedict as from the fountain of Paradise," * for here he composed the famous Rule of his Order.

The Rule of S. Benedict was founded on the original observance of poverty, chastity, and obedience, said to have been delivered to Pachomius for the use of the eastern hermits by an angel, but to this he added many details to fit it for a community residing together.

The Rule is divided into 73 chapters; 9 are on the respective duties of the abbot and monks; 13 on divine worship; 29 on discipline—offences and their punishments; 10 upon the internal administration of the monastery; 12 on different subjects, such as the reception of strangers, the conduct to be observed by the brethren when travelling, &c.

The Rule had two great principles—constant action and implicit obedience. S. Benedict did not wish that his monks should confine themselves to meditation or the internal action of the soul, but insisted upon constant outward action either of manual or literary labour. Idleness, he averred, was the great enemy of the soul. Every hour of the day was to be employed as the seasons permitted, and as the praises of God were to be sung seven times a day, so seven hours of the day were to be devoted to active labour. If any

* "Ipse omnium monachorum pater, et Casinense monasterium caput omnium perpetuo habeatur et merito, nam ex eodem loco de Benedicti pectore monastici ordinis religio quasi de Paradisi fonte emanavit."—*Bulla Urbani, ad cale. Chron. Casinen.*

monk boasted of his own proficiency in any occupation, that occupation was to be changed, that it might not be a snare to him. Those who sold the produce of the lands of the convent, were always to sell a little cheaper than their neighbours, for the love of God. The patrician youths who joined the community were in all things to live on equal terms with the peasant monks: there was to be no distinction of persons. Obedience in the eyes of Benedict was a work—"obedientiæ laborem." A monk only entered the convent by a voluntary sacrifice of self, he renounced self utterly, to fix his soul entirely on God. To the monk his superior was to be God's earthly representative: to him his obedience was to be prompt, perfect, absolute. Obedience was the first step of humility. "Our life in this world," said Benedict, "is like the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream: in order that it may reach heaven, it must be planted by the Saviour in a humbled heart: we can only mount by the different steps of humility and discipline." Difficult as it may seem to others, the founder asserted that he believed his Rule contained nothing too hard or too difficult to follow, and ended by saying that it was but "a little beginning, a modest introduction to Christian perfection."—"Initium conversationis . . . hanc minimam inchoationis regulam."

Thirteen hundred years have passed away since the Rule of Benedict was laid down, yet no change has been made in it by his followers. The only reforms have led back to a more exact observance of the code which the founder drew up.

St. Gregory the Great, who has left us a biography of S. Benedict, describes his life at Monte Cassino, how he

devoted himself to the sick; how he paid the debts of honest people oppressed by their creditors; how in a year of famine (A. D. 539) he distributed the wealth of the convent to the poor, and how, when the monks murmured at being deprived themselves, he said—"You have not enough to-day, but to-morrow you will have too much"—and on the morrow so much corn was brought to the convent doors by unknown hands, that they had not room to stow it away.

The real feeling of humility which actuated the life of Benedict, often impelled a line of conduct very different to that which in later and more corrupt times has found favour with his followers. Thus, when he heard that Martino, an old hermit, in a cave on the mountain-slope, not content with shutting himself up in a narrow cell, had chained himself to the rock, he went to him and said—"If you are indeed a servant of God, you will not be satisfied with a chain of iron, but will seek rather for the chain of Christ."

It is said that the wonderful ascendancy which S. Benedict obtained over his followers was greatly assisted by his gift of second-sight.

"Habitué à se vaincre en tout et à lutter avec les esprits infernaux, dont les tentations et les apparitions ne lui manquèrent pas plus qu'aux anciens Pères du désert, il avait acquis le don de lire dans les âmes et de discerner leurs plus secrètes pensées. Il n'en usait pas seulement pour diriger les jeunes religieux, dout l'affluence était toujours grande auprès de lui, dans leurs études et dans les travaux d'agriculture et de maçonnerie qu'il partageait avec eux: dans les courses lointaines qu'ils avaient parfois à accomplir il les suivait par un regard intérieur, découvrait leurs moindres manquements, les réprimandait au retour, les astreignait en tout à la stricte observance de la règle qu'ils avaient acceptée. Il exigeait de tous l'obeissance, la sincérité, l'austère regularité dont il donnait le premier exemple."—*Montalembert, Les Moines d'Occident.*

Thus, when a patrician youth, whose business it was to

hold a candelabrum before the abbot while he was at supper, complained inwardly, saying to himself, "Who is this man before whom I must hold a candle; was I made to be his slave,"—Benedict, reading his heart, rebuked his pride, and, bidding him deliver the candle to another, sent him humbled to his cell. The fame of this apparently supernatural power of Benedict reached the ears of Totila, the Ostrogoth (in 542), and he determined to test it. He dressed up one of his chieftains, Riggo, in his royal robes, and sent him to the monastery with a large suite. Benedict, seated here before the convent door, saw the party approaching, and looking up from his book said, "My son, take off those robes which you are wearing, for they are not thine." Riggo, overwhelmed with amazement, knelt before the monk, and then returning to Totila, brought him to the abbey, where he also fell prostrate before Benedict and implored his blessing. The Abbot having thrice in vain bade him arise, lifted him up, and then, having reproached him with his outrages, addressed him in prophetic tones, saying, "Thou shalt enter Rome, thou shalt pass over the sea, thou shalt reign for nine years, but in the tenth year thou shalt die and be summoned before the judgment-seat of God." All this came to pass, and the greater humanity of Totila during the last years of his life is attributed to this interview.

In the same way Benedict prophesied to Sabinus, Bishop of Canossa, the awful storm which should nearly destroy Rome in 559; and when the patrician Theoprobus, finding him overwhelmed with grief, asked the cause, he foretold, with many tears, the destruction of his own monastery by the Lombards 40 years after his death.

Of the many stories of S. Benedict, one is especially connected with the gate of Monte Cassino.

"One day the Patriarch was seated at the gate of his monastery reading, when a Gothic captain rode up with a poor peasant, whose arms were tightly bound, and whom the soldier fiercely drove before him. 'There (said the peasant) is father Benedict,' and the Goth insolently commanded him to give up the property of the poor man, which the captive, hoping to procure respite from torture, declared to have been committed to his keeping. The saint made no answer, but calmly looked up from his book, fixing his eyes on both; before that gaze the peasant's bonds fell off; before that gaze the soldier trembled, repented, and at last knelt on the ground, beseeching pardon from the aged saint, who raised him up, admonished him to turn from evil and use mercy, then gave him food and drink in the monastery, and dismissed him with a blessing. There are few scenes in hagiography more fraught with moral, or that suggest so fine a subject for the artist—the monastic buildings on the mountain, the Abbot seated outside with his scroll, the barbaric captain and the frightened peasant, and the serene glory of Italian sunset above."—*Hemans' Ancient Christianity.*

We enter the abbey by a gate guarded by two lions, and ascend a low vaulted staircase, the only portions of the building which can be assigned to the time of Benedict.

On the right a lamp burns before an old marble statue of Benedict: at the top Benedict and Scholastica kneel before the Virgin and Child. Here the poor peasants of the neighbourhood in their wonderful costumes,—some quite Egyptian-looking, assemble to receive the dole of the convent.

The low vault of the entrance was intended to show the yoke of humility to which the entering monk must bend. It is inscribed: *Fornicem saxis asperum ac depressum tantæ moli aditum angustum ne mireris, hospes, angustum fecit patriarchæ sanctitas: venerare potius et sospes ingredere.* Above the gate is a square tower (modernized externally) of which

the lower portion at least is of the same age. It contains two chambers inscribed: *Pars inferior turris, in qua S. P. N. Benedictus dum viverat habitabat:* and, *Vetustissimum habitaculum in quo SSmi patriarchæ discipuli quiescebant.*

This then at least occupies the position of the cell where S. Benedict dwelt for 23 years (520-43), and which, as the source of monastic law, Pope Victor III. has not hesitated to compare to Sinai.

> Hæc domus est similis Sinaï sacra jura ferenti,
> Ut lex demonstrat hic quæ fuit edita quondam.
> Lex hinc exivit, mentes quæ ducit ab imis,
> Et vulgata dedit lumen par climata sæcli.*

The room in the upper part of the tower is shown as that in which Benedict saw in a vision the death of the bishop St. Germano. Here also, only two days after his last and miraculously-prolonged interview with her, he saw the soul of his sister Scholastica ascending as a dove to heaven, and becoming thus aware of her death and translation "was filled with joy, and his gratitude flowed forth in hymns and praises to God." He then begged the monks to fetch her body that it might be laid in the tomb in which he should rest himself.

The brother only survived the sister for forty days, days spent in the most austere observance of his own monastic rule. Feeling his end approaching, he bade the monks to carry him to the oratory of S. John Baptist, where he caused the tomb of his sister to be opened. Resting by its side, at the foot of the altar, he received the viaticum, and then, extending his hands to heaven, he died in the arms of his companions, March 21, 543, at the very hour, which, according to the legend, he had foretold. Benedict was laid by Scho-

* Leo Ostiensis, *Chron. Casinen.* iii. 27.

lastica, "so that death might not divide those whose souls had been united in God."

The death of Benedict is said to have been miraculously revealed, at the very moment, to his disciple Maurus, then at Auxerre, who fell into a trance and beheld a path of stars making a luminous way from Monte Cassino to heaven, while a mysterious voice announced that by that shining way the soul of the Patriarch had passed into bliss.

"Le récit legendaire ajoute que plusieurs religieux de saint Benoit, en ce moment éloignés du Mont-Cassin, furent avertis de la perte qu'ils venaient de faire par une révélation, et qu'ils virent une multitude d'étoiles former un long chemin, qui montait vers l'Orient. Vive et fidèle image du sillon lumineux que devait tracer le genie bénédictin, en éclairant tour à tour les ténèbres du moyen âge et la civilisation des temps modernes."—*Alphonse Dantier.*

Forty years after the death of S. Benedict, Monte Cassino was laid in ruins by the Lombards, and lay waste for more than 150 years, during which time the monks took refuge in Rome, where a house was allotted them near S. John Lateran. In 731 the Abbot Petronax rebuilt the monastery, and the Duke of Beneventum restored its lands which had been confiscated. The new church was consecrated by Pope Zacharias in 748, when he freed the patrimony of Monte Cassino from all episcopal jurisdiction, and gave its abbot the first rank after the bishops, in all councils and public assemblies. A diploma, still preserved at Monte Cassino, tells how at this time the Pope looked with veneration upon the uncorrupt bodies of S. Benedict and Santa Scholastica, but did not venture to touch them with his hand.

In this same year of 748, Carloman, brother of Pepin king of France, having first made a retreat on Soracte,

became a monk of Monte Cassino. To test his humility, the Abbot made him the shepherd of a flock of goats on the mountain-side. He left this humble occupation to act as mediator between his brother Pepin and Astolphus king of the Lombards, and died in a monastery at Vienne, though his remains were transported, by his own desire, to Monte Cassino.

Another monarch was at this time a monk of Monte Cassino, Ratchis, king of the Lombards, who had resigned his crown in 742. His wife Tasia and his daughter Rattrudis followed him, and refounded in the valley the monastery of Plumbariola, which had been first set on foot by Scholastica. The monk-king occupied his leisure moments in the cultivation of a garden on the western side of the mountain, which was long known as "the vineyard of Ratchis."

At the end of the same century, Charlemagne visited Monte Cassino, and accorded it a variety of privileges mentioned in a document in the archives. He gave to the monks the title of "Chaplains of the Empire." The Abbot was to be called "Arch-chancellor" and "Custos of the Imperial Palace"; he was entitled to drink out of gold, to have his bed covered with purple, and to have the imperial Labarum, or a gold cross studded with gems, carried before him. On his return to France, Charlemagne addressed to the Abbot a poetical letter in 25 hexameters, which is preserved in the monastic library. It is said in proof of the prevalence of the Benedictine Rule at this time, that when Charlemagne asked if in any parts of his vast dominions monks of other Orders existed, none were to be found.

Under the Abbot Gisulf, the community became so numerous that it was necessary to provide for them by large

buildings at S. Germano, and the church built at this time still remains. But this prosperity was of short duration, for the convent was attacked and taken by Saracens in 884, shortly after the Emperor Louis II. and his wife Engelburga (coming against the Saracens in Calabria) had been magnificently received there. All the monks who were defending the walls were put to the sword. The Abbot Berthaire was absent at the time, but when the enemy had retired for a time, he returned to bury his slaughtered brethren. Shortly afterwards the Saracens returned to attack the convent in the valley, where many monks flying from other monasteries had taken refuge. S. Berthaire refused to desert them, and he and all his monks were massacred in the church, as he was elevating the Host, and the convent was pillaged and destroyed.

The small remnant of monks took refuge at Teano, where their misfortunes seemed to come to a climax, when the manuscript Rule of S. Benedict was destroyed by fire.

But in 949 Monte Cassino was rebuilt by the Abbot Aligerus, and became richer than ever, the Emperor Otho the Great, Henry II. (cured of an illness by intercession of S. Benedict), Conrad II., and Henry III. (pilgrims to Monte Cassino), having increased its privileges and added to its donations. Puffed up by his vast wealth, the Abbot Manson lived like a prince, hunted with a vast retinue of knights, and dressed all his servants in silk. To visit him came S. Nilus the hermit, but, while waiting for the abbot in the conventual church, he heard the gay sounds of a harp and singing from the hall where the monks were at dinner, and said to his companions, "Come, let us leave this house upon which the wrath of God must shortly fall." Within the

year, Alberic, Bishop of Marsia, having determined in those licentious times to give up his episcopal see to one of his illegitimate sons, wished to compensate himself with the abbey of Monte Cassino. So, with 100 pieces of silver, he bribed the inhabitants of Capua, who had a spite of their own against Manson, to put out his eyes, and to seize the monastery for him. They beguiled the abbot into the church of S. Benedetto at Capua, and, gouging his eyes, sent them wrapped in a linen cloth to Alberic, who died suddenly, while he was waiting to receive them.

Pope Leo IX. visited Monte Cassino accompanied by the Duke Godfrey of Lorraine and his brother Frederic, who, taking the monastic habit, was elected abbot in the reign of Victor II., whom, in 1057, he succeeded upon the Papal throne as Stephen X., but continued for some time to reside at Monte Cassino. In 1071 Alexander II., assisted by the Cardinals Hildebrand and Peter Damian, consecrated the new church of Desiderius. This abbot was the great friend of Hildebrand, and to him the great Pope wrote his first letter announcing his election to the Papacy. In the Norman wars of this reign Monte Cassino played a conspicuous part. The Bishop of Rosella had taken a great treasure to the tomb of St. Benedict for protection, and it was seized by the Prince of Capua. Hildebrand was so furious at the feeble defence the abbey had made, that he placed it under interdict, but the Prince of Capua restored the treasure under the terrors of excommunication. It was Desiderius who called in Robert Guiscard to the aid of Hildebrand. When the Pope was compelled to leave Rome, Desiderius received him at Monte Cassino, with all his fugitive cardinals and bishops. That night the Pope and abbot watched in prayer beside the

tomb of the founder, and as the morning dawned, Hildebrand cried in the voice of prophecy,—"Abbot of Monte Cassino, thou wilt be my successor." In the following year (1086) Desiderius was elected to the Papal throne as Victor III. For a whole year he refused the dignity, then the Papal insignia were forced upon him in the church of Sta. Lucia. Four days after, he fled, and laid them aside at Monte Cassino. The great Matilda of Tuscany herself had to come to insist upon his allowing himself to be re-installed. After a short but momentous reign, he returned to die at Monte Cassino. In his time the abbey may be considered to have reached the climax of its glory.

Under Urban II. (1088-99), Monte Cassino was visited by Robert of Normandy, Eustace de Bouillon, and other crusading chiefs on their way to Brindisi, who came to impart virtue to their swords by touching with them the shrine of the saint. In the library of the convent are two curious letters written about this time by the Emperor Alexander Comnenus to the Abbot Oderiscus, in answer to letters of his beseeching the favour of the Emperor towards the Frankish army.

In the time of Paschal II. (1099—1100), the abbey was the scene of internal war, because Bruno, Bishop of Segni, elected abbot, when warned by the Pope that he could not hold both dignities together, tried to insist upon choosing his own successor. On the death of Paschal, John of Gaeta, a monk of Monte Cassino, was chosen Pope as Gelasius II. In the succeeding reigns the want of internal harmony in the convent, and the fact of the abbot siding with the antipope Anacletus, led to the spoliation of Monte Cassino by Roger of Sicily. In 1199 San Germano was pillaged by the Ger-

mans under the Seneschal Markwald d'Anneweiler; but the abbey was successfully defended by the warlike Abbot Roffedo. In 1208 a general assembly was convoked at S. Germano by Innocent III., who loaded Monte Cassino with benefits.

Up to this time the sciences and high theological studies had not ceased to be cultivated at Monte Cassino. The best professors of the newly-established university of Naples were chosen amongst its monks. But a few years later the university of Naples would have vainly asked for theological professors from hence. The abbey and its neighbouring fortress of Rocca Janula were entirely occupied by imperial troops, and the monks nearly dispersed. Their school was dissolved and the monastic buildings turned into a manufactory of arms.* In the words of the abbot Bernardo, "the house of God became truly a den of thieves." In 1251 Pope Alexander IV. hoped to resuscitate the fame of the abbey, by persuading S. Thomas Aquinas, who had been educated within its walls, to become its head, but the "Seraphic Doctor" never would accept any ecclesiastical promotion. The captivity of Monte Cassino was brought to an end by the victory of the French over Manfred at S. Germano (Feb. 1, 1266) for which Charles of Anjou returned public thanks at the tomb of S. Benedict.

It is in allusion to this time of suspended learning at Monte Cassino, and to the years of luxurious living which followed, that Dante represents S. Benedict in Paradise as lamenting that his Rule remains on earth only to fill so much waste paper, for no one observes it.

* See Dantier, i. 323.

"La regola mia
Rimasa è giù per danno delle carte.
Le mura, che soleano esser badia,
Fatte sono spelonche, e le cocolle
Sacca son piene di farina ria.
Ma grave usura tanto non si tolle
Contra 'l piacer di Dio, quanto quel frutto
Che fa il cuor de' monaci sì folle."

Parad. xxii.

Benevento da Imola commenting on this passage says :—

"To the clearer understanding of this passage, I will repeat what my venerable preceptor, Boccaccio of Certaldo, pleasantly narrated to me. He said, that when he was in Apulia, being attracted by the fame of the place, he went to the great monastery of Monte Cassino of which we are speaking. And, being eager to see the library, which he had heard was very noble; he, humbly, gentle creature that he was! besought a monk to do him the favour to open it. Pointing to a lofty staircase, he answered, stiffly, 'Go up; it is open.' Joyfully ascending, he found the place of so great a treasure without door or fastening, and, having entered, he saw the grass growing upon the windows, and all the books and shelves covered with dust. And, wondering, he began to open and turn over, now this book and now that, and found there many and various volumes of ancient and rare works. From some of them whole sheets had been torn out, in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and thus they were greatly defaced. At length, full of pity that the labours and studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such profligate men, grieving and weeping he withdrew. And coming into the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met, why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. He replied, that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves, and made psalters which they sold to boys, and likewise of the margins they made breviaries which they sold to women. Now, therefore, O scholar, rack thy brains in the making of books!"

In 1326, John XXII., declaring, from Avignon, that he wished to do honour to S. Benedict, raised the abbacy into a bishopric, and the monks into a chapter of canons. Nine bishops succeeded thus, but the honour was never welcomed

at Monte Cassino, as it was found to afford an excuse for interference with monastic election, and it came to an end in 1370.

In the 15th century the power of Monte Cassino began steadily to decline: its fall being greatly due to its being made an Abbey *in commendam*. The Abbot Caraffa played into the hands of his own family: the Abbot Scarampa (the first Abbot Commendator) spent the wealth of the abbey in a crusade. Paul II. made himself abbot of Monte Cassino in order to abstract its revenues: Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X., was made abbot when he was only eleven years old, and was besieged at Monte Cassino (which successfully resisted) by Gonsalvo da Cordova.

In 1649 the abbey began to be entirely rebuilt in the style of the Renaissance under the Abbot Squarcialupi, and was reconsecrated by Benedict XIII. in 1729.

The last flicker of prosperity for Monte Cassino was in 1798, when the abbatial palace of S. Germano was occupied for a time by King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline of Naples. Soon after, the French army, becoming victorious, occupied S. Germano, and laid tremendous requisitions upon Monte Cassino, upon pain of its immediate destruction. The ransom was paid, but the fate of the convent was only warded off for a time, and it was soon after completely pillaged, a young monk named Erasmus being cruelly murdered in attempting to defend the archives. In 1806 all the Houses of the Benedictine Order were suppressed in the kingdom of Naples; Monte Cassino, La Cava, and Monte Vergine, being preserved simply as Libraries, with a few monks to guard them. After the return of the Bourbons, Monte Cassino had a temporary recovery, and since the Sardinian occupation its

services to literature have exempted it from the entire confiscation which has fallen on all other religious houses. But the poor monks have a bare subsistence, and times are indeed changed since the Abbot of Monte Cassino was the first baron of the kingdom of Naples, administrator of a diocese (created 1321) composed of 37 parishes; while amongst the dependencies of the abbey were 4 bishoprics, 2 principalities, 20 countships, 250 castles, 440 towns and villages, 336 manors, 23 sea-ports, 33 islands, 200 mills, 300 tracts of land, and 1662 churches. Its revenues at the end of the 16th century, were valued at 500,000 ducats.

But we have lingered too long over the history of the abbey, and as yet have only visited the cell of S. Benedict, which, indeed, unbelievers say only dates from the time of the restoration under Desiderius.

A beautiful and spacious court-yard, by *Bramante*, adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a noble fountain in the midst, occupies the centre of the building. Open arcades, on either side, display other courts, now used as gardens, where, amid the flowers, are preserved many portions of the granite pillars from the church which Desiderius built in the eleventh century. Colossal statues of Benedict and Schoiastica guard the ascent to the upper quadrangle, which is surrounded by the statues of the great benefactors of the convent, those on the right being royal, those on the left papal. Near the entrance of the church are the parents of Benedict, of Placidus, and of Maurus. The living raven which hops about here, and which is quite a feature of the monastery, commemorates the ravens which miraculously guided the patriarch hither from Subiaco.

Accurate descriptions still exist of the church of Desi-

derius, which was approached by a wide atrium, and divided by 20 granite columns. Both the atrium and the interior of the church were covered with mosaic representations of New Testament subjects, by artists imported from Constantinople. Over the present entrance is an inscription relating the story of the church. The present gates have the plates of the original bronze doors, inlaid in silver letters with a list of all the possessions of the abbey in 1066, when they were made at Constantinople for Desiderius.

The present *Church* was built in 1640 in the form of a Latin Cross. It is of the most extreme magnificence, exceeds S. Peter's, and rivals the Certosa of Pavia in the richness and variety of its marbles. The roof of the nave is painted by *Luca Giordano*, and by the same painter is a great fresco over the doors, of the consecration of the first basilica by Alexander II.

The stalls of the choir, though renaissance, are splendid specimens of carved wood-work; in the centre of each is a Benedictine saint. Here hang four great pictures by *Francesco Solinus*. In the left transept is the tomb of Pietro de' Medici, who was drowned in the Garigliano, Dec. 27, 1503, by the overcrowding and sinking of a boat, in which he was taking flight after the defeat of the French by Gonsalvo da Cordova. The bas-reliefs are by San Gallo. In the opposite transept is the tomb of Guidone Fieramosca, last Prince of Mignano. In the side chapels are several works of *Marco Mazzaroppi*, the best being S. Gregory the Great, and the martyrdom of S. Andrew. Beneath the high altar and surrounded by a chain of lamps, repose Benedict and Scholastica, with these words only over their grave:

"Benedictum et Scholasticam,
Uno in terris partu editos,
Una in Deum pietate cœlo redditos,
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro æternitate custos."

In the crypt below, where Tasso, on his last journey to Rome, knelt by the founder's tomb, are some ruined frescoes by the rare master *Marco da Siena.* In the sacristy a number of magnificent old copes are preserved. Here are a curious old brazier and a stone lavatory.

The *Refectory* contains an immense picture by *Francesco* and *Leandro Bassano.* In the upper part, Christ is represented performing the miracle of the loaves and fishes; in the lower, S. Benedict is distributing the symbolical bread of the Benedictine Rule. The painter Leandro has introduced his own figure to the left of the saint. In the corner is John Calvin, livid with disgust.

The *Library,* built in the 16th century, by the Abbot Squarcialupi, still contains about 20,000 volumes. Its origin mounts up to the foundation of the abbey, for S. Benedict mentions it in one of the rules of his Order. 800 original diplomas remain, containing the charters and privileges accorded to the abbey by popes, emperors, and kings. The collection of Lombard charters deserves especial notice on account of the miniatures placed at the head of each, a contemporary portrait-gallery rudely executed, but at least interesting, as displaying the costume of the time. The earliest charter, bearing date 884, is of a Prince of Beneventum, and begins—"Ajo Dei providentia Longobardorum gentis princeps." The earliest bull is that of Pope Zacharias of the beginning of the 8th century. Amongst the MSS. is

a co-eval MS. of Dante. Most of the pictures at Monte Cassino were removed to form the gallery at Naples. A few sketches by old masters, which remain, are collected in the cell of S. Benedict.

It requires more than a passing visit to Monte Cassino in order really to appreciate it. The views are such as grow upon one daily and are full of interest. The highest peak is Monte Cairo, near the foot of which is the patriarchal castle of the family of S. Thomas Aquinas. Through the valley winds the Garigliano. In the plain between it and the sea the great battle was gained by Gonsalvo da Cordova, in which Pietro de' Medici perished, to whom his uncle Clement VII. gave a tomb here. Between the mountains the Mediterranean may be descried, glittering in the bay of Gaieta.

"Au sommet de sa montagne le moine bénédictin, dégagé des vains bruits de la terre, peut, du fond de sa cellule, contempler Dieu dans la plus admirable de ses œuvres, et par suite éprouver de ces ravissements intimes qui font oublier aux âmes rêveuses les douleurs de la passion et les amertumes du sacrifice. On l'a remarqué souvent, et c'est le lieu de le rappeler ici, la plupart des fondateurs d'ordres religieux ont montré une connaissance profonde du cœur humain, en choisissant pour y bâtir leur première demeure les sites à la fois les plus beaux et les plus recueillis. C'était un dédommagement offert à la faiblesse et aux tendances naturelles de l'homme, qui sent toujours le besoin de retremper sa foi aux sources vives de la nature, pour remonter ensuite du spectacle de la création à la sublime idée du Créateur."—*Alphonse Dantier.*

In the evening, delightful walks may be taken to the different ruins and old chapels in the neighbourhood. In the old Collegiata of S. Germano it will be interesting to recall the picturesque legend of "Le Suore Morte."

'Two ladies of an illustrious family had joined the sisterhood of S. Scholastica. Though in other respects exemplary and faithful to their religious profession, they were much given to scandal and vain talk;

which being told to S. Benedict, it displeased him greatly; and he sent to them a message, that if they did not refrain their tongues and set a better example to the community he would excommunicate them. The nuns were at first alarmed and penitent, and promised amendment; but the habit was too strong for their good resolves; they continued their

Boy of S. Germano.

vain and idle talking, and, in the midst of their folly, they died. And being of great and noble lineage, they were buried in the church near the altar; and afterwards, on a certain day, as S. Benedict solemnized mass at that altar, and at the moment when the officiating deacon uttered the usual words, 'Let those who are excommunicated, and for-

bidden to partake, depart and leave us'; behold, the two nuns rose up from their graves, and in the sight of all the people, with faces drooping and averted, they glided out of the church. And thus it happened every time that the mass was celebrated there, until S. Benedict, taking pity upon them, absolved them from their sins, and they rested in peace." —*Jameson's Monastic Orders.*

Monte Cassino is still (1874) the residence of the learned and venerable Padre Tosti, who vies with his brethren in kindness shown to strangers and the hospitality with which they are received. Though "spogliati"—say the monks—"Providence still watches over the children of S. Benedict, and has preserved this, his most important convent, from destruction:" they are constantly occupied in education, and there is a great college in the convent.

Monte Cassino should be visited after Subiaco. At Subiaco, S. Benedict is seen as a *Monk;* at Monte Cassino, as a *Prince.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

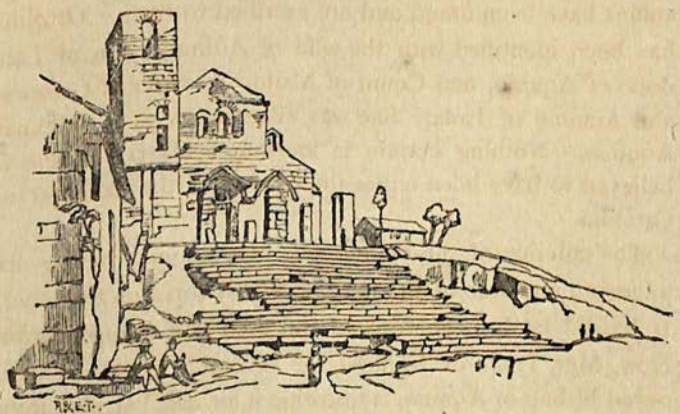
AQUINO AND PONTECORVO.

(This delightful excursion may easily be made from the comfortable hotel (Albergo Pompei) at S. Germano. A carriage for the day, with two horses, costs 10 francs, and a buono-mano of 2 francs.)

WE left S. Germano on a lovely April morning, when the effect of the mountains was greatly enhanced by the mist which underlaid them, and wrapped the "Nebulosi rura Casini" in a soft veil of haze. The road passes beneath the amphitheatre, and continues under the mountains, with their towns of Piedemonte and Palazzuolo. Oaks are allowed to grow here for the sake of the acorns, and form avenues—most beautiful in a country where timber is so scarce. By the way-side, shepherdesses in white *panni* sit spinning with distaffs, while they watch their goats, and form beautiful pictures, as the light falls through the branches upon their gold ornaments and scarlet embroidered aprons. In this land of strong light and shadow, how wonderful an effect is given by the massy folds of the projecting headdress and the simple lines of the costume.

At the mediæval tower of S. Gregorio, the road to Aquino turns off to the left through the brilliant plain of young corn,

and the carriage stops near the desolate *Church of Santa Maria Libera.*



S. Maria Libera, Aquino.

It is a most lovely spot. A gigantic flight of massive marble steps, worthy of the Acropolis of Athens, was once the approach to a temple, and now leads to a church which is built out of its ruins, and encrusted with fragments of its carving. The great door is surrounded by glorious friezes of acanthus in the highest relief, which it was intended to remove to the Museum at Naples, but which have fortunately been permitted to remain here. In front was a portico like that of Civita Castellana: its pillars remain, and its restoration is intended. Over the principal door is a mosaic of the 12th century—"of the best style," says Salazzaro, "and like that of Capua." It represents the Virgin, in a blue tunic, with the Child holding a scroll, and below, on either side, a sarcophagus, with a female head projecting from it, one inscribed "Ottolina," the other "Maria." The introduction of these sarcophagi in the mosaic, is believed to

render it certain that the persons alluded to were the founders, and are buried in the church, where two stone coffins have been found and are ascribed to them. Ottolina has been identified with the wife of Adinolfo, son of Landolfo of Aquino, first Count of Alsito, and sister of Gregorio and Aimone of Isola. She was sister-in-law to S. Thomas Aquinas. Nothing certain is known of Maria, but she is believed to have been either the mother or the daughter of Ottolina.

The interior of the church was very curious, having six pillars on one side of the nave and only three on the other. It has till lately been roofless and used as a Campo Santo. Now, Mgr. Paolo de Niguesa, the venerable and much honoured bishop of Aquino, is restoring it for use, but, alas, from a love of uniformity, is destroying its interest, by making one side exactly like the other.

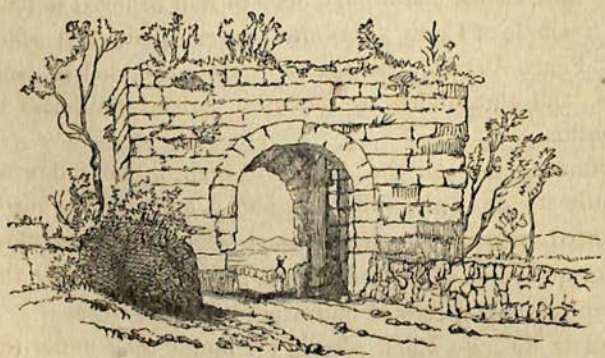
Close to the church is a beautiful little *Triumphal Arch*,

Triumphal Arch, Aquino.

with Corinthian columns. A mill-stream has been directed

through it, and it stands reflected in the clear water, which falls below it in a series of miniature cascades. It it a subject unspoilt by Rosa and his followers, and which would entrance an artist.

Descending the great marble staircase, we find a lane following the *Via Latina*, which retains some of its ancient lava pavement, but in other places this is torn up to make the walls at the sides. Passing a succession of Roman fragments, we reach the ruined *Church of S. Tomaso*, in which are several beautiful pieces of frieze from the temples. A little beyond, the Via Latina is crossed by the massive *Porta S. Lorenzo*, a Roman gateway in perfect preservation,



by which we enter the circuit of the ancient city, passing through the still existing line of the old walls.

Aquino was once a most important place. Strabo speaks of it in his time as "a great city, chief amongst the Volscian cities," and Cicero mentions it as "frequens municipium." Tacitus says that Dolabella was exiled and put to death here. The Emperor Pescennius Niger was born here. Now, the

circuit of the town is filled with vineyards and gardens, amid which gigantic fragments of ruin appear at intervals. The Volscian city was destroyed by the Lombards, when the inhabitants took refuge at Castro Cielo, on the top of the mountain, where only a church and castle now remain. Thence, after a time, they descended to Palazzuolo, where their descendants probably exist still. The ancient coins of Aquino bore a head of Minerva on one side and a cock on the other.

Following further the Via Latina, we see a succession of buildings in ruins—a theatre, some colossal blocks shown as having belonged to a temple of Diana and now called S. Maria Maddalena, and a huge mass of wall believed to have been a temple of Ceres, afterwards converted into the basilica of S. Pietro Vetere. All the ruins are embedded in vineyards, and surrounded by the most radiant loveliness of vegetation.

Returning through the Arco S. Lorenzo, and following the little stream in the valley, we find a strange old church supported upon open arches, through which there are most picturesque views of the present town scrambling along the edge of tufa rocks, crested and overhung by fig-trees.

This is the city which rose in the middle-ages under the powerful Counts of Aquino, but it now only contains 2700 inhabitants. It is however the oldest bishopric in the Roman Church, its bishops sign all ecclesiastical documents immediately after the archbishops, and the whole cathedral chapter of Aquino have still the right to wear mitres and full episcopal robes.

The long single street, for the width of the cliff allows no more, presents a charming diorama of the most thoroughly

Italian life. Every now and then the walls open and leave a little landing, with glimpses of purple mountains, of snowy distance, or of green depths of orchard and vineyard, kept ever fresh by the abundant streams of crystal water which are described by Italicus. There are dark archways, grimly overhung by massive vaulting, yet which seem quite illuminated by the stocks and valerians which fill their projecting cornices, and still more by the glorious costume of the people, whose blaze of colour catches and concentrates every flash of light as it falls. Now, we come upon the gateway of an old palazzo, built from the remains of temples, and with two huge Morgiana-pots filled with flowering oleanders, the last remaining of twelve Roman pots which were discovered, the rest having been broken up by the contadini, who believed them to be filled with treasure. Now, a pale olive hangs over a broad balustrade. Here, there is a ruined castle used as a bacon-shop, and beside it a palace with Venetian Gothic windows (the veritable "Casa Reale", in which S. Thomas was born, and where a kitchen is shown in which he fought with demons), now let out in poor tenements. There, a grand old marble lion, with a ring through his nose, stands in the piazza, amid a collection of Roman millstones and bases and capitals of columns. The winding street, with its pitilessly rugged pavement, is the place where all the business of life is carried on. The barber is shaving his patients in the street, the *Friggitore* is tossing up a *frittura*. One group of women is spinning, another is making lace. There are babies being rocked in baskets, and there are others—the "creatures"—being carried in baskets on their mothers' heads, taking the place of the grand painted vases with the twisted handles, so huge and heavy when filled with

water, and which yet the women here poise so lightly. A boy is climbing up a wall to pick the golden oranges which are hanging over it; beneath, a flock of chickens are pecking at a sieve filled with almost more golden Indian maize; and through all this collection of life when we were there, the priest, in purple cassock and white pellerine, was moving from house to house, pronouncing his Easter benediction upon the furniture and cooking utensils, and followed by a man with a large basket to receive the dole of eggs, saffron-cakes, and *fenocchi*, which he expected in return.

S. Thomas Aquinas was born in the old palace of Aquino, March 7, 1224, being the son of Count Landolfo and his wife Teresa Caracciolo. His grandfather married the sister of the Emperor Frederick I., and he was therefore great-nephew of that prince. It has been the custom to say he was born at Rocca-Secca, which however was never more than a mere "fortezza" of the Counts of Aquino, and never used by them as a residence, and all uncertainty has been cleared by the late discovery of a letter of the saint in the archives at Monte Cassino, saying that he was coming to seek the blessing of the Abbot Bernard before setting out upon a journey, and that he intended to visit his birthplace at Aquino on the way. Here the youngest sister of S. Thomas was killed by a flash of lightning while sleeping in the room with him and her nurse. At five years old S. Thomas was sent to school at Monte Cassino, but at twelve his masters declared themselves unable to teach him any more. On account of his stolid silence, he obtained the nickname of "the dumb ox," but his tutor Albertus Magnus, after some answers on difficult subjects, said—"We call him the dumb ox, but he will give such a bellow in learning as

will astonish the whole world." At seventeen he received the habit of S. Domenico at Naples. His mother, the Countess Teodora, tried to prevent his taking the final vows, and he fled from her towards Paris. At Acquapendente he was intercepted by his brothers Landolfo and Rinaldo, who tore off his habit, and carried him to his father's castle of Rocca-Secca. Here his mother met him, and finding her entreaties vain, shut him up, and allowed him to see no one but his two sisters, whose exhortations she hoped would bend him to her will. On the contrary, he converted his sisters, and, after two years' imprisonment, one of them let him down from a window, and he was received by some Dominicans, and pronounced the final vows.

Gradually S. Thomas Aquinas became the greatest theological teacher and writer of his time. When he refused a bishopric, the Pope made him always attend his person, and thus his lectures were chiefly given in the different towns of Papal residence — Rome, Viterbo, Orvieto, Fondi, and Perugia. Clement IV. tried hard to make him an archbishop, but he refused all preferment, and died at Fossanuova in 1274.

S. Thomas composed the office for the festival of Corpus Domini. His crowning work was the *Summa Theologiæ*, which may be called, "The Christian religion thrown into scientific form, and the orderly exposition of what man should be."

"The whole movement of the *Summa Theologiæ* is towards the Beatific Vision of God, which will be the occupation of man's eternity; and to tend towards it is the permanent duty and the one supreme interest of man on earth."—*Roger Bede Vaughan.*

But to ordinary readers S. Thomas is perhaps less known

by his philosophy than by his hymns, of which the most celebrated are "O Sacrum Convivium," "Pange Lingua," "Tantum Ergo," "O Salutaris," and "Lauda Sion." His character is well summed up in an inscription beneath an old portrait of the saint in a church at Naples:

"O sapientiæ cœlestis optatissimum auspicium!
O integerrimæ vitæ jucundissimum exemplum!
Salve Thoma sanctissime custos,
Salve sapientissime magister,
Salve benevolentissime pater,
Macte gloria; macte laudibus; macte virtutibus."

'C'est surtout depuis sa mort, que Dieu a glorifié Saint Thomas, et qu'il l'a rendu un docteur universel. . . . . Vous dirai-je que l'oracle du monde chrétien, Rome même a vu souvent ses pontifes descendre du tribunal sacré, et y faire monter les écrits de notre saint pour prononcer sur les différends qui troubloient l'Eglise; que les conciles eux-mêmes, ces juges vénérables da la doctrine, ont formé leurs décrets eur ses décisions; que les partisans de l'erreur n'ont jamais eu de plus redoutable ennemi, et que comme les Philistins, ils ont désesperé de pouvoir exterminer l'armée de Dieu vivant, tandis que cette arche résiderait au milieu d'elle: *Tolle Thomam, et dissipabo Ecclesiam Dei.*"—*Massillon, Sermons.*

Not far from Aquino is the mountain castle of *Lorcto*, which belonged to the parents of S. Thomas. It was while they were staying here, that he, a boy, stole all the contents of the family larder to distribute to the poor. His father intercepted him and sternly commanded him to give up what his cloak contained—when a shower of roses is said to have fallen from it upon the ground.

Three miles beyond Aquino, the road which passes under the Arco S. Lorenzo leads to *Pontecorvo*, which was once an independent state like Monaco, a sort of little kingdom of its own. In the middle ages it belonged alternately to the

great family of Tomacelli, and to the Abbey of Monte Cassino. Napoleon gave it as a Duchy to Bernadotte.

Pontecorvo has a beautiful position on a plateau backed by soft swelling hills. It is approached by a triumphal arch surmounted by a figure of Pius IX. in the act of benediction. Some of the ancient walls remain. The streets are uninteresting. At the end of the town, overhanging the bridge over the Garigliano, is the *Cathedral*, standing on the substructions of an ancient temple and approached by a wide flight of steps. The magnificence of the costumes here, especially the scarlet draperies which are let down behind, make a blaze of colour during the church services.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PONTINE MARSHES.

(This curious district may easily be visited from Velletri. A diligence leaves Velletri for Terracina on the arrival of the quick train from Rome at 11 A. M. Carriages may be engaged at Velletri for the whole excursion, going the first day to Terracina, with a divergence of some hours to Ninfa; the second day remaining at Terracina and visiting S. Felice and the Monte Circello; the third day diverging to Piperno and Fossanuova and returning to Velletri or Rome; or, it may be better to sleep the third day at Piperno, when Sonnino may be visited.)

IT is a dull descent from Velletri towards the levels. The road runs through low woods of oaks, once much frequented by brigands,—even indeed from classical times:

> "Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
> Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
> Et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus."
>
> *Juvenal, Sat.* iii. 305.

During the later years of the Papal dominion, no danger was ever to be apprehended, but as the present Government have opened the prisons and set loose the savage gang of Gasparoni, long secured at Civita Castellana, "*casualties*" are now possible, though they occur at *very* rare intervals: and those who are content to go without any ostentation and very simply dressed, may travel without any risk.

About nine miles from Velletri we reach *Cisterna*, the *Cisterna Neronis* of the Middle Ages, and the *Three Taverns* (Tres Tabernæ) of the New Testament.

"And so we went towards Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—*Acts* xxviii. 15.

The Three Taverns, probably three Osterias for travellers on the Via Appia, are frequently mentioned by Cicero and other classical authors. But St. Gregory the Great in one of his letters (to John, Bishop of Velletri), says that no remains existed in his time of Appii Forum, or that if any such did exist, the Pontine Marshes made them inaccessible; he adds that the Three Taverns were identical with the place then known as Cisterna. The antiquarian Ricchi * proves that this must be the place where the Christian martyrs Abondio and Abondantio were buried by the matron Teodora in her own vineyard.

The town of Cisterna clusters around the vast, gloomy, decaying *Palace of the Gaetani*, built at intervals, and without any regularity of design, around their old machicolated tower. The whole of this district still belongs to the Gaetani, whose Countships, Duchies, and Principalities, with the cities, lands, and castles belonging to them, would at one time have made a very considerable kingdom. Their name is supposed to have been assumed when the absolute sovereignty of Gaieta was conferred upon them by the Greek Emperor Basil.

Besides Gaieta their southern Signories included Itri, Teano, Sessa,

* Regia de' Volsci.

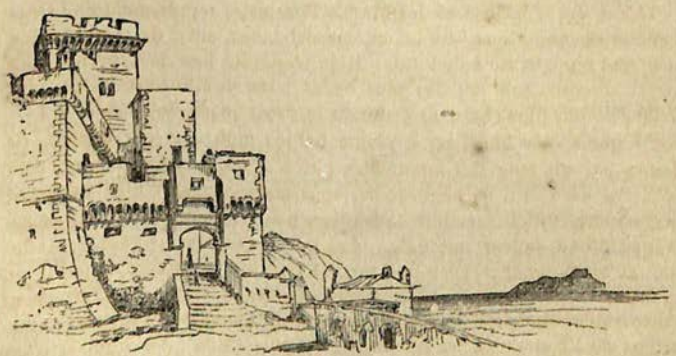
S. Germano, Sperlonga, Telesco, Rocca-Guglielma, S. Donato, Garigliano, Avella, Aquino, Calvi, Castiglione, Castroforte, Cerreto, Dragone, Fondi, Gioja, Cajazzo, Arezze, Matalone, Pontecorvo, the Principality of Caserta, the Countship of Mucrone, the Duchy of Trajetto, the Principality of Altamura, of the cities of Monte-Peluso, Minervino, and Mottola, and of the lands of Piedemonte, Grottula, Masafro, Monterodune, and Maccia.

Their more northern possessions were Monte-Argentino, Ansedonia, Porto-Ercole, Orbetello, Marsigliano, Alticosta, Cap'Albia, Monte-Acuto, Monte-Genti, the islands of Giglio and Giannuti, Montalto, Ronciglione, Nepi, Trevi, Mareno, Zaucanto, Anagni, Rocca-Gorga, Norma, Ninfa, Sonnino, Posi, Vallecorsa, Ceccano, S. Lorenzo, Sculcula, La Torte, Vallepietra, Filettrio, Carpineto, Montelanico, Majena, Gigliano, Campagnano, Collemezzo, Vaccone, Podio, Sommavilla, S. Angelo, Amendeclara, Castro, Rocca-Astura, Castello di Selva Molle, Castel di Giove, Bassiano, Acqua Pudrida, S. Felicita, Monte-Circello, Cisterna, and Sermoneta.

In the plain to the right of Cisterna, in the direction of Porto d'Anzio, is *Campo Morte*, where the Papal generals Malatesta and Riario gained a victory in 1482 over the troops of Naples and Ferrara commanded by Alfonso Duke of Calabria.

A short distance beyond Cisterna, a road on the left turns off 2 miles to the mysterious ruined city of Ninfa (see chapter XV.), and proceeds to *Sermoneta*, 6 miles further, occupying the summit of a hill projecting from the mountains, and separated from them on one side by a beautifully wooded ravine. At the foot of the hill we pass on the left an old *Basilica* with a fine rose-window, interesting as having been built in fulfilment of the vow of Agnesina Gaetani (a sister of Marc-Antonio Colonna and wife of Onorato Gaetani), that if her husband returned in safety from the battle of Lepanto, she would build and endow a church in honour of S. Francis, on the spot where she met him.

The earliest mention of Sermoneta is in 1222, in a bull of Honorius III. In 1297 it was bought from the Annibaldeschi by Pietro Gaetani, Count of Caserta, nephew of Boniface VIII. In 1500 Alexander VI. besieged and took the town, putting to death Monsignor Giacomo Gaetani, and Bernardino Gaetani, who was only aged seven. Till this time there were no titles in Italy, the great personages were only "Seigneurs" of their own lands, but with the Spanish Borgias this was changed, and Alexander VI. made his own son Duke of Sermoneta. In his time the prisons here were erected, and were well filled. When Julius II. came to the throne, he restored Sermoneta with all their other confiscated possessions to the Gaetani, and also bestowed upon them the title which his predecessor had attached to the property. The Gaetani retained their complete feudal rights, even the power of life and death, until the present century.



Sermoneta.

The castle is exceedingly imposing externally, and encloses a vast courtyard. Ricchi, writing in the beginning of the last century, dilates upon the splendours of its furniture,

but the Duke of Sermoneta who lived in the time of the great French Revolution was so dreadfully afraid of an attack, that he voluntarily opened his gates for pillage, and invited all the townspeople to come in and help themselves; which they did, leaving nothing whatever behind them. Only a small part of the building is now habitable. There are one or two fine old chimney-pieces, but the parts of the castle in best preservation are the prisons, which were built by the Borgias, and which occupy an entire wing, one below another, beginning with well-lighted rooms, and ending in dismal dungeons. There is a fine view from the top of the tower. The little town was the birthplace of the painter Girolamo Siciolante. There are several large convents on the neighbouring hills: that of the Bernardins belonged to the Knights Templars.

We now enter the Pontine Marshes.

"Ceux qui n'ont pas vu les Marais Pontins se représentent une vaste étendue de marécages stériles et nauséabondes, aussi désagréable aux yeux que répugnante à l'odorat. Rien n'est plus loin de la vérité. Les marais Pontins sont un des plus beaux pays de l'Europe, un des plus riches, un des plus charmants, durant les trois quarts de l'année.

"Figurez-vous une longue plaine bordée d'un coté par la mer, de l'autre par un rang des montagnes pittoresques. Les montagnes sont cultivées avec soin et plantées sur tous leurs versants: c'est un grand jardin couvert d'oliviers dont le feuillage bleuâtre semble en toute saison baigné d'une vapeur matinale. Les premiers versants protégent des bois de vieux orangers bien portants. La plaine se partage en forêts, en prairies, et en cultures. Les forêts, hautes et vigoureuses, attestent l'incroyable fécondité d'un sol vierge. Elles nourissent les plus beaux arbres de l'Europe et les lianes les plus puissantes. La vigne sauvage et l'eglantier grimpant colorent et parfument le feuillage toujours vert de liéges.

"Les prairies sont peuplées de troupeaux innombrables: on n'en trouverait d'aussi beaux que dans l'Amérique ou dans l'Ukraine. Des bandes de chevaux demi-sauvages galopent en liberté dans des enclos

immenses; les vaches et les buffles ruminent en paix l'herbe haute et touffue. Les gardiens de ce bétail, cloués sur la selle de leurs chevaux, le manteau en croupe, le fusil en bandoulière, la lance au poing, vêtus de velours solide et guêtrés jusqu'au genou d'un cuir épais et brillant, galopent autour de leurs élèves. Les jeunes poulains, haut perchés sur leurs pattes grêles, découpent à l'horizon leurs silhouettes fantastiques.

"Les cultures sont rares, mais gigantesques. Au printemps on voit jusqu'à cent paires de bœufs occupés à labourer le même champ. A la fin de juin, il n'est pas rare de rencontrer une pièce de blé qui dore une lieue de terrain. Les blés sont beaux, les maïs sont si grands qu'un homme à cheval y est aussi invisible qu'une perdrix dans nos sillons. Les foins, partout où l'eau ne fait pas foissonner le jonc et le carex, sont bien longs, bien sains et bien parfumés. La culture maraîchère trouve même une place dans cette fécondité de toutes choses. C'est dans les Marais Pontins qu'on cultive, par pièces de plusieurs hectares, ces artichauts demi-sauvages dont le peuple de Rome se nourrit en été.

"Cependent tout n'est pas fait pour les Marais Pontins, puisqu'ils ne sont point habitables. La population qui les cultive descend des montagnes, laboure, fauche ou moissonne et s'enfuit aussitôt, sous peine de mort.

"C'est d'abord que les eaux ne s'écoulent pas assez vite. Il faudrait quelques canaux de plus.

"C'est aussi que les détritus de matières végétales qui composent ce sol fécond subissent, dans les grandes chaleurs, une fermentation terrible. Il s'en dégage des poisons subtils, insaisissables à l'odorat, mais funestes à la santé. La décomposition des produits animaux est fétide, mais inoffensive et presque salubre; tandis que ces prairies embaumées engendrent la peste. Quand le soleil de juillet a mis en liberté les gaz délétères qui couraient sous l'herbe de ces campagnes, le vent les emporte où bon lui semble, et l'on voit à dix lieues de distance, dans la montagne, en pays naturellement sain, les hommes mourir empoisonnés." —*About, Rome Contemporaire*, p. 307.

There is an Osteria at *Appii Forum*, of sacred memories. It is also the place where Horace took the canal-boat:—

"Inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis."
Sat. I. v. 3.

The next Osteria, *Mesa*, is supposed to mark the station

Ad Medias on the Via Appia. Near it are a tomb and some ancient mile-stones. Beyond the next post-house, of Ponte Maggiore, we cross a river formed by the union of the *Ufente* and *Amasena.*

"Many people imagine that the Pontine Marshes are only marshy ground, a dreary extent of stagnant, slimy water, a melancholy road to travel over: on the contrary, the marshes have more resemblance to the rich plains of Lombardy; yes, they are like them, rich to abundance; grass and herbage grow here with a succulence and luxuriance which the north of Italy cannot exhibit.

"Neither can any road be more excellent than that which leads through the marshes, upon which, as on a bowling-green, the carriages roll along between unending alleys of trees, whose thick branches afford a shade from the scorching beams of the sun. On each side the immense plain stretches itself out with its tall grass, and its fresh, green marsh-plants. Canals cross one another, and drain off the water which stands in ponds and lakes covered with reeds and broad-leaved water-lilies.

"On the left hand, in coming from Rome, the lofty hills of Abruzzi extend themselves, with here and there small towns, which, like mountain castles, shine with their white walls from the grey rocks. On the right the green plain stretches down to the sea where Cape Circello lifts itself, now a promontory, but formerly Circe's Island, where tradition lands Ulysses.

"As I went along, the mists, which began to dissipate, floated over the green extent, where the canals shine like linen on a bleaching-ground. The sun glowed with the warmth of summer, although it was but the middle of March. Herds of buffaloes went through the tall grass. A troop of horses gallopped wildly about, and struck out with their hind feet, so that the water was dashed around to a great height; their bold attitudes, their unconstrained leaping and gambolling, might have been a study for an animal painter. To the left I saw a dark monstrous column of smoke, which ascended from the great fire which the shepherds had kindled to purify the air around their huts. I met a peasant, whose pale, yellow, sickly exterior contradicted the vigorous fertility which the marshes presented. Like a dead man arisen from the grave, he rode upon his black horse, and held a sort of lance in his hand with which he drove together the buffaloes which went into the swampy mire, where some of them laid themselves down, and stretched forth only their dark ugly heads with their malicious eyes.

"The solitary post-houses, of three or four stories high, which were erected close by the road-side, showed also, at the first glance, the poisonous effluvia which steamed up from the marshes. The lime-washed walls were entirely covered with an unctuous grey-green mould. Buildings, like human beings, bore here the stamp of corruption, which showed itself in strange contrast with the rich luxuriance around, with the fresh verdure, and the warm sunshine."—*Hans Christian Andersen, The Improvisatore.*

Three miles before reaching Terracina, we pass the site of that fountain of Feronia, which Horace describes as the place where travellers quitted the canal through the marshes, and began the ascent to Anxur.

"Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha,
Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus
Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur."

Sat. i. 5. 23.

The sacred grove of Feronia (a Sabine goddess) is mentioned by Virgil :—

"Viridi gaudens Feronia luco."

Æn. vii. 800.

The situation of Terracina is most picturesque and beautiful.

"Close before me stood Terracina in the fertile, Hesperian landscape. Three lofty palm-trees, with their fruit, grew not far from the road. The vast orchards, which stretched up the mountain-sides, seemed like a great green carpet with millions of golden points. Lemons and oranges bowed the branches down to the ground. Before a peasant's hut lay a quantity of lemons, piled together into a heap, as if they had been chestnuts which had been shaken down. Rosemary and wild dark-red gillyflowers grew abundantly in the crevices of the rock, high up among the peaks of the cliffs, where stood the magnificent remains of the castle of the Ostrogothic king Theodoric, and which overlook the city and the whole surrounding country.

"My eyes were dazzled with the beautiful picture, and, quietly dreaming, I entered Terracina. Before me lay the sea,—the wonderfully

beautiful Mediterranean. It was heaven itself in the purest ultramarine, which, like an immense plain, was spread out before me. Far out at sea I saw islands, like floating clouds of the most beautiful lilac colour, and perceived Vesuvius where the dark column of smoke became blue in the far horizon. The surface of the sea seemed perfectly still, yet the lofty billows, as blue and clear as the ether itself, broke against the shore on which I stood, and sounded like thunder among the mountains."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

The Volscian name of Terracina was *Anxur*, but it was always known as Terracina to the Latins and Romans. The ancient name is used by the Latin poets, because "Terracina" could not be introduced in verse, but Livy and Cicero speak of Terracina.

The town is first mentioned in history B. C. 509. It was first taken from the Volscians, B. C. 406, but was temporarily reconquered by them. In B. C. 329, it was secured by a Roman colony. Horace says that the ancient Anxur stood upon the rock at the foot of which the present town is situated. Ovid calls it Trachas :—

"Trachasque obsessa palude."

Metam. xv. 717.

but the Greek derivation of Strabo from Τραχινή (from its rugged situation), is a mere etymological fancy.

It was colonized by Rome, to which it became of importance as a naval port. The Latin poets constantly extol its beauty and position.

"Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces."

Lucan. iii. 84.

". . scopulosi verticis Anxur."

Sil. Ital. viii. 392.

". . arcesque superbæ
Anxuris."

Stat. Silv. i. 3.

"Seu placet Æneæ nutrix, seu filia Solis,
Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis."
Mart. v. *Ep.* 1.

"O nemus, o fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis."
Id. x. *Ep.* 51.

"Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of the rock-built Terracina, than we came in view of the sea beyond it. Then, on the opposite side of the mountain city, a new vegetation was presented to us. The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the grey-green of dwarf myrtles, the yellow-green of the pomegranates, and the silvery-green of the olives. Many new flowers and shrubs grew by the way-side. In the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks."—*Goethe.*

The whole circuit of the ancient port can still be traced, and also that of the town walls of "opus incertum" (i. e. recent polygonal).

The *Cathedral of S. Pietro* stands on the site of an ancient temple, supposed to be that of Jupiter Anxur, and many ancient fluted columns, and other fragments, are enclosed within its buildings. In the vestibule are ten of these ancient columns, resting upon lions. A Roman sarcophagus is shown as the bath of boiling oil in which some Christian martyrs suffered. The pulpit is inlaid with mosaics and supported by pillars resting on lions. The first bishop is said to have been S. Epaphroditus, a disciple of S. Peter, A. D. 46. Two other churches are interesting. We know from a letter of Gregory the Great to Agnellus, Bishop of Terracina, that paganism lingered very long in this country.

"Now as to those who worship idols and trees: we have heard that certain persons there (it is a shame even to speak of it) pay worship to trees, and perform many other rites blasphemous to the Christian faith, and we wonder why you, my brother, have delayed to visit them with condign

punishment. Wherefore by this letter I exhort you to make diligent search concerning them, and when you know the truth to visit them with such a vengeance that their punishment may appease the divine wrath, and be an example to others. We have written also to Maurus, our lieutenant, to bid him give your Reverence every assistance in the matter, if so be that you can find no sufficient excuse for clemency."—*Greg. Mag. Epp.* viii. 20.

The rocks overhang Terracina most picturesquely. On the summit of the cliff is an immense pile of ruins of the *Palace of Theodoric.* The path is difficult to find, and the ascent scarcely repays the fatigue, though there is a fine view.

The Emperor Galba was born in a villa near Terracina.* The narrow pass beyond the town, between the cliffs and the sea, is *Lautulæ*, occupied by the Roman troops who mutinied after the 1st Samnite war and intended marching to Rome, when their insurrection was quelled by Valerius Corvus.† The defile was secured by Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war to prevent Hannibal from advancing by the Appian Way.‡

A little beyond Terracina, the high-road to Naples passes through the arched gateway called *Portella*, which was once the frontier of the kingdom.

An excursion should certainly be made from Terracina to the *Circean Mount* (Monte Circello), which, in distant view, is so like Capri, and which is always so beautiful a feature, looming above the long flat lines of the marshes.

> "Vedi quel monte, ove si digiuna
> Circe piu volte fece i suoi incantesmi
> Al lume del sole, e della luna."
>
> *Uberto.*

A road of ten miles leads to *S. Felice*, a town on the

* Suetonius, Galb. iv. † Livy, vii. 39. ‡ Livy, xxii. 15.

southern slope of the mountain, and the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot.

Up to 1118 the Roman city of Rocca Circea existed, and was then considered to be the strongest fortress in the possession of the Church. It belonged to the Frangipani from 1185 to 1203, but soon after that time must have perished, when S. Felice arose in its place. This was sold to Pietro Gaetani, nephew of Boniface VIII., by the Annibaldeschi in 1301, was confiscated by Alexander VI. in 1500 with the other Gaetani property, and was restored to that family in 1506 by Julius II. In 1713 it was finally sold to Prince Ruspoli by Duke Michael Angelo Gaetani.

Behind the town one must ascend the hill to visit the huge remains, which are supposed to belong to the city of Circe the Enchantress. Few places in Italy are more romantic, few situations more striking; none have been more frequently celebrated by the Latin poets. Towards the sea the promontory is a precipice, and on the other sides it is cut off from all else by the Pontine Marshes. Several ancient writers suppose that it was originally an island, and Homer thus represents it, if this place was in his mind when he told the adventures of Ulysses. Many authors mention that the tomb of Elpenor, a companion of Ulysses, was shown on the Circean Mount, and Strabo tells of the cup of Ulysses (from which, when his companions drank, they were changed into beasts), being preserved here as a relic, and this Dionysius says continued to be shown even in the age of Augustus.

At the summit of the mountain are fragments supposed to belong to the Temple of the Sun. Here was the abode of Circe, described by Virgil:—

"Proxima Circeæ raduntur litora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas.
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum:
Sætigerique sues, atque in presepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum.
Æn. vii. 10.

The priestesses of Circe are said to have kept a number of dried herbs gathered on the mountain in the portico of the temple, for the cure of the bites of venomous serpents.*

"Funestarumque potestas
Herbarum, quidquid letali germine pollens
Caucasus, aut Scythiæ vernant in carmina rupes,
Quas legit Medea ferox, et callida Circe."
Claudian, In Rufin. i. 150.

Aristotle (De Mirab.) seems to have heard of the Circean Mount as producing some deadly poison, but Strabo says that the descriptions of the poisonous herbs here are probably only invented to confirm the claim of the promontory to be the abode of the witch Circe.

The situation of the town of *Circeii* is uncertain, but it probably stood on the site now occupied by S. Felice. It is first mentioned in the time of Tarquinius Superbus, who colonized it at the same time as Signia.† It was taken by Coriolanus and restored to the Volsci. In B. C. 340 it was one of the cities of the Latin league. After, it fell again into the hands of the Romans; it was never very faithful to them. At the time of the second Punic War it had declined, and was one of the twelve cities which declared themselves

* See Ricchi, Regia de' Volsci. † Livy, i. 56.

unable to contribute to the supplies of the army. It is called a small town (πολίχνιον) by Strabo. Many wealthy Romans however resorted to it under the empire, and both Tiberius and Domitian had villas here. Its oysters were celebrated.*

"Ostrea Circæis, Miseno oriuntur echini."
Horace, Sat. II. iv. 33.

"Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."
Juvenal, Sat. iv. 140.

The triumvir Lepidus was banished hither by Augustus, after his deposition.†

The port of Circeii was probably on the west of the promontory, at the spot called *Porto di Paolo.*

Immediately under the promontory of this side is the *Lago di Paolo.* The tower called *Torre di Paolo* was built by the Gaetani under Pius IV.

On the other side, Monte Circello is the point of a bay which is closed at the other end by Gaieta. It is the "Sinus Amyclanus" of Pliny, and was the southern boundary of Latium.

The number of strange sea-birds on the Monte Circello will form an attraction to the ornithologist. There is a curious stalactite cavern, called *Grotta della Maga.*

In returning to Velletri, a divergence should be made from *Foro Appio* (a public conveyance is said still to run in connection with the diligence) to *Sezza*, the *Setia* of the Volscians, which is beautifully situated on a hill above the marshes. Some ruins here are shown as those of a temple

* Pliny, xxii. 6. † Suetonius, Aug. 16.

of Saturn. The women of Sezza have a very pretty and peculiar costume.

From the base of the hill of Sezza, a road to the right leads (6 miles) to *Piperno*, the ancient *Privernum*, a most picturesque place, with many fragments of Gothic domestic architecture, and a charming piazza adorned with old orange-trees. It has been celebrated in all ages for its brigands. In the early history of Rome, it made common cause with Fondi, was conquered, and its chief, Vitruvius Vacca, was beaten to death at Rome. His house on the Palatine was razed, and the neighbourhood of its site received the name of Campo-Vaccino.

Three miles north is the famous monastery of *Fossanuova*, which was founded by Benedictines, and existed in the beginning of the ninth century. In 1135 it passed to the Cistercians, who were succeeded by Carthusians, after the suppression under the French. In the twelfth century the monastery was restored by Frederick Barbarossa, and in the thirteenth century it was rebuilt under Frederick II. The façade of Italian-Gothic is extremely handsome, the interior is exceedingly simple and pure, like that of Casamari.

Hither S. Thomas Aquinas came on his way from Naples to the General Council at Lyons in 1224, and here he died. He lay sick for some weeks, and during this last illness dictated a commentary on the Song of Solomon. When the last Sacrament was brought to him he desired to be taken from his bed and laid upon ashes strewn upon the floor. His body was taken hence, first to Fondi, then to Toulouse, except the head, which is preserved in the cathedral of Piperno. On that which was intended for his tomb is inscribed :

"Occidit hic Thomas, lux et fax amplior Orbi,
Et candelabrum sic Nova Fossa foret,
Editus ardenti locus est, non fossa lucerna,
Hanc igitur Fossam, quis neget esse Novam?"

"Entering the monastery of Fossanuova, he went first to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, according to his custom. Passing thence into the cloister, which he never lived to go out of, he repeated these words: *This is my rest for ages without end.* He was lodged in the abbot's apartment, where he lay ill for nearly a month.

"While lying ill, he had continually in his mouth these words of S. Austin, 'Then shall I truly live, when I shall be quite filled with you alone, and your love; now I am a burden to myself, because I am not entirely full of you.' In such pious transports of heavenly love he never ceased sighing after the glorious day of eternity. In his last moments one of the monks asked him by what means we might live always faithful in God's grace. He answered, 'Be assured that he who shall always walk faithfully in his presence, always ready to give him an account of all his actions, shall never be separated from him by consenting to sin.' These were his last words to man, after which he only spoke to God in prayer."—*Alban Butler.*

"In his last illness, the monks, notwithstanding his feeble condition, could not refrain from asking him to expound to them the *Canticle of Canticles*, which has wholly to do with the mystic marriage of the soul with Christ. The Angelical looked at them with unutterable gentleness and said, 'Get me Bernard's spirit, and I will do your bidding.' Finally, he gave way to them, and surrounding the bed on which he lay, they heard from the lips of the dying Theologian how there is no strength, or peace, or light for man, in earth or heaven, without the charity of Christ and the merits of his Cross.

"Growing weaker, Thomas became conscious that his hour was drawing very nigh. He sent for Reginald, his *socius*, and with deep contrition, made a review of his entire life, which, in reality, was simply a manifestation of the abiding and angelic purity of his heart and spirit. Having done this, he begged the brethren to bring him the body of our Lord, and the Abbot, accompanied by his community, proceeded to the chamber of the dying man, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. Immediately the great Angelical perceived his Master's presence, with the help of the brethren he rose from his pallet, and, kneeling upon the floor, adored his King and Saviour. When the Abbot was on the point of administering to him he exclaimed: 'I receive Thee, the price of my soul's redemption, for the love of whom I have studied, I have watched, and I

have laboured! Thee have I preached, Thee have I taught, against Thee have I never breathed a word, neither am I wedded to my own opinion. If I have held aught which is untrue respecting this Blessed Sacrament, I subject it to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I now pass out of life.' Then as the Abbot lifted up the spotless Element he uttered his favourite ejaculation: 'Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father!'

"He was taken from exile on the early morning of March 7, 1274, in the prime of manly life, being scarcely eight and forty years of age.

"It is but natural, it is but beautiful, that he, who in early boyhood had been stamped with the signet of S. Benedict, should return to S. Benedict to die. He had gone forth to his work and to his labour in the morning, and he returned home to his brethren in the evening-tide." —*Vaughan's Life of S. Thomas Aquinas.*

"L'œuvre était achevée. Prince, moine, disciple, Saint Thomas d'Aquin pouvait monter sur le trône de la science divine; il y monta en effet, et depuis six siècles qu'il y est assis, la Providence ne lui a point envoyé de successeur ni de rival. Il est demeuré prince comme il était né, solitaire comme il s'était fait, et la qualité seule de disciple a disparu en lui, parcequ'il est devenu le maître de tous."—*Lacordaire, Conférences de Toulouse.*

"If we now hear the name of scholasticism we think not unjustly of a labyrinth which a prosaic, petty, and musty understanding, dissecting things and classifying them again, has built up in centuries of barren leisure. Who would now dive into the 'summa theologiæ' of Thomas Aquinas? who would venture into this dark forest of spirits, in the midst of which lies the Aristotelian-Christian Minotaur of thought? This colossal edifice of philosophy we look upon now as an astonishing antiquity, and its hair-splitting distinctions, its moral and speculative investigations, its problems which lie far away from every object of life, no longer occupy a race which has grown more practical or material, or freer and more simple in thought. But let us not forget that even those systems were foundations for the science of thought, besides which we must confess that man in the nineteenth century is just as helpless, with regard to the highest problems which the mind can propose, as a scholastic of the middle ages, or as the first man in paradise."—*Gregorovius.*

The valley of Fossanuova is watered by the *Amasena*, the Amasenus of Virgil:—

"Ecce, fugæ medio, summis Amasenus abundans
Spumabat ripis; tantus se nubibus imber
Ruperat; ille innare parans infantis amore
Tardatur, caroque onere timet."

Æn. xi. 547.

It is only four or five miles from hence to *Sonnino*, in a most picturesque situation.

"Sonnino se voit de loin sur la pointe d'un rocher. Les bâtiments sont uniformément gris, couleur de ruines. On distingue la base de quelques tours à moitié démolies; c'est tout ce qui reste de l'enceinte fortifiée. Deux ou trois constructions neuves, d'un blanc cru, font tache dans le paysage et troublent l'harmonie triste du lieu. La route elle-même me parut sinistre, quoiqu'elle fût toute en fleurs. Les oliviers, les vignes, les clématites, les ronces, les genêts, fleurissaient à qui mieux mieux; les boutons du myrte allaient s'ouvrir, et pourtant ce luxe vigoureux d'un printemps d'Italie ne vous parlait ni d'amour ni de plaisir. Nous sondions la profondeur des ravins qui bordaient l'escarpement des rochers arides, nous plongions dans l'épaisseur impénétrable des halliers. Quelques champs larges comme la main, appuyés sur les contreforts de pierres sèches, nous expliquaient la vie nouvelle des indigènes, leur travail opiniâtre et le maigre fruit de leurs sueurs. Çà et là sortait de terre une poignée de froment, d'avoine ou de maïs: mais la principale culture est celle des oliviers, et l'œil se promenait tristement sur leur feuillage bleuâtre."—*About, Rome Contemporaine*, p. 312.

"Le Cardinal Antonelli est né dans un repaire. Sonnino, son village, était plus célèbre dans l'histoire du crime que toute l'Arcadie dans les annales de la vertu. Ce nid de vautours se cachait dans les montagnes du Midi, vers la frontière du royaume de Naples. Des chemins impraticables à la gendarmerie serpentaient à travers les mâquis et les halliers. Quelques forêts entrelacées de lianes, quelques ravins profonds, quelques grottes ténébreuses, formaient un paysage à souhait pour la commodité du crime. Les maisons de Sonnino, vieilles, mal bâties, jetées les unes sur les autres et presque inhabitables à l'homme, n'étaient que les dépôts du pillage et les magazins de la rapine. La population, alerte et vigoureuse, cultivait, depuis plusieurs siècles, le vol à main armée et gagnait sa vie à coups de fusil. Les enfants nouveau-nés respiraient le mépris des lois avec l'air de la montagne, et suçaient, avec le lait de leurs mères, la convoitise du bien d'autrui. Ils chaussaient de bonne heure les mocassins de cuir crout, ces clôches (cioccie) avec lesquelles ou court légèrement sur les rochers les plus escarpées.

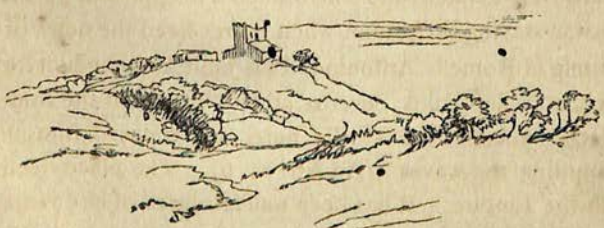
Lorsqu'on leur avait enseigné l'art de poursuivre et d'échapper, de prendre et de n'être point pris, la valeur des monnaies, l'arithmétique des partages et les principes du droit des gens tel qu'il se pratique chez les Apaches ou les Comaches, leur éducation était faite. Ils apprenaient tout seuls à jouir du bien conquis et à satisfaire leurs passions dans la victoire. En l'an de grâce 1806, cette race appétente et rusée, gratifia l'Italie d'un petit montagnard appelé Jacques Antonelli."—*About, La Question Romaine*, p. 139.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LATIN SHORE.

(A public carriage leaves the Albano station every morning for Porto d'Anzio, 18 miles distant, on the arrival of the first train from Rome. The extortionate vetturini at Albano itself charge from 50 to 60 francs for a carriage to go and return. It is about three hours' drive. There is no regular inn at Porto d'Anzio, but comfortable rooms may be obtained, and there is a good restaurant with a private room for breakfast and dinner. At both a most strict bargain should be made, as the natives are most exorbitant in their charges to strangers, and assert that the want of more custom obliges them to make the most of that they have.)

AFTER leaving the Albano station, the road runs at first through a richly cultivated plain, leaving the hill of Mont Giove (Corioli) on the left: but soon it reaches a



Corioli.

wilderness of the deadly asphodel, which eats up the whole country for many miles. The latter part of the drive is through

forest—a continuation of the beautiful wood we have seen at Castel Fusano—which here skirts the coast for so great a distance. The road is excellent the whole way, and the descent upon the white houses of Porto d'Anzio, ranged along the blue sea, and backed by swelling hills, reminds one of many an English watering-place. On entering the town, we pass, on the left, the desolated Villa of the Pope.

Xenagoras, a Greek writer quoted by Dionysius, ascribes the foundation of Antium to Anthias, son of Circe and Ulysses: Solinus refers it to Ascanius. It was one of the Latin cities which united against Rome before the Battle of Regillus, but was afterwards taken by the Volscians, under whom it rose to great power and wealth. Hither Coriolanus retired when banished from Rome, and here he is said to have died. Dionysius speaks of Antium as "a most splendid city of the Volscians." During the latter days of the Republic, and under the Empire, Antium was most prosperous, and it became the favourite resort of the emperors. Here Augustus received the title of "Pater Patriæ," and here Caligula was born. Nero, who was also born at Antium, was greatly devoted to it, and constructed a magnificent port here. He was staying at Antium when he received the news of the burning of Rome. Antoninus Pius built an aqueduct for the town, and Septimius Severus added largely to the imperial palace. Cicero had a villa here, and amused himself by "counting the waves" (Ad Att. II. 6). The place declined with the Empire. It has been much injured of late years by the filling up of its port, which is quite useless now except for very small vessels.

The existing Roman remains of Porto d'Anzio are very obscure, and offer the merest suggestion of its former

grandeur. There is no trace of the temple of Equestrian Fortune, commemorated by Horace, who invokes the favour of the goddess for the expedition of Augustus to Britain; it is also alluded to by Martial:—

> "Seu tua veridicæ dicunt responsa sorores,
> Plana suburbani qua cubat unda freti."
>
> v. *Ep.* 1.

A temple of Esculapius was famous as the place where the Epidaurian Serpent rested on its way to Rome.

Ovid speaks of a temple of Apollo:—

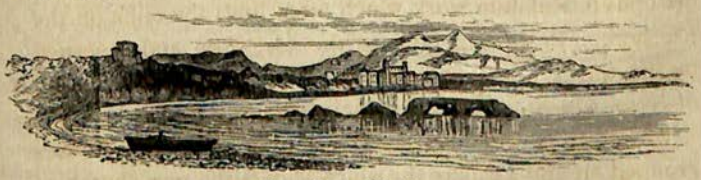
> "Et tellus Circæa, et spissi litoris Antium.
> Huc ubi veliferam nautæ advertere carinam,
> (Asper enim jam pontus erat,) Deus explicat orbes,
> Perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens,
> Templa parentis init, flavum tangentia litus."
>
> *Metam.* xv. 718.

The *Villa of Nero* (opposite the modern barracks), described by Murray as a fine ruin retaining its mosaic pavements and painted walls, has never, within the memory of man, presented more than some stumpy brick walls, scarcely projecting above the turf, yet here, in the reign of Julius II., the Apollo Belvidere was found, and, a century afterwards, the Borghese Gladiator of the Louvre. The size of the old Antium is attested by the marble columns and pieces of pedestal scattered over the fields for miles around, and by the opus-reticulatum work which often lines the cliffs on the sea-shore. Projecting far into the sea, worn and caverned by the waves, are the picturesque remains of the two moles of Nero, which enclosed the ancient harbour.

The town is very small, merely a knot of modern houses grouped around a square (in which stands the new church of S. Antonio), with a few more ancient fishermen's cottages. These line one side of a pier, constructed by the architect

Zinaghi, for Innocent XII., at a cost of 200,000 scudi, upon one of the old moles of Nero, of which he filled up the arches, and thus caused the accumulation of sand which has destroyed the harbour. The lighthouse at the end of the pier is picturesque. Behind the town are open downs, strewn here and there with fragments of ruin. The sands in either direction are delightful for walking, and the views towards Nettuno are most attractive.

"When you sit in the window of your chamber, before which the Neapolitan fishermen are seated on the white sands mending their nets, the whole of the glorious gulf stretches before you, and you see the lovely shore as far as the Circean promontory. On the coast near Anzio rises the noble villa of Prince Borghese in a wild park of ilexes and olive-trees, further off are the castle and town of Nettuno, brown and picturesque, built into the sea, and celebrated through all the world for the beauty of its women, and their splendid costume. The lines of the coast become now ever softer, more delicate, and more drawn out, till, at the end, a little white-glimmering castle rises in the dreamy distance. This castle lends a melancholy tone to shore and sea, such as the Circean cape sheds over the Homeric poetry. To the eyes of every German it has a magical attraction, and his heart is moved to sorrow and tears, for it suggests one of the greatest landmarks in the history of his fatherland. It is yet the same tower of Astura, whither Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, fled after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, and where the traitor Frangipani took him prisoner, and delivered him into the hands of the blood-thirsty Charles of Anjou. At that tower the sun of the Hohenstaufens sank into the sea."—*Gregorovius, The Latin Shore.*



From Porto d'Anzio.

The fishing boats and the fishing operations are a great amusement to those who stay long at Porto d'Anzio.

"It is the custom of the fishermen to go out towards Ave Maria, and to fish through the night. That which is caught will be brought with the morning into the straw-roofed sheds, but in the evening it will be registered and packed up, and by night it will be carried in carts to Rome. Evening brings with it an exciting scene. The clerks sit at a table with a lantern and register the fish; all around fishermen are occupied in bringing in fish in baskets, while others pound pieces of ice, and lay the fish upon this frozen surface. The variety and wonderful forms of these creatures of the sea is astonishing. There is the long *Grongo*, the great and handsome *Palombo*, the beautiful spotted *Murena*, the flounder-like prickly *Ray*, the great multitude of glittering *Triglie* and *Sardines*, and the well-tasting *Merluzzo*. Sometimes a Dolphin is brought up, and once I saw in a fish-basket two *Pesce-cane*, which had been found here. They were from eight to ten feet long, their black-steel blue colour had something uncanny about it.—*Gregorovius.*

To the left of the town, the cliffs are covered with Mesembryanthemum, hanging in huge festoons and making a grand mass of purple colour with their great sun-like flowers, like large sea anemonies. Aloes form the hedges of the cottage-gardens.

"Precious marbles of every kind are found here. One might fill carts with gleaming wave-polished marble, which is sprinkled over the shore, go as far as one will. One can pick up Verde Antico, Giallo Antico, the gorgeous oriental Alabaster, Porphyry, Pavonazzetto, Serpentino, and blue Smalt. Wherever these rare stones exist, a glance into the waves tells us where they come from. For out of the sea rise the foundations of ancient Roman water-palaces, and at a quarter of an hour's distance from Antium, the shore is nothing less than a ruin of continuous masonry. They look like masses of rock and the over-throwings of a cliff, and if one examines one finds that they are simply Roman walls of Peperino stone, and the imperishable Pozzolano, and delicate Roman reticulated work. Now the whole weird coast yawns with grottoes and halls of old baths and villas, and the foundations of temples and palaces crop up along the line of the shore. Here stood once the beautiful marble villas of the Emperors. Here Caligula besported himself, who particularly liked Antium, and had even formed a plan of making it his residence; here he celebrated his nuptials with the beautiful Lollia Paulina. Here Nero, who was born in Antium and planted

a colony there, held his Bacchanalia; here he made his triumphal entry with white horses after his return from his debut in Greece.

"Also in earlier days Antium was the beloved holiday resort of the Romans; Atticus, Lucullus, Cicero, Mecænas, and Augustus, had here their villas; and where, on what charming hill, on what lovely Italian shore, had not these lucky fellows their villas! How this shore must once have shone with all the stones, the historic fragments, which the waves have constantly been tossing to and fro for centuries. These ruins bring a singular elegiac-historical character into the delightful Idyll of Antium, and the voice full of memories which here everywhere accompanies the wanderer, heightens not a little the attractions of the shore. . . . In Italy one cannot give oneself up to the quiet influence of Nature, without a grave spirit of the classical past taking possession of the soul, and leading one to meditate upon the recollections of its great men. So that one can sit upon the ruined palaces of the Romans, and, the waves murmuring round, may exclaim with Horace:—

"O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos!"

And again the sight of the beautiful Cape of Circe leads to the song of Homer, while the ever-conspicuous but distant Astura draws one to other associations and poems; so that three periods of the world's poetry and the world's culture surround one, Homer, Horace, and the Hohenstaufen poet Wolfram von Eschenbach."—*Gregorovius.*

The chief feature in the views from Porto d'Anzio is the wonderfully picturesque little town of Nettuno, which juts out into the sea about 1½ mile to the south. A broad road lined with trees leads to it from Porto d'Anzio, but the pleasantest way is to follow the shore as far as the sea allows, and then clamber up the winding path beneath the villa of Prince Borghese, which, since the change of government at Rome, has been the principal residence of his family.

"Porto d'Anzio possesses scarcely even a remnant of female beauty and no national costume, because it is made up of a growing and miscellaneous population. But both noble female beauty and unique

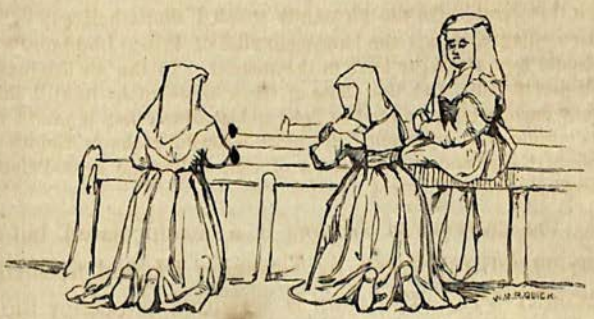
national character adorn the little town of Nettuno, which stands picturesquely upon the eastern shore, the black walls of its castle sinking down into the waves. One reaches it in three quarters of an hour, by a straight well-made road from Porto d'Anzio, one of the most beautiful on this coast. On the pleasantly wooded shore, half-way between the two villages, stands the handsome villa of Prince Borghese, who is the feudal lord of all the land in the district. In the far distance rise the Volscian hills, and the Cape of Circe soars up in its still shining form so enchantingly painted in light and shadow, that it would recall in its outline and appearance the most beautiful rocks in Europe—the island of Capri and the mountain of San Pellegrino near Palermo." —*Gregorovius.*

At the entrance of *Nettuno* is a machicolated but now decaying fortress begun by Alexander VI. and finished by Alexander VII. The town is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Cæno mentioned by Dionysius as a dependency of Antium. Nettuno is surrounded with walls and Guelphic battlements, and is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and fragments, probably of the temple of Neptune, whence its name is derived. The number of women passing with brazen *conche* upon their heads guided us to a quaint well, near which is a beautiful old Gothic house, with twisted columns dividing its windows, and a pig on the coat of arms which adorns it. Beneath the town a wave-beaten terrace forms a wall only accessible in calm weather; in storms the waves beat furiously against the old houses themselves.

The magnificent Saracenic dress, described by Murray as still existing here, has long ceased to be worn. The people were persuaded that a great visitation of cholera was a judgment from Heaven for their barbaric costume, and it was left off by universal consent! Those who wear any costume here now, adopt that of the towns in the Volscian Hills.

It is a charming drive from hence to Astura, but for pedes-

trians the walk is somewhat dangerous owing to the vast herds of buffaloes and *bovi* which come down every day



In the Church at Nettuno.

through the forest, with the early morning, to the sea, and spend the day upon the shore. They are generally unattended by herdsmen, and lie in black battalions on the white sand between the forest and the waves. Some of the bulls are most magnificent, with horns three feet long. They are very fierce, and can only be kept in order by the *Guardia della Campagna*, who rides after them and manages them wonderfully with his long lance. But far more to be feared are the savage red-eyed buffaloes, which when they pursue a man, do not attempt to toss him, but knock him down, and tread upon him till they have beaten all the breath out of his body. They give the milk from which the *Provatura*, or buffalo-cheese much eaten by the peasantry, is derived. The flesh is coarse and hard, and is for the most part sold to the poor Jews in the Ghetto.

The shore is lined by the forest—arbutus, juniper, phillyrea, tall flowering heath, and myrtles which have grown into

great trees, and are all tangled together with garlands of smilax and honeysuckle.

"But now all sign of civilized life ceases with Nettuno, for immediately behind the town begins the Pontine wilderness. The brushwood extends from this to Terracina. Not a single human dwelling exists again upon the coast, only solitary towers rise out of the romantic solitude, at distances of about two miles from one another. The melancholy desolation of this shore and the impressiveness of its time-honoured solitude is great. One feels as if one were no longer on the classic shore of Italy, one seems to be wandering on the wild coasts of the Indian America. The constant murmur of the sighing sea-waves, the summer breeze breathing over the ever-smooth, ever-white-sanded shore, the endless deep green wood, which follows the sea on and on at a hundred paces distant, the shrill cry of the hawks and falcons, the quiet and high-hovering eagle, the stamping and bellowing of the herds of wild cattle, air, colour, sound, every existence and element is in unison with the most entire impression of an old-world wilderness."—*Gregorovius.*

It is seven miles from Nettuno to *Astura*, whose tall tower is visible from so great a distance. This and a little chapel are the only buildings which rise out of the vast solitude. Cicero, who had a favourite villa at Astura, describes it, in writing to Atticus, as "a pleasant place, standing in the sea itself, and visible both from Antium and Circeii." A marble pavement on the shore, and the massive foundations on which the tower is built, are remains of the villa of Cicero, but the latter is no longer an island, but connected with the mainland by a causeway of masonry. Nothing can be more picturesque or romantic than this utterly solitary wave-beaten castle; nothing more melancholy than its associations. Hither, in Nov. B.C. 44, Marcus Cicero fled from his Tusculan villa, upon hearing that his name was upon the proscription-list of the triumvirate, hoping to join Brutus in Macedonia. His brother Quintus accompanied

him. They were carried in litters, and conversed as they went. On the way they remembered that they had not taken sufficient money with them, and Quintus, as being the brother least in danger, returned to Rome to fetch it, and was there taken and put to death with his son. Marcus Cicero embarked at Astura in safety, but sea-sickness induced him to land for the night at Formiæ (Mola di Gaeta), where he had a villa, and he was murdered there, while endeavouring to escape, within a mile of his own house. Augustus Cæsar is said to have been first attacked at Astura by the illness—a dysentery—of which he died (August, A.D. 14) at Nola. Strange to say it was also at the fatal Astura that his successor Tiberius was stricken with his last illness.* Strangest of all, Caligula also received at Astura the fatal omen of his approaching end, when about to sail from thence to Antium.

But these ancient associations of Astura are less sad than those which cling around the octangular mediæval tower, which was built by the great family of the Frangipani upon the Roman foundations. Hither (1268), after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, fled the brave young Conradin of Hohenstaufen, with his faithful friends Frederick of Austria, Count Lancia and his sons, and the two Counts of Gherardesca. The people of Astura gave Conradin a vessel in which his party embarked in safety for Pisa, when the Lord of Astura, Giovanni Frangipani,† returning to his castle, heard what had happened, and roused by the hope of a reward from Charles of Anjou, pursued them in a larger vessel and brought them back. Conradin implored Frangipani, who had received great benefits and even the honours of knighthood

* *Suetonius*, lxxii. † Not Jacopo, as Murray says.

from his father, to save his life, and not to deliver him up to Charles. He even promised to give his hand to the daughter of Frangipani if he would permit him to escape.

But the Lord of Astura, unmoved by the misfortunes of the prince, began at once to propose terms for his surrender to Robert of Lavena, who had appeared before the walls to demand the prisoners for Charles, and only concealed them in a remote tower that he might make better terms. Conditions were soon after agreed upon with the Cardinal of Terracina, and Conradin and his companions, sold for large estates in the princedom of Benevento, were hurried through the hills to Palestrina, and thence to Naples, where they were cruelly executed, Conradin, with his last breath, saying: "I cite my judge before the highest tribunal, my blood shed on this spot shall cry to Heaven for vengeance."

The Frangipani did not long enjoy their ill-gotten gains, and the only son of Giovanni perished in the very castle of Astura, where he had betrayed his friend.

"In 1286, quatre ans après les Vêpres Siciliennes, un amiral de Jacques d'Arragon emporta Astura, qu'il réduisit en cendres. Les biens des Frangipani furent ravagés; Jacob, le fils de Jean, périt dans le combat. Sa postérité s'eteignit, et, de cette branche, dont le blason était taché du sang royal, il ne reste qu'un souvenir de déshonneur." *Cherrier*, iv. p. 212.

The castle afterwards became a fortress of the Gaetani, then of the Malabranca, the Orsini, and of the Colonna, whose arms still appear upon its walls, and who sold it to Clement VIII. in 1594. It now belongs to the Borghese, and its little garrison of eight men spend here a life of isolation like that of a desert island, while a single cannon stands upon the ramparts.

"Quand Cicéron disait d'Astura : *lieu agréable*, il montrait ce lieu tel que la civilisation et l'élégance romaine l'avaient fait. Aujourd'hui, en présence de la tour solitaire d'Astura, si notre regard se promène sur cette plage triste, inhabitée, funeste à Auguste, à Tibère, à Conradin, nous n'apercevons que la forêt, les sables et la mer. De nos jours cet endroit sinistre ressemble, mieux qu'au temps de Cicéron, à ce qu'il était avant la naissance du premier Romain."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 51.

Near the castle the little river *Fiume Conca*, formerly called the Astura, flows into the sea. It rises in the Alban Hills. On its banks the last great battle between the Romans and Latins was fought in B. C. 338, when C. Mænius the consul totally defeated the united forces of Antium, Lanuvium, Aricia, and Velitræ.

Three miles inland from Astura is a curious Roman tomb now called *Il Toraccio*. It has been supposed, without the slightest foundation, to be the tomb of Tullia daughter of Cicero, who died at Astura.*

The shore beyond Astura is girt by the strip of forest which divides it from the Pontine Marshes. Three lakes break the inland expanse,—the Lago Fogliano, the Lago di Caprolace, and the Lago di San Paolo. They are much frequented by the peasants for the fishing they afford, but few strangers will venture into this plague-stricken region, and will rather go round by Velletri and Terracina to visit the grand Circean Promontory which rises so gloriously at the end of the flats, out of the blue waters.

We were at Porto d'Anzio on Good Friday, when, in the dark evening, the town was illuminated, every fisherman's hut along the pier lighting its rows of tiny earthenware lamps,

* Middleton (*Life of Cicero*, vol. ii. 365), on authority of Plutarch, says she died in the orator's house at Rome. Murray (*Handbook*, 453), on no authority at all, says she died at Astura. Drumann proves from Cicero's letters that she died at Tusculum.

whose rays were reflected a thousand-fold in the water of the bay. Then, when all was ready, the church doors were

Good Friday, Porto d'Anzio.

thrown open, and amid a clash of music, and loud chanting of priests, the dead Christ was borne through the town, followed by the figure of "Our Lady of Sorrow" and the images of all the favourite local saints, surrounded by flashing torches. The streets were thronged, cannon fired, and all the people knelt as the procession passed, many praying, some weeping.

The coast between Porto d'Anzio and Ostia is very difficult to visit except on horseback, and then leave must be obtained to sleep in the old Chigi Palace of Castel Fusano.

The greater part of the way leads through the grand immemorial forest of Silva Laurentina, part of which was sacred to

Good Friday, Porto d'Anzio.

Picus and Faunus, where the spirit of Virgil still seems to pervade the silent depths of the wood, and where, while the buildings have passed away and the very sites of the towns whose foundation he describes are forgotten or disputed, Nature remains absolutely unchanged—the same pines raise their vast umbrella-like heads on the stars (*Æn.* xi. 361), the same thickets of brambles and impervious brushwood are ready to mislead the wanderer (ix. 381), the same springs sparkle in its deep recesses (vii. 85).

The easiest way of reaching Ardea is from Albano or Rome. The traveller who follows the track of the charcoal burners near the coast from Porto d'Anzio will in turn pass Torre Caldana, Torre di S. Anastasia, and Torre di S. Lorenzo. Then, crossing the stream Fosso della Moletta, he at length sees Ardea rising before him on the top of a rock, three miles from the sea, and 20 miles from Rome.

Desolate and forlorn as it is now, and almost totally deserted by its plague-stricken inhabitants during the summer months, *Ardea* was once one of the most important as well as one of the wealthiest cities of Latium. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Danaë, the mother of Perseus.

> "Protenus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
> Audacis Rutuli ad muros: quam dicitur urbem
> Acrisioneïs Danaë fundasse colonis
> Præcipiti delata Noto. Locus Ardea quondam
> Dictus avis; et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen."
>
> *Virgil, Æn.* vii. 408.

Livy and Silius Italicus mention the tradition of Ardea having largely contributed to the foundation of the Spanish Saguntum :—

> "... misit largo quam dives alumno,
> Magnanimis regnata vivis, nunc Ardea nomen."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* i. 291.

In the story of Æneas, Ardea appears as the capital of the Rutuli and the residence of their king Turnus, who was dependent on the Latin king, Latinus, though holding a sovereignty of his own. It was during the siege of Ardea by Tarquinius Superbus that the tragedy of Lucretia occurred, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy.

> "Cingitur interea Romanis Ardea signis,
> Et patitur lentas obsidione moras."
>
> *Ovid, Fast.* ii. 721.

It was at Ardea that Camillus took refuge in his exile; and its people are said to have contributed greatly to victories which the Romans gained over the Gauls. From this time Ardea lapsed into the condition of an ordinary Roman colony, and was one of the twelve which declared themselves unable (B. C. 209) to furnish supplies of provisions and men to Rome during the second Punic war. The unhealthiness of the situation hastened its decay. Martial alludes to it:—

> "Ardea solstitio, Castranaque rura petantur,
> Quique Cleonæo sidere fervet ager."
>
> iv. 60.

Many great Roman personages however had villas here, among them Atticus the friend of Cicero; and the town spoken of as "castellum Ardeæ," in the Middle Ages, has never quite ceased to exist, but has continued to occupy the rocky platform, which gained its name from Ardua—the cliff-girt.

The existing village and its castle, which belongs to the Duke Cesarini, occupy an isolated rock, evidently the ancient citadel, which is joined by a narrow neck of land to a larger platform, still called *Civita Vecchia*, and once covered by the ancient city, of which not a vestige remains. The citadel was surrounded by walls built of tufa in square blocks.

"The isthmus (uniting the citadel to the town), having been cut through in a very singular manner, has left three deep and broad ditches, separated by two piers of natural rock. This is the more curious, as it does not appear that these piers could have served as a bridge to the citadel, on account of their distance from each other; and though the ditch added to the strength of the fortress, yet this cannot be supposed to have been completely separated from the city. Moreover, the rock of the citadel is much higher than these two natural piers.

"Two streams, one of which is evidently derived from the Lake of Nemi, had, long before Ardea was built, worn valleys, which had left

an eminence between them as a site for the city. At the western side of the city, these valleys approach each other, leaving a narrow isthmus for the entrance to the city from the east; this isthmus is considerably strengthened by a high mound, or agger, extending from valley to valley, which supported, or rather backed, a wall, whence, in all probability, the idea of the Roman agger of Servius Tullius was originally taken. A gap or cut exists, through which was the ancient entrance to the city; and in this is the ruin of a tower, fixing the site of the gate towards Aricia. Still more distant from the city is another similar mound, stretching also from valley to valley. These mounds are so high that when the sun is over the Mediterranean they are distinguishable from Albano by the naked eye."—*Sir W. Gell.*

Half a mile from Ardea, in the direction of the sea, at a spot called *Rudera*, the rock is full of caverns, and is supposed to have been the necropolis of the ancient city. There are no remains of the temple of Juno mentioned by Pliny, who describes it as adorned with ancient paintings of great beauty, so much esteemed that the artist, a Greek,—"Marcus Ludius Elotas Œtolia oriundus"—was rewarded with the freedom of the city. Not far from Ardea, probably in the direction of Antium, was the Aphrodisium or shrine of Venus, mentioned by Strabo (v. 232) and Pliny (iii. 5). The site of the Castrum Inni, or of Pan, is supposed by Nibby to be somewhat identified by the name *Fosso dell' Incastro* applied to one of the streams which flow by Ardea. Martial mentions it, in the lines already quoted, and Silius Italicus :—

"Sacra manus Rutuli, servant qui Daunia regna,
Laurentique domo gaudent, et fonte Numici,
Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit."
viii. 359.

On leaving Ardea we pass through the country where Juvenal says that the Roman emperors used to breed their elephants.

"Elian gives an account of the elephants bred and disciplined in the Roman territory. 'They marched in troops into the amphitheatre, scattering flowers, and were, to the number of six of each sex, feasted in public on splendid triclinia, their food being spread on tables of cedar and ivory, in gold and silver dishes and goblets. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* viii. 2) says, that four of them even carried on a litter a supposed sick companion, walking like a dancer upon a rope."—*Sir W. Gell.*

Four miles and a half from Ardea, at the church of *Santa Procula*, the road crosses the frequently dry bed of the *Rio Torto*, which has been identified with the Numicius, on the banks of which the great battle was fought between the Trojans and Rutulians, in which Æneas fell, and whose waves are supposed to have carried away his body, which was never found. The descriptions which the poets give answer to the present appearance of the river. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid says :—

> "Litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus arundine serpit
> In freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis."
>
> xiv. 598.

and Silius Italicus :—

> "Haud procul hinc parvo descendens fonte Numicus
> Labitur et leni per valles volvitur amne."
>
> viii. 179.

Near the coast the Numicius still spreads into a marsh—the Stagna Laurentia of Silius. On its banks Æneas was honoured in a temple under the name of Jupiter Indiges.

> "Impiger Ænea volitantis frater Amoris,
> Troia qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus,
> Jam tibi Laurentes assignat Jupiter agros,
> Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares.
> Illic Sanctus eris, cum te veneranda Numici
> Unda Deum cœlo miserit Indigetem."
>
> *Tibullus*, ii. *El.* 5.

The *Sugareto*, which flows into the Rio Torto, is believed to be the stream of Anna Perenna, in which Anna, the unhappy sister of Dido, is said to have been carried away, when flying from the palace of Æneas, and to have been borne into the "horned Numicius."*

> "Corniger hanc cupidis rapuisse Numicius undis
> Creditur, et stagnis occuluisse suis.
> . . . . . .
> Ipsa loqui visa est, 'Placidi sum Nympha Numici:
> Amne perenne latens Anna Perenna vocor."
> *Ovid, Fast.* iii. 646.

Eight miles from Ardea we reach *La Solfatara* (15 miles from Rome), with sulphur springs, identical with the "Fons in Ardeatino," which Vitruvius mentions as cold, sulphureous, and of an unpleasant smell. It is probably also the site of the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus, king of Laurentum, on the coming of Æneas, who is hardly likely to have gone so far as the Albunea near Tibur.

> "At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni,
> Fatidici genitoris, adit, lucosque sub altâ
> Consulit Albuneâ: nemorum quæ maxima sacro
> Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim."
> *Virgil, Æn.* vii. 81.

Hitherto we have followed the ancient *Via Ardeatina* from Ardea, the paving-blocks of the old road remaining in many places. From hence it turns off inland to Rome, by the Tor di Nona, Cicchignola (a mediæval tower added to and turned into a villa by Leo XII.), and Tor Narancia, till it joins the Via Appia near the church of Domine quo Vadis.

A road practicable for carriages leads from La Solfatara,

* From its windings.

passing the church of Sta. Petronilla and through a forest, to *Pratica*, the ancient Lavinium, 17 miles from Rome, and 3 from the sea-coast.

According to the tradition, the city of Lavinium was founded by Æneas, shortly after his landing in Italy, and was called by him after the name of his wife Lavinia, daughter of king Latinus. This, from a resemblance of names, has been confused with Lanuvium, now Città-Lavinia, where an absurd tradition, regardless of geographical possibilities, shows, fixed in a wall, the iron ring to which the vessel of Æneas was attached.

"The coast of Latium is a sandbank, where nothing grows but firs; and Æneas might well be sorry that his fate had brought him to so poor a country. But he was reminded of the oracle, that his colony should be guided, like those of the Sabellians, by an animal to its promised abode, when a pregnant sow designed for sacrifice broke loose, and escaped to the bushes on a more fruitful eminence. Here it farrowed thirty young ones, and thus not only signified the spot where Lavinium was to be built, but also the number of years that were to elapse before Alba became the capital in its stead, as well as the number of the Latin townships.

"At the founding of Lavinium the gods gave signs of their presence. The forest on the site of the future city caught fire of itself. A wolf was seen bringing dry sticks in his mouth to feed the flame: an eagle fanned it with his wings. But along with them came also a fox, that dipped its tail in water, and tried to extinguish the fire; and it was not till they had driven him away several times, that the other two were able to get rid of him. This indicated that the people, whose mother city was building, would have hard struggles to establish their power against its obstinate enemies. Bronze images of the three fated animals were set up in the market-place of Lavinium."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome.*

"Aujourd'hui même les souvenirs locaux d'Énée n'ont pas entièrement péri. Aux environs de Lavinium une petite rivière s'appelle encore *rio di Turno*, ruisseau de Turnus, et une colline près d'Ardée a été indiquée à M. Abeken par un jeune garçon, qui confondait les Troyens et les Rutules, comme portant le nom de montagne de Troie, monte di Troja."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* 1. 215.

When, thirty years after its foundation, Ascanius, the son of Æneas, removed the political capital of the Latins to Alba, the household gods persistently returned at night to their old dwellings, so that he was obliged to allow them to remain there, and to send back their priests to the number of six hundred. Thus Lavinium not only continued to exist, but grew to be regarded as a kind of religious metropolis, its gods, to a very late period, being regarded as equally the property of Rome and of all Latium.

"La culte des Pénates aurait pu nous offrir un rapprochement frappant entre une légende antique et une légende moderne. On raccontait que les Pénates ayant été transportés par Ascagne dans la ville d'Albe, quittèrent leur nouveau séjour et revinrent à Lavinium. C'est ainsi que le célèbre enfant Jésus de cire, si vénéré à Rome sous le nom de *Bambino*, ayant été enlevé, revint, le lendemain matin, frapper à la porte de l'église d'Ara-Cœli."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* I. 218.

Dionysius speaks of Lavinium as the "metropolis of the Latins." Tatius, the colleague of Romulus, was killed by the cooks with their spits during a solemn sacrifice at Lavinium, in revenge for depredations which his followers had made upon the Lavinium territory. Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia and the first Roman consul, retired with all his family to Lavinium, when he was banished from Rome on account of his parentage, because he was son of Aruns and brother of Tarquinius Priscus. Lavinium was besieged and taken by Coriolanus.

"Strabo speaks of Lavinium as presenting the mere vestiges of a city, but still retaining its sacred rites, which were believed to have been transmitted from the days of Æneas. Dionysius also tells us that the memory of the three sacred animals—the eagle, the wolf, and the fox—which were connected by a well-known legend with the foundation of Lavinium, was preserved by the figures of them still extant in his time in the forum of that town; while, according to Varro, not only was there a

similar bronze figure of the celebrated sow with her thirty young ones, but part of the flesh of the sow itself was still preserved in pickle and shown by the priests.* . . . . We learn from a letter of Symmachus that Lavinium was still existing as a municipal town as late as A.D. 391, and still retained its ancient religious character. Macrobius also informs us that in his time it was still customary for the Roman consuls and prætors, when entering on their office, to repair to Lavinium to offer certain sacrifices there to Vesta and the Penates,—a custom which appears to have been transmitted without interruption from a very early period. The final decay of Lavinium was probably produced by the fall of paganism, and the consequent extinction of that religious reverence which had apparently been the principal means of its preservation for a long while before."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

The town is situated, like Ardea, upon an almost isolated hill, united to the table-land by a little isthmus, and surrounded everywhere else by deep ravines. The natural fortifications of tufa rock appear to have been strengthened by artificial cutting away, and some remains of ancient walls may be traced. The area of the town must always have been very small, and its principal building is now a great castle of Prince Borghese, with a tall tower. There are no remains of the temple of Venus which is mentioned by many classical authors, but it is supposed to have occupied the corner of the platform at the end nearest the sea. The place is almost deserted owing to the malaria, and the description of Mrs. Eaton's visit to the neighbouring Ostia would now apply even better to this place.

"It presented the strange spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing at the shut-up door of one of the houses, a woman, unclosing the shutter of an upper window, presented her ghastly face; and having first carefully reconnoitred us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel.

* Compare the relic of S. Januarius at Naples.

"'Where are all the people of the town,' we inquired.
"'Dead,' was the brief reply."

Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

An inscription tells that the modern name of Pratica was given at the cessation of a pestilence, when the inhabitants were again admitted to communication (*pratica*) with the neighbouring towns. Other inscriptions, speaking of "Laurentes Lavinates," refer to a union which the inhabitants made with the people of Laurentum, after they had received a fresh colony in the time of Trajan.

The best way of reaching Pratica from Rome is by a road which branches off to the left from the Via Ostiensis beyond S. Paolo, and, ascending the hills, leaves the Tre Fontane on the left, and crossing another hill to the Ponte del Butero passes the valley of Velerano, and proceeds by Tor di Sasso, Schizzanello, and Monte Migliore to Solfatara.

A beautiful forest road of five miles leads from Pratica to *Tor Paterno*, a lonely tower, joining a farm-house half a mile from the coast, which is usually regarded as marking the site of the famous Laurentum, though Nibby (followed by Murray's Handbook) places it at Capo Cotto, three miles distant, and inland, in contradiction of Pliny and Pomponius Mela, who describe it as near the coast. There are no ruins at Capo-Cotto, those described by Murray being entirely fictitious, but plenty at Tor Paterno, though they are all of imperial date. Near Tor Paterno, also, are still remains of the marsh spoken of by Virgil :—

"Atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua mœnia cingunt."
Æn. xii. 745.

and whose frogs are celebrated by Martial :—

"An Laurentino turpes in littore ranas,
Et satiùs tenues ducere credis acos?"

Ep. x. 37.

The *Via Laurentina*, which leaves the Via Ostiensis to the left about three miles from the gates of Rome, leads almost direct to Tor Paterno, and may be traced in many places by its ancient pavement.

Laurentum was the ancient capital of King Latinus, and according to the legend was his residence when Æneas and his Trojan colony landed on this shore, though upon the death of Latinus the seat of government was transferred first to Lavinium and then to Alba. Laurentum was never afterwards a place of much importance, though, because it was the only Latin city which took no part against Rome in the great war of B. C. 340, the treaty which had previously existed with them was "renewed always from year to year on the 10th day of the Feriæ Latinæ."* But Lucan speaks of Laurentum as among the deserted cities—"vacuas urbes"—in his time.

For the seven miles which separate Tor Paterno from Castel Fusano, we wander through the depths of the great forest of the Silva Laurentina, which still covers the coast here as at the time when the Trojans landed and made a raid upon its timber:—

"Bis senos pepigere dies, et, pace sequestra,
Per sylvas Teucri mixtique impune Latini,
Erravere jugis. Ferro sonat icta bipenni
Fraxinus; evertunt actas ad sidera pinus;
Robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum,
Nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos."

Æn. xi. 133.

* *Livy*, viii. 2.

Amid the huge stone pines grow gigantic ilexes and bay-trees, descendants of the "laurels" which, says Aurelius Victor, gave its name to Laurentum, and whose scent was considered so salubrious that the Emperor Commodus was advised to retire to a villa in the wood during a pestilence at Rome.* Here Varro says that the orator Hortensius had a villa, and a park full of wild boars, deer, and other game;† and near the shore, where remains of buildings may be discovered here and there, was the favourite villa of the younger Pliny.‡ Still, as in ancient times, the forest is beloved by sportsmen, and famous for its wild boars.

"Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
Defendit, multosve palus Laurentia, silvâ
Pastus arundineâ, postquam inter retia ventum est,
Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos;
Nec cuiquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus;
Sed jaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant:
Ille autem impavidus partes cunctatur in omnes,
Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas."

Æn. x. 707.

Here is still the thick pathless wood in which Virgil describes the tragic fate of the friends Nisus and Euryalus, the forest which:—

"late dumis atque ilice nigrâ
Horrida, quam densi complêrant undique sentes;
Rara per occultos lucebat semita calles."

Æn. ix. 381.

The most beautiful of forest-tracks leads from Tor Paterno to Porcigliano, passing at intervals the remains of an aqueduct which probably led to the villa of Commodus, and frequently

* *Herodian*, i. 12. † *Varro, R. R.* iii. 13. ‡ *Pliny, Ep.* ii. 17.

following the ancient *Via Laurentina*, of which some of the pavement remains.

At *Porcigliano* or *Castel Porciano* is a castle which lately belonged to the Duca di Magliano, but has been bought by Victor Emmanuel. *Campo Bufalaro*, near this, is supposed to mark the site of the station "Ad Helephantas." From Porcigliano two roads lead to Rome, falling into the Via Ostiensis, one by Decimo, the other by the Osteria di Mala Fede.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DESCENT OF THE TIBER—PORTO AND FIUMICINO.

(A steamer leaves the Ripa Grande every morning, and reaches Fiumicino in two hours: it leaves Fiumicino again at 3 P.M., and the return journey is very long and tedious. It is a drive of about 2½ hours from Rome to Fiumicino, and a carriage with two horses for the day ought not to cost more than 20 francs.)

THE road to Porto, after leaving the Porta Portese, passes for some distance through a hilly district, far more wooded and cultivated than is usual in the neighbourhood of Rome. The only point calling for attention is Magliana, seven miles from Rome, which is seen near the Tiber on the left of the road.

Those who wish to make a more intimate acquaintance with the Tiber itself should take the steamer to Fiumicino. The descent is flat and ugly, but it introduces one to a curious and new phase of country, and one which is filled with classical associations. Though melancholy and monotonous, this excursion is not one to be omitted.

The *Tiber* (Tevere) rises in the Apennines near Citta di Castello, and has a winding course of about 150 miles before reaching Rome, forming in ancient times the eastern boundary of Etruria.

"It receives numerous confluents or tributaries, of which the most important are—the Tinea, an inconsiderable stream which joins it from the E., a little below Perusia, bringing with it the waters of the more celebrated Clitumnus; the Clanis, which falls into it from the right bank, descending from the marsshy tract near Clusium; the Nar, a much more considerable stream, which is joined by the Velinus a few miles above Interamna, and discharges their combined waters into the Tiber, a few miles above Oriculum; and the Anio, which falls into the Tiber at Antemnæ, three miles above Rome. These are the only affluents of the Tiber of any geographical importance, but among its minor tributaries, the Allia on its left bank, a few miles above the Anio, and the Cremera on the right, are names of historical celebrity, though very trifling streams, the identification of which is by no means certain. Two other streams of less note, which descend from the land of the Sabines and fall into the Tiber between Oriculum and Eretum, are the Himela (Aia) and the Farfarus (Farfa)."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

There was a Roman tradition that the original name of the Tiber was Albula, and that it was changed because Tiberinus, one of the fabulous kings of Alba, was drowned in its waters. Hence the Latin poets frequently call it Albula.

. . . . "amisit rerum vetus Albula nomen."
Virgil, Æn. viii. 332.

The name Albula was applied to all sulphureous waters, but it does not apply to the Tiber, which is yellow, and is so called by Virgil in other places—

"Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit."
Æn. vii. 30.

"suo cum gurgite flavo."
Æn. ix. 816.

and by Horace :—

"Vidimus flavum Tiberim."
1 *Car.* ii. 13.

"Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere."
I *Car.* viii. 8.

"Flavus quam Tiberis lavit." II *Car.* iii. 18.

Virgil at one time flatters it as blue :—

"Cœruleus Thybris cœlo gratissimus amnis."
Æn. viii. 64.

The river-god or tutelary divinity of the Tiber was invoked by the augurs under the name of Tiberinus.

The distance between Rome and the mouth of the Tiber, 27 miles, was always navigable in imperial times for the largest rowing vessel and ships of war; but large merchant vessels discharged their cargoes at the mouth of the river, and sent them to Rome in barges.

After we emerge in the steamer from the walls of Rome, close to the Porta Portese on the right and passing on the left the Marmorata beneath the declivity of the Aventine, we pass under the Civita Vecchia railway. Before reaching S. Paolo, the Tiber receives, on the left, the Almo, the "cursu brevissimus Almo" of Ovid, at the spot where the famous statue of Cybele was landed, when it was brought from Pessinus in B. C. 204. The stream, a mere brooklet, is now generally called *Aquataccia.*

After leaving the ugly mass of buildings enclosing the grand basilica of San Paolo to the left, the Tiber receives (left) the stream of the *Acque Salvie*, which is supposed to be the Petronia, described by Festus as formed by the Fons Cati.

A little further, also on the left, a brook flows into the Tiber which has its source at the famous *Aqua Ferentina* in the Alban Hills.

On the right is *Magliana*, in a situation so dismal that one wonders how it could possibly have been the favourite

palace of Leo X. It is like the moated grange of Mariana, and has crumbling embattled walls. In its courtyard is a beautiful fountain. The rooms contain some decaying frescoes. Several have been removed. Those of the Annunciation and Visitation, the Martyrdom of S. Felicitas, and God the Father in benediction (a very grand work) were probably designed by Raphael, but executed by Lo Spagna.

"Leo X. was at his villa of Magliana, when he received intelligence that his party had triumphantly entered Milan; he abandoned himself to the exultation arising naturally from the successful completion of an important enterprise, and looked cheerfully at the festivities his people were preparing on the occasion.

"He paced backwards and forwards till deep in the night, between the window and a blazing hearth—it was in the month of November. Somewhat exhausted, but still in high spirits, he arrived in Rome, and the rejoicings there celebrated for his triumph were not yet concluded, when he was attacked by a mortal disease. 'Pray for me,' he said to his servants, 'that I may yet make you all happy.' We see that he loved life; but his hour was come, he had not time to receive the viaticum nor extreme unction. So suddenly, so prematurely, and surrounded by hopes so bright—he died—'as the poppy fadeth.'

"The Roman populace could not forgive their pontiff for dying without the sacraments—for having spent so much money and yet leaving large debts. They pursued his corpse to its grave with insult and reproach. 'Thou hast crept in like a fox,' they exclaimed; 'like a lion hast thou ruled us, and like a dog hast thou died.'"—*Ranke's Hist. of the Popes.*

The Tiber now winds sluggishly through a flat desert overgrown with thistles and asphodel, *porazzi* the Italians call them, on account of their abominable smell. On the left, near *Dragoncello*, where Nibby imagines the original mouth of the Tiber to have been, begin the chain of low hills called *Monte di Decima*, which extend in a slanting direction to the sea near Porto d'Anzio, and which he believes to have been once the coast-line of Latium. On the right is an open wilderness, where great herds of buffaloes graze undisturbed.

It is the country where the peasant-sufferings of the summer are described in the *Improvisatore*.

"The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds are all holy ciphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary arch of a ruined aqueduct, and the shepherd who sits beneath it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my companion and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow side of his passing observations. To me there is something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour inclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. Around us we saw only short yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; it was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two storeys. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow doorway bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the Middle Ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs; the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. The house was, as has been already said, in the very ancient times, a family burial, place, which consisted of a large room, with many small niches, side by side, in two rows, one above the other, all covered over with the most artistica. mosaic. Now each was put to very different purposes; the one was a store-room, another held pots and pans, and a third was the fire-place, where the beans were cooked.

"When rain began, it sometimes continued for a whole week, and imprisoned us in the narrow room, in which was a half twilight, although the door stood open when the wind blew the rain the other way. I had to rock the baby which lay in the cradle. Domenica spun with her spindle, told me tales of the robbers of the Campagna, who, however, did no harm; sang pious songs to me, taught me new prayers, and related to me new legends of saints which I had not heard before. Onions and bread were our customary food, and I thought them good; but I grew weary of myself shut up in that narrow room; and then Domenica just outside the door dug a little canal, a little winding Tiber, where the yellow water flowed slowly away. Little sticks and reeds were my boats, which I made to sail past Rome to Ostia; but, when the rain beat in too violently, the door was obliged to be shut, and we sate almost in the dark. Domenica spun, and I thought about the beautiful pictures in the convent church; seemed to see Jesus tossing past me in the boat; the Madonna on the cloud borne upwards by angels, and the tombstones with the garlanded heads.

"When the rainy season was over, the heavens showed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but, nevertheless, these had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange, red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse, their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention.

"The sun burnt hotter day by day: its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna. The stagnant water infected the air. We could only go out in the morning and evening. I thought about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and showed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds: my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these. The sun burned perpendicularly: my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew, with the speed of arrows, round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's suffering in the burning deserts of Africa.

"During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night, or else in the early hours of morning. The unhealthy atmosphere and

the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood: not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment; every marsh was dried up; warm, yellow water flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber; the juice of the melon was warm; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half-boiled, and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months.

"At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air; but a dulness, a death-like lethargy, produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. Flies and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life. They fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings: the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman, who in the hot summer days groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous, poisonous fire; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

This is perhaps the best word-picture of peasant life during a Campagna summer. It is a life of absolute solitude, so thin is the population, so widely scattered the huts of the peasantry. Yet the scenes amid which they live, and the picturesqueness of that part of religion which forms their sole idea of literature and art, make their life poetical in spite of all its misery, and the Italian peasant has a keen perception of the beauties of Nature, which would be quite incomprehensible to an English agriculturalist. This is seen in nothing so much as in the songs, which are for ever on

the lips of the people as they work. Here is a specimen given in the *Pilgrimage of the Tiber.*

"La prima volta che m' innamorai
Piantai lo dolce persico alla vigna,
E poi gli dissi, Persico benigno,
S' amor mi lassa, ti possi seccare!

A capo all' anno ritornai alla vigna;
Trovai lo dolce persico seccato;
Mi butto in terra e tutta scapiglio:
Questo è segno ch' amore m' ha lassato.

Albero che l'avevo tanto a caro,
E t' innacquavo co li miei sudori,
Si son seccate le cime e le rame
I frutti han perso lo dolce sapore.

Morte vieni da me quando ti pare,
Giacchè il mio bene ha mutato pensare.

When first the sweet pleasure of loving I knew,
I planted a peach in my vineyard one day,
And prayed, if my loved one should e'er prove untrue,
My beautiful peach-tree might wither away.

In the spring I returned to my vineyard, and found
My peach-tree was drooping, all faded and dried;
Then weeping, I threw myself down on the ground;
For this is a sign she is faithless, I cried.

My beautiful peach, that to me was so dear,
So anxiously tended and nourished with pain,
Its branches are withered, its leaves are grown sere,
Its fruits their sweet savour no longer retain.

Come, Death, when thou wilt; all my pleasures are o'er,
Since she who once loved me, now loves me no more."

As we approach the salt-marshes of Ostia

"Dove l' acqua di Tevere s'insala."

Dante, Purg. II. 101.

the river bends considerably to the right, leaving, three miles to the left, Ostia, which already in the days of Strabo

was called "a city without a port, on account of the alluvial deposits continually brought down by the Tiber." Julius Cæsar was the first to form a plan for a new artificial port,* but it was Claudius who carried out the work, and who, finding it hopeless to attempt to cleanse the original port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, constructed an entirely new harbour two miles north of the old one, opening upon the sea, and protected by two moles, which had an insulated breakwater between them, supporting a lighthouse.

"Claudius formed the harbour at Ostia, by carrying out circular piers on the right and on the left, with a mole protecting, in deep water, the entrance of the port. To secure the foundation of this mole, he sunk the vessel in which the great obelisk † was brought from Egypt, and built upon piles a very lofty tower, in imitation of the Pharos at Alexandria, on which lights were burnt to direct mariners in the night."—*Suetonius, Claud.* xx.

This harbour is described by Juvenal:—

"Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon; porrectaque brachia rursum
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam. Non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit."

Sat. xii. 75.

and by Valerius Flaccus:—

"Non ita Tyrrhenus stupet Ioniusque magister
Qui portus, Tiberine, tuos, claramque serena
Arce Pharon princeps linquens, nusquam Ostia, nusquam
Ausoniam videt."

Argon. vii. 83.

In course of years the port of Claudius was also choked up, and a new harbour was begun in A. D. 103, by Trajan,

* *Plutarch, Cæs.* 58. There is no authority for saying it was the plan of Augustus, as stated by Murray, &c.

† Now in front of S. Peter's.

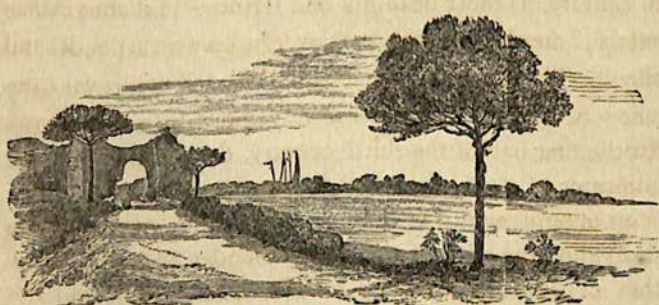
united with the port of Claudius on the W., and with the Tiber by a canal, Fossa Trajana, which, since the increasing filling up of the old bed of the river, has become the Tiber itself, and is now the only branch which is navigable. The port was surrounded by warehouses. The new harbour became known as Portus Ostiensis, Portus Urbis, or, more simply, Portus. It was chiefly used for the importation of corn for the supply of the capital, which was almost entirely dependent on foreign produce as its population increased. Its importance was realized when Rome was attacked by barbarian forces, and especially in A. D. 409, when the Gothic king Alaric, by making himself master of Portus, and so cutting off the supplies, obliged the Roman senate to accept whatever terms he chose to dictate. Rome was in similar distress under Belisarius, when Vitiges, in 537, seized Portus.

In the 10th century, the port of Trajan had been so neglected and allowed to fill up, that it had become a mere pool, entirely separated from the sea, and only connected with the Tiber by a ditch. This drove trade for a time into the older branch of the river, and gave a passing importance to mediæval Ostia, where a fortress had been built by Gregory IV., in the preceding century. In 1612 the canal of Trajan was once more cleared out by Paul V., and connected with Fiumicino, and has ever since been the only way by which vessels can ascend the Tiber, the other branch having been almost entirely closed up by sand near its mouth.

The port of Trajan, still called *Il Trajano*, is now a bason of still blue water, surrounded by low underwood; along its sides the quays and warehouses by which it was once surrounded may still be traced. Near it, by the road-side close

to the Villa Torlonia, is placed an inscription recording the cutting of the canals of Claudius in A. D. 49.

This inscription has generally been understood to convey that the work of Claudius was due to his anxiety to relieve the inundations of the Tiber; but Burn, in his *Rome and the Campagna*, explains that the words "operis portus caussa" would show that the primary object of the fossæ was to supply the port with water, and that the advantage of preventing inundations at Rome was only subordinate.



Arco di Nostra Signora, Porto.

Through a picturesque gateway, now called *Arco di Nostra Signora*, we reach the little group of buildings which is all that remains of the mediæval town of *Porto*, consisting of the Bishop's Palace, and the little Cathedral of Santa Rufina, with a 10th-century tower. The place was ruined at a very early period, owing to the Saracenic invasions, and though many popes have made attempts to recolonize it, they have always failed. As early as 1019 there were no inhabitants save a few guards in the tower of Porto, though it was the seat of a bishop, and though it has always continued to give a title to the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals.

The meadows near Porto, which are encircled by the two branches of the Tiber, form the *Isola Sacra*, a name first given to it by Procopius, who describes it:—

> "Tum demum ad naves gradior, qua fronte bicorni
> Dividuus Tiberis dexteriora secat.
> Lævus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis:
> Hospitis Æneæ gloria sola manet.
>
> i. 169.

The island is described by Aethicus, who wrote in the fifth century, as most beautiful and fertile—"Libanus Almæ Veneris;" now it is in great part overgrown with asphodel and mallow. The name of its church with the tall mediæval campanile—S. Ippolito—will recall the famous Bishop of Porto.

In the first half of the third century, during the troubled pontificates of Zephyrinus and Callistus, when various heresies on minute points of Christian doctrine were agitating and dividing the Church, the great defender of the faith, the author of *The Refutation of all the Heresies*, who did not hesitate to resist and condemn one Pope, and actually excommunicate another, was Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, who was afterwards (under Maximin) banished to Sardinia, and eventually, according to the poetic legend in Prudentius, suffered martyrdom in the suburbs of Rome.

"The Roman Church comprehended, besides its Bishop, forty-six Presbyters, and seven Deacons, with their subordinate officers. Each Presbyter doubtless presided over a separate community, each with its basilica, scattered over the wide circuit of the city; they were the primary Parish Priests of Rome. But besides these were suburbican Bishops of the adjacent towns, Ostia, Tibur, Porto, and others (six or seven), who did not maintain their absolute independence on the metropolis, each in the seclusion of their own community; they held their synods in Rome, but as yet with Greek equality rather than Roman subordination; they were the initiatory College of Cardinals (who still

take some of their titles from these sees), but with the Pope as one of this co-equal college, rather than the dominant, certainly not the despotic, head.

"Of all these suburban districts at this time Portus was the most considerable, and most likely to be occupied by a distinguished prelate. Portus, from the reign of Trajan, had superseded Ostia as the haven of Rome. It was a commercial town of growing extent and opulence, at which most of the strangers from the last who came by sea landed or set sail. Through Portus, no doubt, most of the foreign Christians found their way to Rome. Of this city, Hippolytus was the bishop, Hippolytus who afterwards rose to the dignity of saint and martyr, and whose statue, discovered in the Laurentian cemetery, now stands in the Lateran. Conclusive internal evidence indicates Hippolytus as the author of the *Refutation of all Heresies.* If any one might dare to confront the Bishop of Rome, it was the Bishop of Portus."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

Here Dante makes the rendezvous of the happy souls, whom the celestial pilot is presently to transport to Purgatory.

"sempre quivi si ricoglie,
Qual verso d'Acheronte non si cala."

Purg. ii. 104.

The mouth of the Tiber is very different now to that which Virgil describes :—

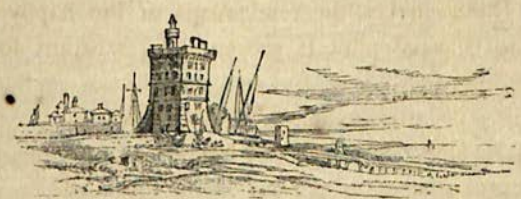
"Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres ex fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat ; et lætus fluvio succedit opaco."

Æn. vii. 29.

"Les tourbillons du fleuve, le sable qui le jaunit caractérisent aujourd'hui l'aspect du Tibre comme au siècle de Virgile ; mais on ne peut plus parler de son *cours gracieux*, le bois a disparu et les oiseaux se sont envolés ; on ne voit aux embouchures du Tibre qu'une plaine

sans arbres, comme sans habitants, où des buffles paisent parmi les marécages. Aux buffles près, qui sont modernes, ce lieu devait être ainsi avant que le voisinage d'Ostie y eût fait naître une végétation qui s'en est allée avec Ostie. Aujourd'hui c'est une plage stérile plus semblable qu'au temps de Virgile à ce qu'elle était au temps d'Enée."—*Ampère, Hist. Rome*, i. 193.

From Porto, two miles of road, or river, take one to *Fiumicino*, which derives its name from its situation on the smaller branch of the Tiber, and which stands at the present mouth of the river. A row of modern houses was erected by the late government, but have little view of the sea, owing to the sand-banks. The handsome castellated tower, with a lighthouse on the top, was built by Clement XIV. in 1773.



Fiumicino.

On the shore, half way between Fiumicino and Palo, the site of the ancient Fregellæ is marked by the tower and farm of *Maccarese*, at the mouth of the river Arrone. The marsh called "Stagno di Maccarese" answers to the description of Silius Italicus.

> . . . "Obsessæ campo squalente Fregellæ."
> viii. 477.

It was hence that Tarquinius Priscus summoned Turrianus, a native artist, to make a terra cotta statue of Jupiter for his temple on the Capitol.*

* *Pliny*, xxxv. 45.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CERVETRI.

(The best way of reaching this wonderful place is to go to Palo, on the Civita Vecchia line, by rail, and walk from thence. Sometimes it is possible to obtain a hired gig at Palo, especially if one can write beforehand to order it from Cervetri. Seven francs is the proper price, to which the *vetturini* agree for going and returning, but the bargain must be made before leaving Palo. The sights of Cervetri must be visited in time to return to Rome by the evening train, for the only inn at Cervetri is so utterly wretched, it would be scarcely possible to pass the night there.)

PALO consists now of a tiny hamlet, with a seventeenth-century fortress on the sea-coast, marking the site of Alsium, where Pompey had a villa, to which he retired in disgust when refused the dictatorship. Julius Cæsar possessed a villa here, where he landed on his return from Africa, and to which all the nobles of Rome hastened to greet him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius also had a villa here, to which several of the epistles of Fronto are addressed, who speaks of the place as "maritimus et voluptarius locus." Nothing now remains of the ancient town but some foundations of the villas near the sea-shore. The origin of Alsium is ascribed by Silius Italicus to Halæsus :—

"Necnon Argolico dilectum litus Halæso
Alsium."

viii. 476.

The Via Aurelia passed through Alsium.

Even from the station, the white walls of Cervetri may be discovered under the low-lying grey hills upon the right. The distance by the fields is about four miles, but by the high-road it is nearly six. The former path turns off to the right, just after the road has crossed the Vaccina rivulet, and is not difficult to find, but it is impervious in times of flood, as near Cervetri another brook has to be crossed upon stepping-stones. This is the "Cæretanus Amnis" of Pliny (iii. 15), which is mentioned by Virgil:—

> "Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Cæritis amnem,
> Religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
> Inclusere cavi et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
> Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 597.

"It is the Cæritis Amnis on whose banks Tarcho and his Etruscans pitched their camps, and Æneas received from his divine mother his god-wrought arms, and the prophetic shield eloquent of the future glories of Rome,

> '——— clypei non enarrabile textum.
> Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos,
> Fecerat Ignipotens.'

The eye wanders up the shrub-fringed stream, over bare undulating downs, the *arva lata* of ancient song, to the hills swelling into peaks and girt with a broad belt of olive and ilex. There frowned the dark grove of Silvanus, of dread antiquity, and there, on yon red cliffs—the 'ancient heights' of Virgil—sat the once opulent and powerful city of Agylla, the Cære of the Etruscans, now represented, in name and site alone, by the miserable village of Cervetri. All this is hallowed ground —*religione patrum latè sacer*—hallowed, not by the traditions of evanescent creeds, nor even by the hoary antiquity of the site, so much as by the homage the heart ever pays to the undying creations of the fathers of song. The hillocks, which rise here and there on the wide downs, are so many sepulchres of princes and heroes of old, coëval, it may be, with those on the plains of Troy; and if not, like them, the standing records of traditional events, at least the mysterious memorials of a prior

age, which led the poet to select this spot as a fit scene for his verse. The large mound which rises close to the bridge may be the *celsus collis* whence Æneas gazed on the Etruscan camp. No warlike sights or sounds now disturb the rural quiet of the scene. Sword and spear are exchanged for crook and ploughshare; and the only sound likely to catch the ear is the lowing of cattle, the baying of sheep-dogs, or the cry of the *pecorajo* as he marches at the head of his flock, and calls them to follow him to their fold or to fresh pastures. Silvanus, 'the god of fields and cattle,' has still dominion in the land."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The most conspicuous feature in distant views of the town is the ugly castle of Prince Ruspoli, who is Prince of Cervetri, and to whom most of the land in this neighbourhood belongs. The people all work in gangs, long lines of men and women in their bright costumes digging the land together. Most travellers who come upon them thus, will be struck with the rude songs with which they accompany their work, one often leading, and the rest taking up the chorus in melancholy cadences.

Cervetri was called Agylla by the Pelasgi, and Cære by the Etruscans. Tradition says that the latter name was given to it because when the Etruscan colonists were about to besiege it, they hailed it, demanding its name, and a soldier on the walls answered Χαῖρε—"hail!" which they afterwards chose, upon its capture, for the name of the city.

The earliest mention of Agylla is to be found in Herodotus (i. 166). Its Tyrrhenian inhabitants, having conquered the Phocæans in battle, cruelly stoned to death the prisoners they brought back with them. Afterwards every living creature who approached the spot where this tragedy had been enacted was seized with convulsions or paralysis. The oracle of Delphi was consulted how the wrath of the gods might be appeased, and the people of Cære were commanded

to celebrate the obsequies of the slain, and annually to hold games in their honour, which, says Herodotus, was done up to his time.

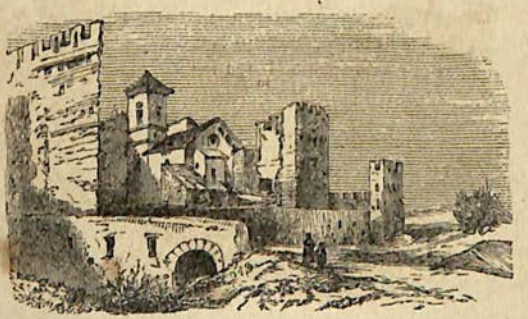
Virgil indicates the early importance of Agylla, by describing that its ruler Mezentius sent 1000 men to assist Turnus against Æneas.

> "Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto
> Urbis Agyllinæ sedes; ubi Lydia quondam
> Gens, bello præclara, jugis insedit Etruscis.
> Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
> Imperio et sævis tenuit Mezentius armis."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 478.

In the time of the Roman monarchy Cære was one of the chief places in Etruria, and it became one of the twelve cities of the league. When Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from Rome, Livy relates that, with his two younger sons, he took refuge at Cære. In 365, during the Gaulish invasion, Cære became the refuge of the vestal virgins and the Flamen Quirinalis, and its people are said to have successfully attacked the Gauls who were returning with the spoil of Rome, and to have taken it from them. From the belief that the Etruscan priests of Cære first instructed the Romans in their mystic religious rites has been deduced the word ceremony—"Cæremonia."

In the early times of the Empire the town is described by Strabo as having already lost all signs of its ancient splendour, but in the time of Trajan its medical waters—Aquæ Cæritanæ, the same which Livy mentions as flowing with blood—led to some return of its ancient prosperity. From the fourth to the eleventh century it possessed a cathedral and a bishop, but since then it has increasingly decayed, part of the inhabitants removing to a town on another

site—Ceri Nuova—and leaving to the old city the name of Cære Vetus—Cervetri. As we pass the ruined church of "La Madonna dei Canneti" in the reedy hollow, and ascend the hill of Cervetri, the walls built by its Orsini barons rise picturesquely along the crest of the hill, constructed with huge blocks of orange-coloured tufa taken from the Etruscan fortifications. They end in a picturesque mediæval gateway.

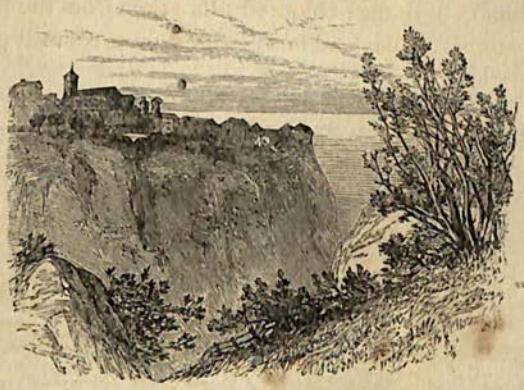


Gate of Cervetri.

Here we must enter the town to engage the custode of the tombs and insist upon his accompanying us, which, with true Italian love of '*far niente*,' he is not always very willing to do. Lights must also be taken. The ancient city, which was of oblong form, was nearly five miles in circuit, and filled the promontory, one small corner of which is occupied by the mediæval town. Of all this scarcely anything, except a few fragments of wall rising upon the tufa cliffs, can be discovered; but it is not so with the Necropolis.

One must descend the path which turns to the right outside the gateway, leading immediately under the walls over some waste ground covered with the Virgin's thistle, and down a steep path into the ravine of "*La Buffalareccia*,"

watered by the stream called "Ruscello della Madonna de' Canneti." Mounting the opposite hill, we find ourselves on high breezy downs overgrown with sweet basil and violets, and with a delightful view towards the sea, as well as to the mediæval city rising on its orange crags, half-buried



Cervetri.

in bay and ilex. This hill-side is now called *La Banditaccia*—from being *terra-bandita*, land set apart by the commune, while the final syllable of the name is due to its unproductive character—and this was the Necropolis of Cære. Many of the tombs were hollowed in the cliffs as in Northern Etruria, but the largest and most remarkable are burrowed out of the tufa beneath the upland turf, and are often quite unmarked externally, but in other cases indicated by a tumulus.

Many of the tombs are worth visiting, but that which is far the most striking is the furthest in the line, the *Grotta dei Bassi-Relievi*, which is often filled with water, and difficult of access. When we first visited Cervetri, we

considered this vast sepulchral chamber, adorned with huge shields and other weapons, sculptured in the boldest relief out of the solid rock, and casting long shadows in the glare of the torchlight, one of the most striking sights we ever looked upon. But during our last visit the tomb was quite inaccessible from the water with which it was filled.

The *Grotta de' Tarquinj*, the tomb of the Tarquins, the family of the last of the Roman kings, is most interesting. It consists of two stories, the lower chamber is reached from the upper, and is covered with inscriptions rudely cut and painted in red or black, in which the name of Tarchnas occurs at least thirty-five times.

The *Grotta deli' Architettura* is supported by two huge fluted columns. It is surrounded by a shelf, with divisions all round for two bodies in each, and has an inner chamber for the heads of the family.

The *Grotta de' Sarcophagi* still contains three large tombs of alabaster—"a kind from the Circean Promontory." Two of these support grand figures of warriors. One lies flat upon his back like a Templar, the other has turned away upon his side towards the wall. The third sarcophagus has no figure, and is beautifully transparent. It is so seldom that monumental effigies can still be seen *in situ* in the Etruscan sepulchres, that this tomb is most interesting, as well as wonderfully impressive and picturesque. It is often filled with water, but it is still possible to enter, by creeping round the couches upon which the sarcophagi are laid, and the reflection of the torches in the water adds to the effect of the scene.

The *Grotta del Triclinio* is covered with nearly-effaced paintings of a very archaic character, banquetting scenes,

repeated again and again, and animals. This tomb takes its name from the benches of rock, to support the dead, which surround it. Bas-reliefs of a boar and a panther are sculptured near the entrance. The paintings in this tomb are especially interesting, because Pliny mentions ancient paintings, believed to be of earlier date than the foundation of Rome, as existing in his time at Cære.*

These are the most remarkable of the tombs on "La Banditaccia," but there is another tomb on the other side of the road, leading up to Cervetri, which should be visited, not so much for what it is now, but as the place where the most remarkable of the Etruscan ornaments now in the Vatican were discovered. This tomb is called the *Grotta Regulini-Galassi* from its discoverers, the arch-priest Regulini of Cervetri and General Galassi. The opening to the tomb is a rude arch surmounted by a block of *nenfro*, under a low bank in a ploughed field. This gives entrance to two chambers.

"In the outer chamber, at the further end (when the tomb was opened), lay a bier of bronze, formed of narrow cross-bars, with an elevated place for the head. The corpse which had lain on it had long since fallen to dust. By its side stood a small four-wheeled car, or tray of bronze, with a basin-like cavity in the centre. On the other side of the bier lay some twenty or thirty little earthenware figures, probably the lares of the deceased. At the head and foot of the bier stood a small iron altar or tripod. At the foot lay also a bundle of darts, and a shield; and several more shields rested against the wall. All were of bronze, and beautifully embossed, but apparently for ornament alone. Nearer the door stood a four-wheeled car, which, from its size and form, seemed to have borne the bier to the sepulchre. And just within the entrance stood, on iron tripods, a couple of cauldrons, with a number of curious handles terminating in griffons' heads, together with a singular vessel,—a pair of bell-shaped vases, united by a couple of spheres.

* *Pliny*, xxxv. 3, s. 6.

Besides these articles of bronze, there was a series of vessels suspended by bronze nails from each side of the recess in the roof. The tomb had evidently contained the body of a warrior.

"The door of the inner chamber was closed with masonry to half its height, and in it stood two more pots of bronze, and against each door-post hung a vessel of pure silver. There were no urns in this chamber, but the vault was hung with bronze vessels, and others were suspended on each side of the entrance. Further in, stood two bronze cauldrons for perfumes, as in the outer chamber: and then, at the end of the tomb, on no couch, bier, or sarcophagus, not even on a rude bench of rock, but on the bare ground, lay—a corpse?—no, for it had ages since returned to dust, but a number of gold ornaments, whose position showed most clearly that, when placed in the tomb, they were upon a human body. The richness, beauty, and abundance of these articles, all of pure gold, were amazing. There were, a head-dress of singular character—a large breastplate, beautifully embossed, such as was worn by Egyptian priests—a finely-twisted chain, and a necklace of very long joints—earrings of great length—a pair of massive bracelets of exquisite filagree-work—no less than eighteen *fibulæ* or brooches, sundry rings, and fragments of gold fringes and laminæ, in such quantities, that there seemed to have been an entire garment of pure gold. Against the inner wall lay two vessels of silver with figures in relief."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

"Now comes the grand wonder,—this had been a woman! Whether a warrior queen or a priestess, none can tell. Greatly honoured and sovereign in power she had certainly been, and her name was 'Larthia,' which, as 'Lars' means 'sovereign or greatly exalted man,' probably means 'sovereign or greatly exalted woman.' A quantity of vases were in the tomb, some of them bearing the names of 'Larthia,' and others of 'Mi Larthia.' It is the opinion of Canina that this tomb was constructed many years before the Trojan war, and Troy fell in 1187 before the Christian era. We therefore read the language, and scan the dress and furniture, and see the very dust, of those who were contemporary with Jeptha and the older judges of Israel, long before the times of Saul and of David."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray's "Sepulchres of Etruria."*

On the edge of Monte Abatone, where Canina places the sacred wood of Silvanus mentioned by Virgil, is the tomb called *Grotta Campana*, a single chamber, divided into three parts by Doric columns. In the first division is a re-

markable fan-like ornament on the ceiling. On the walls are reliefs in stucco, and the number of curious vases found here are preserved in their places.

Three miles east of Cervetri is *Ceri Nuovo*, a mediæval town fortified by the Orsini.

(In the hilly country between Corneto and Civita Vecchia, picturesquely situated in a wild district, is *Tolfa*, much resorted to in summer on account of the mineral baths in its neighbourhood for the cure of rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia. A little to the west of this is *Aluminiera*, with very remunerative alum-mines.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CORNETO.

(Corneto may easily be seen in the day from Rome by taking the earliest train on the Leghorn railway, and returning by the latest: or it may be combined with an excursion to Ponte del Abbadia, by sleeping at Montalto, or Civita Vecchia. The inn at Corneto is filthy and most wretched.

A visit to the magnificent Etruscan collection in the Vatican ought both to precede and follow an excursion to Corneto, and will give it a double interest. In the Vatican are copies of the most important paintings in the Corneto tombs, which, having been taken when the originals were less injured than they are now, will explain much that is of necessity hastily and ill seen by the flickering torchlight. The careful study of *Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* will also add greatly to the pleasure of seeing the places he describes, and a reference to the *Sepulchres of Etruria* of Mrs Hamilton Gray, who gives coloured engravings from several of the more remarkable paintings, should not be omitted.

The first care of every one on arriving at Corneto, should be to secure the services of the custode of the tombs on the Monterozzi, who will also supply lights, though wax tapers—"cerini"—may with advantage be taken out from Rome.)

THE journey as far as Palo has already been described. Beyond Palo, passing on the left the square tower called *Torre Flavia*, we reach the station of *Santa Severa*, with a picturesque mediæval castle projecting into the sea, and built upon a foundation of irregular polygonal blocks of masonry, being a remnant of the Pelasgic walls which

may be traced for some distance enclosing a quadrangular space about half a mile in circuit, and which marks the site of Pyrgi, the "Pyrgi veteres" of Virgil (*Æn.* x. 184), and the port of Cære, from which it is six miles distant.

Pyrgi was famous for its temple of Eileithyia,* or Leucothea,† founded by the Pelasgians, and so exceedingly wealthy, that when in B. C. 384 Dionysius of Syracuse descended upon Pyrgi, he carried off treasure from it to the amount of 1000 talents. There are no remains of the temple existing. Strabo speaks of the town as a small one, and in the time of Rutilius it was only a large villa.

> "Alsia prælegitur tellus, Pyrgique recedunt;
> Nunc villæ grandes, oppida parva prius."
>
> *Itin.* i. 223.

We next reach the station of *Santa Marinella*, with a mediæval castle overhanging the sea, and a palm-tree in its garden. It is supposed to mark the site of the Roman station of Punicum. An ancient bridge remains, by which the Via Aurelia crossed a stream. A mile from hence in the direction of Civita Vecchia is the *Puntone del Castrato*, where some Etruscan tombs, lined and roofed by large slabs of stone, were opened by the Duchess of Sermoneta in 1840.

The tower called *Chiaruccia* now marks the site of Castrum Novum, another station on the Via Aurelia, and soon after *Civita Vecchia* comes in sight. This, the ancient Centumcellæ, is a place utterly devoid of interest, and in the eyes of those who arrive at Rome by sea, is only connected with much discomfort and an ardent desire to get away. The origin of the place was entirely due to the construction of its port by Trajan, of which Pliny has left an account.‡

* *Strabo*, l. c. † *Arist.* l. c. ‡ *Ep.* vi. 31.

"Ad Centumcellas forti deflexímus Austro;
Tranquillâ puppes in statione sedent.
Molibus æquoreum concluditur amphitheatrum,
Angustosque aditus insula facta tegit;
Attollit geminas turres, bifidoque meatu,
Faucibus arctatis pandit utrumque latus.
Nec posuisse satis laxo navalia portu,
Ne vaga vel tutas ventilet aura rates.
Interior medias sinus invitatus in ædes
Instabilem fixis aëra nescit aquis."

Rutilius, i. 237.

"Whoever has approached the Eternal City from the sea must admit the fidelity of the above picture. As Civita Vecchia was 1400 years since, so it is now. The artificial island, with its twin-towers at the mouth of the port; the long moles stretching out to meet it; the double passage, narrowed almost to a closing of the jaws; the amphitheatre of water within, overhung by the houses of the town, and sheltered from every wind—will be at once recognized. It would seem to have remained *in statu quo* ever since it was built by Trajan. Yet the original town was almost utterly destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century; but when rebuilt, the disposition of the port was preserved, by raising the moles, quay, and fortress on the ancient foundations, which are still visible beneath them."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria*, ii. 1.

Monotonous plains, covered with lentisc, cork, and myrtle, separate Civita Vecchia from Corneto. Half-way between the two the railway crosses the little river Mignone, anciently the Minio, mentioned by Virgil.

"Qui sunt Minionis in arvis."

Æn. x. 183.

At its mouth stands the solitary tower of *Bertaldo*, marking the site of the Roman station Rapinium. It is popularly called *S. Agostino* from the charming story of the Bishop of Hippo which is associated with this spot.

"While busied in writing his *Discourse on the Trinity*, S. Augustine wandered along the sea-shore lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing

water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task? He replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. 'Impossible!' exclaimed Augustine. 'Not more impossible,' replied the child, 'than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Soon, on the right, *Corneto*—"the Queen of the Maremma"—crowns a long ridge of hill with its towers, and, beyond it, rises another and barren ridge, which was the site of the ancient Tarquinii.

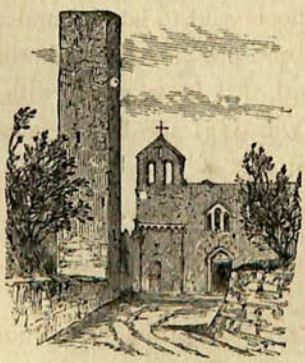
A winding road ascends from the station to Corneto, about 1½ mile distant.* As we near the town its battlemented walls are very picturesque. Close to the gate is the magnificent old Gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi, whose splendid flamboyant windows are so little appreciated by the inhabitants of Corneto, that it has obtained the name of *Il Palazzaccio*—the great ugly palace. The court-yard has a beautiful cloister, with open galleries above, but it is lamentably neglected, and the palace is now turned partly into a barrack, and partly into a most miserable inn.

Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built this palace, is mentioned by a contemporary chronicler as "the most valorous captain of his time," and was strangely rewarded with a Cardinal's hat by Eugenius IV. (1431-47), for his services as General of the Papal armies. In his honour, also, an equestrian statue was erected in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of Pater Patriæ, which had been bestowed upon Augustus; and, at the same time, because they were his fellow-townsmen, the Roman citizenship was conferred upon all the inhabitants of Corneto. After rising to the highest point of prosperity, Cardinal Vitelleschi was suspected of treason

* There are seldom any carriages at the Corneto Station.

by Pope Eugenius, and he was arrested as he was passing the castle of S. Angelo, but received so many wounds in attempting to defend himself and escape, that he died in the fortress after only four days of imprisonment, in 1440. His shield of arms, with two heifers in allusion to his name, still hangs over his palace gate, and Corneto still possesses the great bells of Palestrina, which he carried off, when he took and totally destroyed that famous fortress of the Colonnas.

A lane, behind the palace, leads to the *Cathedral*, S. Maria di Castello—a good specimen of twelfth-century architecture. It contains a curious pulpit of 1209, with lions on its staircase, a beautiful opus-alexandrinum pavement, an altar with a baldacchino inscribed 1060, and some tombs of bishops. The baptistery is octagonal, surrounded with slabs of different-coloured marble. Separated from the church



Cathedral, Corneto.

stands its massive square campanile, shorn of one third of its original height, and of the statues of horses from Tar-

quinii, which are said once to have stood on the angles at the summit.

At the opposite end of the town is the *Palazzo Bruschi*, containing many Etruscan antiquities, and possessing a beautiful garden of cypresses, decorated with Etruscan vases and tombs, and with a glorious view over the sea and its islands and towards the promontory of Argentara.

In one of the convent churches in the town, of which they had been patrons in their lifetime, the body of Letitia Buonaparte—'Madame Mère'—(who died at Rome) with that of her brother, Cardinal Fesch, reposed for some years, but they are now removed to Corsica, to a church which the cardinal had founded.

The hill of Turchina, separated from that of Corneto by a deep valley through which flows the brook Sarriva, was the site of Tarquinii itself. It derives its name from Tarchon, a legendary companion of Æneas in two wars against Turnus and Mezentius, who is said to have founded the city 1200 B. C., and to have been possessed of such wonderful wisdom, even from childhood, that he was born with a hoary head.*

Silius Italicus (viii. 473) speaks of 'superbi Tarchontis domus;' and Virgil says:—

> "Ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam
> Cum sceptro misit, mandatque insignia Tarchon
> Succedam castris, Tyrrhenaque regna capessam."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 505.

Other authorities attribute the foundation of the city to Tages.

"Here, in the neighbourhood of Tarquinii, and about the period of its foundation, it came to pass, said the Etruscan tradition recorded

* *Strabo*, v. 219.

in the sacred books of the nation, that as a certain peasant was ploughing the land, and chanced to make a furrow deeper than usual, up sprang a wondrous being, a boy in appearance, but a patriarch in wisdom, Tages by name, the son of a Genius, and grandson of Jove. The peasant, amazed at this apparition, uttered a loud cry; a crowd gathered round; and, 'in a short time,' says Cicero, who relates the story, 'all Etruria was assembled on the spot.' The mysterious boy then made known to them the practice of divination by the inspiration of entrails and the flight of birds; they treasured up all he had said or sung, and committed it to writing; and these records formed the code of the sacred Discipline of the Etruscans, which regulated their entire polity, civil and religious, and was by them transmitted to the Romans." —*Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*

"Haud aliter stupuit, quam quum Tyrrhenus arator
Fatalem glebam mediis aspexit in arvis,
Sponte sua primum, nulloque agitante, moveri;
Sumere mox hominis terræque amittere formam,
Oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis—
Indigenæ dixere Tagen; qui primus Etruscam
Edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros."

Ovid, Met. xv. 558.

From its connection with the legend of Tages and his mystic rites, Tarquinii became the religious metropolis of Etruria, and continued to be regarded as the city especially honoured by the gods.

In the first century of Rome, Demaratus, a rich Corinthian merchant, migrated to Etruria, owing to political dissensions in his own country, and settled at Tarquinii, where he married an Etruscan lady, by whom he had two sons. He first taught the Etruscans alphabetical writing, and he brought with him Cleophantus the painter, and Euchir and Eugrammus, workers in terra-cotta, who instructed the people in their respective arts. The younger son of Demaratus, Lucumo or Lucius, married a noble Etruscan lady named Tanaquil, but nevertheless found every avenue to distinction closed to strangers

amongst the Etruscans. Thus, after he had succeeded to his father's wealth, on his elder brother's death, his wife Tanaquil, who had the national gift of reading the future, urged him to emigrate to Rome. An augury confirmed her words; for when they reached the top of the Janiculan, an eagle swooped down, lifted the hat of Lucumo into the air, and, returning, replaced it on his head. He was welcomed to Rome, received the rights of Roman citizenship, changed his name into Lucius Tarquinius, was made guardian of the king's sons, and was eventually himself raised to the throne as Tarquinius Priscus.

The people of Tarquinii continued mindful of their consanguinity to the Tarquins, and joined with the people of Veii in attempting to re-instate the last king when he was exiled. After this they were frequently at war with Rome, success alternating pretty equally between the two cities. In the fifth century of Rome, Tarquinii fell completely under its dominion. In the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era it was devastated by the Saracens, and in 1307 it was entirely deserted and its buildings were utterly destroyed by the people of Corneto, then called Cortuessa, when the seat of the bishopric (founded in 465) was removed, under its fifth occupant, to the new town.

Behind and beyond Corneto stretch the barren rugged heights of the *Monterozzi*, the Necropolis of old Tarquinii. Nothing is to be seen above-ground but low mounds scattered over the table-land. The number of tombs it contains has, however, been computed at not less than two millions, and the Necropolis is considered to be sixteen miles in extent! Above 2000 tombs have been opened, but only a few can now be visited. Of these, the most remarkable are:

The *Grotta Querciola*, so called from its owner, surrounded by double frieze of frescoes, representing, in the upper series, a banquet with musicians and dancers, and, in the lower, a boar-hunt in a forest, with horses and dogs, and men brandishing spears for the attack and axes for cutting their way through the thickets. The latter fresco has sometimes given the name of "Grotta della Caccia del Cignale" to this beautiful tomb, which is much injured by damp. It was discovered in April, 1831.

The *Grotta del Triclinio*, or *Del Convito Funebre*, was discovered in 1830. Five figures at the upper end of the chamber are reclining at a banquet, attended by a boy with a wine jug, while a man is piping to them. Above, are vines, with men gathering the grapes. Along the walls are figures, male and female, violently dancing, in different attitudes, and separated by trees and flowers, with birds on their branches, and rabbits beneath, perhaps indicating that the feast took place *al fresco*. On either side of the entrance is a man on horse-back, and, above them, two panthers. The sloping sides of the ceiling are painted with chequers of colour, and its broad central beam is adorned with ivy and lotus leaves.

The *Grotta del Morto*, opened 1832, is one of the most interesting of the series of tombs, though one of the smallest. In its frescoes an aged Etruscan lies on his death-bed, while his daughter is about to give him a last kiss: other figures stand near in attitudes of grief. The word "Thanarsela" is written above the head of the lady, and "Thanaueil" over that of her father. On the opposite side of the chamber naked figures are dancing and drinking at a feast in honour of the dead. Funeral wreaths hang round the walls of the tomb.

In this, as in all the tombs, the flesh of the males is painted red, but that of the women left uncoloured. The paintings here are greatly effaced.

The *Grotta de' Pompei*, or *Grotta del Tifone*, discovered 1832, is deeper than the others, and of great size. The roof is supported by a great square pillar, like those at Cervetri, and a triple tier of stone seats surrounds the chamber. On these are a number of stone sarcophagi once surmounted by recumbent figures, of which two only remain perfect. One of the paintings which decorate the walls, considered by Dennis to be "of much later date and higher style of art" than those in the other tombs, represents a miniature procession, in which the dead, a youth and a girl, are driven by demons to Hades. One of them has his claw upon the shoulder of the youth, and brandishes a hammer, the emblem of supernatural power, in the other hand. The heads of both are twined with serpents :—

> "Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine
> Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte."
>
> *Dante.*

There is something very attractive in this picture, with its lost story. Mrs Hamilton Gray thinks that Dante must have seen it before he wrote of Francesca da Rimini, and that in the agonized faces of those who are led away he read :—

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."
>
> *Inferno* v.

In front of the central pillar is a square mass of rock, which is supposed to have been an altar, on which sacrifices were

made to the Manes. The front of the pillar itself bears an Etruscan inscription of nine lines, almost obliterated. Three sides of the pillar also are painted, one with a female figure ending in foliage, the others with Typhons.

"One of these two figures is particularly fine. The attitude of the body—the outspread wings—the dark massy coils of the serpent-limbs—the wild twisting of the serpent-locks—the countenance uplifted with an expression of unutterable woe, as he supports the cornice with his hands—make this figure imposing, mysterious, sublime. In conception, the artist was the Michael Angelo of Etruria."—*Dennis.*

The *Grotta del Cardinale*, in a hollow which leads towards the site of the city, was discovered in 1699, and finally opened in 1780 by Cardinal Gerampi, Bishop of Corneto. This is the largest of the tombs, being fifty-four feet square, with a low flat ceiling, divided by concentric squares, and supported by four massy pillars of the natural rock.

The paintings in this tomb have been greatly injured by the shepherds, who used to light their fires here, before it was protected by the Papal government. Only the outlines can be traced, and that with difficulty. The figures represent, for the most part, a contest of good and evil spirits for the souls of the departed, like those which so long after were depicted by Orcagna at Pisa, and by Luca Signorelli at Orvieto. In one striking part of the series a soul is being wheeled in a car before the judge by good and evil genii, who try to draw different ways. The evil genii are all black.

"There is one scene from this tomb of very remarkable character, delineated by Byres,* which is not now to be verified, as it has too much perished. It represents two children, Cupid and Psyche, the latter with butterfly-wings, embracing each other; with a good genius on one side, and an evil one on the other. They appear to have the

* *Hypogæi*, or the *Sepulchral Caverns of Tarquinia*, by James Byres, 1842.

same symbolical meaning as the Cupid and Psyche of the Greeks, for the evil genius is drawing Cupid, i.e. the bodily appetites and passions, towards the things of this world, represented by a tree and a labourer hurrying along with a huge stone on his head, as if to intimate that man is born to trouble, and his lot below is all vexation of spirit; while, on the other hand, Psyche, or the more exalted part of human nature, draws him back, and her persuasions are seconded by the good genius, who, be it remarked, does not seize the soul, like the antagonist principle, but tries, with outstretched arms and gentle looks, to win it to herself. Behind her is a gate, through which a soul is calmly passing, as if to contrast the tranquil bliss of a future existence with the labour, unrest, and turmoil of this. It is a simple truth, eloquently and forcibly told." —*Dennis.*

These are the most important of the tombs. The next group of sepulchres is further on across the Montarozzi, two miles from Corneto.

The *Grotta delle Bighe* is covered with much-injured but once brilliant frescoes, representing on the end wall a banquet, on the side walls dances. The paintings are in a double frieze, the lower and larger of the two having a red ground. The smaller frieze is crowded with figures, and among them are several *bigæ*, or two-horse chariots, whence the name given to the tomb. In the pediment over the door are two leopards and two geese, in the pediment above the banquet is a large amphora with a small naked figure on either side, and, beyond these, seated figures crowned with myrtle and olive.

The *Grotta del Mare* consists of two small chambers measuring fifteen feet by ten, and derives its name from four sea-horses painted upon the pediment of the outer chamber.

The *Grotta del Barone*, so called from Baron Stachelberg, by whom it was discovered in 1827, is decorated by a single narrow frieze, with a border of coloured stripes. The subject seems to be a race and the distribution of prizes.

The *Grotta Francesca*, discovered by Chevalier Kestner in 1833, is decorated with representations of a funeral dance, with pipes and castanets.

The *Grotta delle Iscrizioni*, discovered in 1828, is unlike the others. It is not situated in flat table-land, but is entered from the face of the cliff opposite the hill of Turchina. It is sometimes called the "Grotta delle Camere Finte" from the false doors, which form part of its decorations, one in each wall. Between these are different pictures, games and dances being the subjects. Two figures seem to be playing at dice, two naked men are boxing, two others are wrestling. In another compartment is a horse-race, in another a Bacchic dance. On the right of the entrance is a boy sacrificing a fish upon an altar, before which stands the divinity with a rod in his hand. Over his head is written "Welthur." Above the entrance are two panthers, and beyond them, on either side, a recumbent fawn and a goose. On the opposite pediment are panthers, lions, and stags.

"The inscriptions in this tomb give us some insight into its history. The first is a long semicircular line of letters, and may be translated—'The Priestess Caesanna Matuessa calls these games in honour of the Lar deceased, the glory of his age, the protector of our temples and our commerce.' Following this comes the funeral procession. First, the newly-elected Lar Matuesius, perhaps brother to the priestess,—then the families of the Lucumones, who are his nearest of kin, or whose offices oblige them to bear a part in his funeral train. One individual only is given of each family, on account of the confined space in which they are represented. Here we see (identified by the names inscribed on the walls) the Lenea and the Pompey, both very noble houses of Tarquinii. Following them, the Prince Aruns Athvinacna representing the younger branches of the ruling house. Aruns means a cadet prince. After this come the Laris Phanuris or sacred mourners for the king, and the Velthuri or presidents of the various games and sacrifices. The races are contested by the royal guard, here called 'Laris Larthia' or

'Guardia Nobile.' The wrestling is between Nucertetes, or Nicotetes, and 'the Greek' perhaps some celebrated freedman or slave. The boxing is between Anthasi and Verenes the son of Mea. This at least is a probable version of the story, and satisfied us after a very long and careful study of this tomb. The deceased Lar himself is not mentioned amongst the inscriptions, for his name and simple epitaph would be deeply engraved upon his ponderous coffin, which lay, with his likeness in full length upon the lid of it, on one side of this painted chamber."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray.*

"To recapitulate these painted tombs in the order of their antiquity. First, I should place the Grotta delle Iscrizioni. Second—the Grotta del Barone, as partaking of the same archaic character, yet with advancement in certain of the figures. Third—the Camera del Morto, as being of very similar style, yet with less rigidity. Fourth—Grotta del Triclinio, which, though retaining certain archaicisms in attitude and design, shows much of Greek feeling. Fifth—Grotta Francesca, which, though of inferior merit to the last-named tomb, shows more freedom, its defects being rather the result of carelessness than of incompetence. Sixth—Grotta della Scrofa Nera (almost impervious to visitors), which, though of less pure Greek feeling than the Grotta Triclinio, betrays more masterly design, and less of that conventionality which in various degrees characterizes all the preceding. Seventh—Grotta Querciola, which displays great advancement in correctness and elegance, and much of the spirit of Hellenic art. Eighth—Grotta delle Bighe, whose upper band shows an improvement even upon the Querciola. All these must be referred to the time of Etruscan independence, for not one arrives at the perfection of the later painted vases, which date as far back as the fifth century of Rome. To a subsequent period belong—Ninth—the Grotta Cardinale; and, tenth—the Grotta Pompei, which can hardly be earlier than the latter days of the Roman Republic.

"It is worthy of remark, that all the painted tombs now open are beneath the level surface; not one has a super-incumbent tumulus, though such monuments abound on that site. More than six hundred, it is said, are to be counted on the Montarozzi alone; and they may be considered to have been originally much more numerous. They seem to have been all circular, surrounded at the base with masonry, on which the earth was piled up into a cone, and surmounted probably by a lion or sphinx in stone, or by a *cippus*, inscribed with the name of the family beneath. After the lapse of so many ages, not one retains its original form, the cones of earth having crumbled down into shapeless mounds, though several have remains of masonry at their base. One (popularly known as "Il Mausoleo") is nearly perfect in this re-

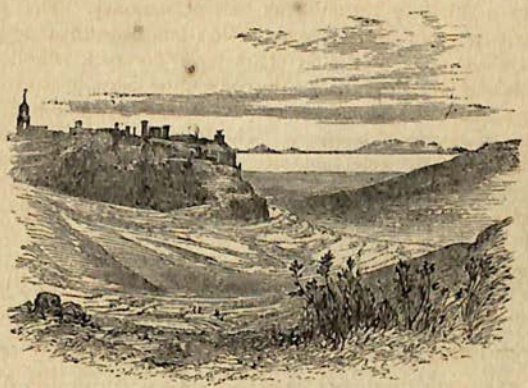
spect. It is walled round with travertine blocks, about two feet in length, neatly fitted together, but without cement; forming an architectural decoration which, from its similarity to the mouldings of Norchia and Castel d'Asso, attests its Etruscan origin. It rises to the height of five or six feet, and on it rests a shapeless mound, overgrown with broom and lentiscus. The entrance is by a steep passage, leading down to a doorway beneath the belt of masonry. The sepulchral chamber is not in this case remarkable; but beneath a neighbouring tumulus is one of very peculiar character. The rock is hollowed into the shape of a Gothic vault, but the converging sides, instead of meeting in a point, are suddenly carried up perpendicularly, and terminated by a horizontal course of masonry. The form is very primitive, for it is precisely that of the celebrated Regulini tomb at Cervetri, one of the most ancient sepulchres of Etruria, and also bears much resemblance to the Cyclopean gallery of Tiryns in Argolis."—*Dennis.*

'Beneath one of the tumuli of the Montarozzi, the Gonfaloniere of Corneto, Signor Carlo Avvolta, opened, in 1823, the wonderful virgin tomb, whose discovery led to all the other excavations near Corneto. He was digging for stones for road mending, when he came upon a large slab of *nenfro.* Gazing through a crevice beneath it, he says :—

"I saw a warrior stretched on a bed of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes; for, as the atmosphere entered the tomb, the armour, entirely oxydized, crumbled away into the most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch. . . Such was my astonishment, that it would be impossible to express the effect produced upon my mind by this sight; but I may safely affirm that it was the happiest moment of my existence.'

Turning down from the Montarozzi by the Grotta del Cardinale into the valley, the tourist should not fail to mount the opposite heights of *Turchina*, or *Piano di Civita*, for, though there are no remains of the city except a few blocks of the masonry which formed the foundations of its walls, the view is most beautiful of the orange-coloured cliffs

which are crowned by the towers of Corneto, and, beyond, of the wide expanse of blue sea with the beautiful headland of Monte Argentaro, its neighbouring islets of Giglio and Giannuti, and, in the distance, Elba, and even Monte Cristo.



Corneto.

Some extraordinary caverned tombs, once adorned with bas-reliefs, which may still be traced here and there, exist at the spot called *La Mercareccia*, about a mile from Corneto, reached by a lane which turns off to the left above the road to Civita Vecchia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VOLCI (PONTE DEL ABBADIA).

(It is possible for those who wish to visit Volci to find rooms at Montalto, not in the miserable inn, but in a private house. But those who are not greatly pressed for time will do better to return from Corneto to sleep at Civita Vecchia, and go by the first morning train to Montalto, whence it is a drive or walk of five miles to Volci.

Volci (Ponte del Abbadia) should only be visited in the winter or early spring. It is one of the most fever-stricken places in the whole country. A rough country cart is the only conveyance to be obtained at Montalto.)

SOON after leaving Corneto the railway crosses the little river Marta, close to the mouth of which, on its northern side, are some remains of Roman buildings, and a large arch of Etruscan masonry, with traces of a quay and port, which have been identified by Dennis* with Graviscæ, the port of Tarquinii. The place is still as fraught with fever as in classical times, but its pine trees have disappeared.

> "Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus,
> Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor.
> Sed nemorosa viret densis vicinia lucis,
> Pineaque extremis fluctuat umbra fretis."
>
> *Rutilius, Itin.* i. 279.

A little south of this is the little malaria-stricken port of

* *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, ii 393.

San Clementino, whence corn and salt are exported in large quantities. Here Gregory XI., brought from Avignon by the remonstrances of S. Catherine of Siena, landed Oct. 18, 1376, thus ending what was termed "the Babylonish captivity of the popedom."

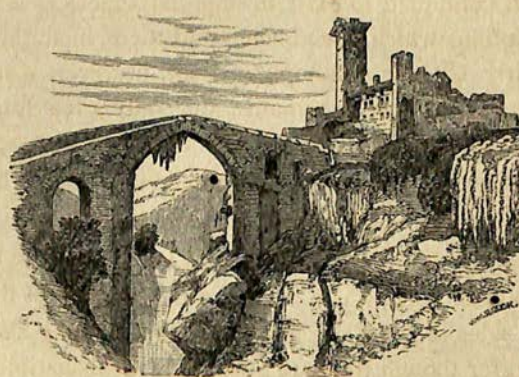
At *Montalto* there is nothing to be seen. The dismal town stands on a hill around its castle about 1½ mile from the station, and is only remarkable as having given a Cardinal's title to Sixtus V., whose father, Peretto Peretti, a gardener, had lived there in the utmost poverty, till driven by his debts to Fermo, shortly before the birth of the future Pope.

A most desolate track leads from Montalto to Ponte del Abbadia, exposed to every wind, and, when we visited it in March, to driving snow storms. The country is piteously bare, and owing to the prevalence of malaria is entirely uninhabited. A tumulus called the Cucumella is the only feature which breaks the bare outline of the treeless moors.

This dismal prelude makes the transition all the more striking, when a path, turning down a hollow to the right, leads one into the beautiful ravine of the sparkling river *Fiora*, which forces its way through a rocky chasm overhung with a perfect wealth of ilex, arbutus, and bay, and is one of the most beautiful streams in Italy. The views near the bridge no one will omit, but there is a most lovely spot about a mile lower down the river called "Il Pelago" (where an Etruscan bridge is said once to have existed), at which the river forms a deep rocky pool overhung by rocks and evergreens, which should also be visited, and, if possible, be painted.

Hence an ill-defined path along the edge of the cliffs

leads to the *Ponte del Abbadia*, which is one of the most glorious scenes in this land of beauty. A gigantic bridge spans the river at a height of ninety-six feet, striding from one great orange-coloured cliff to another by a single mighty arch, while on the other side, close to the bridge, rises a most picturesque mediæval castle with a tall square * tower. From bridge and rocks alike, hang stupendous masses of stalactites, often twenty feet in length, giving a most weird character to the scene, and formed by many centuries of dripping water, "charged with tartaric matter." The whole view is filled with colour; the smoke of the large fires which the guards at the castle burn to keep off the malaria adds to the effect, and the utter desolation of the surrounding country only renders it more impressive.



Ponte del Abbadia, Volci.

"The bridge is of different dates. It has three projecting piers of red tufo, much weather-worn, which are obviously of earlier construction than the neat and harder *nenfro* masonry which encases them. Both are in the same *emplecton* style, like the walls of Sutri, Nepi, and Fal-

* Not round, as in the engraving in Dennis' book.

leri; and the *nenfro* portion is, in part, rusticated. The return-facing of the arch, however, is of travertine, and may with certainty be referred to that people, as it possesses features in common with bridges of undoubted Roman origin—the Ponte d'Augusto at Narni, and the celebrated Pont du Gard. The aqueduct, also (which occupied the parapet of the bridge), I take to be Roman, simply because it passes over arches of that construction; for the skill of the Etruscans in hydraulics is so well attested, as to make it highly probable that to them were the Romans indebted for that description of structure. The tufo buttresses are very probably Etruscan, for they are evidently the piers of the original bridge. The *nenfro* and travertine portions are, in any case, of Roman times, whatever be the antiquity of the tufo piers."—*Dennis.*

Scarcely anything is known of the history of *Volci*, beyond the fact of the defeat and conquest of its people, together with those of Volsinii, in B. C. 280, by the Roman Consul Titus Coruncanius. The city, however, was not destroyed then, and continued to exist in imperial times, as is proved by inscriptions which have been found there, including even some early Christian epitaphs. Now, however, scarcely a trace of the ancient city remains, and only a few fragments of wall, of imperial date, stand here and there above-ground on the table-land which it once occupied upon the right bank of the Fiora, and which is still known as the "Pian di Voce."

Comparatively little also is now to be seen in the famous Necropolis of Volci, which occupied the summits of the cliffs on both sides of the Fiora about a mile below the Ponte del Abbadia, for though they are absolutely inexhaustible in the treasures they have afforded and continue to afford, the proprietors of the soil are so greedy of space, that a sepulchre is no sooner rifled of its contents, than it is filled up again. The tombs were first discovered by the earth falling in when some men were ploughing, in 1828. After that, Lucien Bonaparte, who had bought the Principality of Canino on

the advice of Pius VII., made considerable *scavi*, appropriating the riches they afforded, and these excavations were afterwards continued by his family.

The points best worth visiting are on the left bank of the Fiora. Here is the great sepulchral mound of *La Cucumella*, 200 feet in diameter and above 40 feet high, once encircled by a wall of masonry. It was opened in 1829, but has been closed again. Two towers, one round and the other square, have been disclosed in the upper part of the mound, and it is supposed that there may have been once five of these towers on cones, as in the tomb of Aruns at Albano. Beneath the towers were found two chambers approached by long passages, guarded by the sphinxes which are now at Musignano.

Very near this is a walled tumulus called *La Rotonda;* and beyond it, near the Fiora, another smaller mound, called *La Cucumelletta*, which was opened in 1832. Near these an enormous tomb was discovered in 1857, consisting of a principal chamber with a pyramidal roof, surrounded by a series of smaller crypts, and approached by a passage 100 feet long. The principal tomb is surrounded by paintings: —Achilles sacrificing to the Manes of Patroclus: Ajax and Cassandra at the altar of Minerva: Masarna releasing Cæles Vibenna from his bonds, and other subjects, in good preservation. A tomb, opened in 1840, and reclosed, called the "Grotta d' Iside," was very curious, as containing painted ostrich-eggs, vases, and ointment pots decorated with figures of Isis, all evidently of Egyptian origin, as well as the effigies of the two ladies in whose honour it was constructed, one a miniature full-length marble figure, the other a bronze bust. On the opposite side of the Fiora, a tumulus, opened by

Campanari in 1835, contained the skeleton of a warrior, with helm on his head, ring on his finger, and a confused mass of broken and rusted weapons at his feet. The "Grotta del Sole e della Luna," opened in 1830, consists of eight chambers, with walls and ceilings carved in regular patterns.

Beyond that part of the Necropolis known as *La Polledrara*, the little river Timone flows under a natural arch called the Ponte Sodo, a miniature of that at Veii.

"On the painted pottery, found at Volci, it were needless to expatiate. Every museum in Europe proclaims its beauty, and, through it, the name of Volci, never much noised in classic times, and well-nigh forgotten for two thousand years, has become immortal, and acquired a wider renown than it ever possessed during the period of the cities' existence. Volci has none of the tall black ware with figures in relief, which is peculiar to Chiusi and its neighbourhood; but of painted vases there is every variety—from the earliest, quaintest efforts, through every grade in excellence, to the highest triumphs of Hellenic ceramographic art. Of the early, so-called Doric, pottery, little is found at Volci; nor of the Perfect style, which is predominant at Nola, is there so great an abundance here; the great mass of Volcian vases being of the Attic style—of that severe and archaic design, which is always connected with black figures on a yellow ground. The best vases of Volci, in the chaste simplicity of their style, closely resemble those of Nola and Sicily; yet there are characteristic shades of difference, in form and design, which can be detected by a practised eye. On this site, more than on any in Etruria, have been found those singular vases painted with eyes, so common also in Sicily, the meaning of which continues to perplex antiquaries.

"Although thousands on thousands of painted vases have been redeemed from oblivion, this cemetery still yields a richer harvest than any other in Etruria. No site has been so well worked by the excavator—none has so well repaid him; yet it seems far from exhausted. Nor is it rich in vases alone. Bronzes of various descriptions, mirrors with beautiful designs, vessels, tripods, *candelabra*, weapons—are proportionally abundant, and maintain the same relative excellence to the pottery. That exquisite *cista*, or casket, now in the Gregorian Museum, and which yields not in beauty to any one of those very rare relics of ancient taste and genius, was found at Volci. No site yields more superb and

delicate articles in gold and jewellery—as the Cabinets of the Vatican and of Cavaliere Campana (now in the Louvre) can testify; none more numerous relics in bone—spoons, needles, dice, to wit—or more beautiful specimens of variegated glass."—*Dennis.*

A visit to Volci finds its natural sequel at the *Palace of Musignano,* five miles distant, the property of Prince Torlonia, who bought it in 1854 from the Roman Bonapartes, with whom it was a favourite residence. It is an ordinary villa built on the site of the Franciscan Abbey ("Abbadia") which gave a name to the bridge at Volci. The gate and court-yard are adorned with griffins and lions from La Cucumella, but the collections of antiquities within, formed by Lucien Bonaparte and his widow, has been long since dispersed. The gardens and shrubberies, which are of great extent, are now overgrown and neglected. There is a lake with an island planted with willows from the grave at S. Helena.

The little town of *Canino,* which gives a princely title to the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, is about two miles from the villa, at the foot of the hill called *Monte di Canino.* In the church is a monument by Pampaloni to Prince Lucien, who died at Viterbo and is buried here, with his second wife. The Monte de Canino is 1380 feet in height, and, in its lonely position and lime-stone formation, greatly resembles Soracte. It is possible to proceed in a carriage from Canino to Toscanella, about nine miles distant, but as it is difficult to sleep there, and impossible to pass the night in the wretched locanda of Canino, it will be better to return to the inn at Civita Vecchia, or to a lodging at Corneto, and make the excursion from the latter place.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TOSCANELLA AND CENTRAL ETRURIA.

(Toscanella is most easily reached, either from Viterbo, 18 miles by a good road; or from Corneto, 17 miles distant. There is a very humble inn, but if possible the visitor should take an introduction to some private family in the town. The Etruscan sites beyond Toscanella are seldom visited, and can only in some instances be approached on horseback or on foot. The accommodation is of the humblest description.)

TOSCANELLA is visible from a great distance, on a height above the valley of the Marta.

> "Vedemo Toscanela tanto anticha
> Quanto alcun altra de questo paese."
>
> *Fazio degli Uberti.*

Toscanella was the Etruscan Tascania, mentioned by Pliny as amongst the municipal communities of Etruria, but otherwise unknown to history. Its early importance has probably been much exaggerated, owing to the discovery of a single tomb of great magnificence, which ought rather to be considered to attest the wealth and importance of an individual family. There are scarcely any traces of the Etruscan city, and only small vestiges of reticulated walling to mark the Roman settlement which followed it. The mediæval remains of Toscanella are far more important. The hill of *San Pietro*, which is outside the later town, was probably the arx of the

Etruscan city. It is surrounded by a band of square mediæval towers, which are double,—"a tall, slender tower being encased, with no intervening space, in an outer shell of masonry." On this height also is the Cathedral (S. Pietro), a most interesting building, partly of the seventh, partly of the eleventh century. The wonderfully rich central division of the façade is covered in its upper story with figures of men, devils, and beasts, possible and impossible, in high relief. Within, the church is a museum of pagan relics, the columns which divide the nave from the aisles are evidently Roman, the font rests on a pagan altar, and the crypt beneath the high-altar, said to have been a Roman bath, has twenty-eight ancient pillars.

"The date of the interior is known. It forms part of a church which was built, about the middle of the seventh century, when the bodies of the saints Secundiano, Marcellino, and Veriano, were discovered (at Celli in 628) and brought to Toscanella. A splendid crypt was, as usual, prepared for their reception beneath the sanctuary.

"The front must have been rebuilt at much later times. The style is very peculiar. In the works of the Lombards we find an abundance of dragons and serpents, but we do not find them coursing down the front, from the eaves to the portal, as in the present instance. At Viterbo, however, which is at the distance of only a few miles from Toscanella, traces of the same peculiarity exist. The same extraordinary animals, though injured by time, and half-concealed by whitewash, may still be perceived on the front of the Church of San Giovanni in Zoccoli in that city. That church is known to have been complete in 1037. It may therefore be safely assumed that the existing front of San Pietro of Toscanella was built in the first half of the eleventh century.

"The ruined building, which adjoins the church, is the remains of the episcopal palace. The bishop's chair, which had been removed from Santa Maria to San Pietro in the seventh century, was again removed to the church of S. James in the sixteenth century, when Toscanella had shrunk to its present limits."—*H. Gally Knight.*

Very near S. Pietro is the still older and exceedingly

curious church of *Sta. Maria*, whose front of the tenth century is also decorated with monsters. The church ends in an apse which has a fresco of the Last Judgment, and over the high-altar is a baldacchino. The richly-decorated pulpit is a beautiful work of the 13th century. Ughelli (*Italia Sacra*) mentions that the episcopal chair was removed from Sta. Maria to S. Pietro in the middle of the seventh century, which proves that at least in the early part of the seventh century this church must have been in existence, and it is almost certain to have been in existence in the sixth century also, as the signature of a bishop of Toscanella occurs in 595.

The church was reconsecrated in 1206.

"We may conclude that Santa Maria was a finished building at the close of the sixth century: and the style of the interior of the church corresponds with that time. It is a studious, and not an unsuccessful, imitation of the Roman. All the pillars have foliage capitals, with no admixture of imagery; but, in the cornice, are seen a few of the symbolical figures which, at that period, began to make their appearance in churches."—*Gally Knight.*

After the churches, the chief attraction at Toscanella is the Etruscan museum and garden of the brothers Carlo and Secondiano Campanari, to whom the excavations of Tuscania are due, and who have largely contributed by the sale of their antiquities to all the important Etruscan collections of Europe. In the garden is a facsimile of an Etruscan tomb, opened by the Campanari, and inscribed "Ecasuthinesl" over the entrance. It contains the ten sarcophagi found in the original tomb. On each lies the owner, half reclining as if at a banquet, and each seems to be pledging his neighbour with the goblet in his hand. The flower-beds are fringed by sarcophagi, with Etruscans, male and female, reclining on the

lids, leaning upon their left arms, and looking at the spectator, and most strange is the effect! In the tomb called Il Calcarello, opened by the Campanari in 1839, no less than twenty-seven sarcophagi were found, those of the women forming an inner circle, outside which lay their husbands. All the sarcophagi are of *nenfro*.

The tombs of Tuscania are chiefly hewn out of the cliffs in the neighbouring ravines. They have no architectural decorations. The most remarkable is that called *Grotta della Regina*, half a mile from the town, beneath the Madonna dell' Olivo. A long passage opens upon a square chamber supported by two columns, and behind it winds a labyrinthine passage, which leaves the tomb on one side, and, after many twists and turns, returns to it on the other. To visit this, lights are necessary.

Few travellers will penetrate beyond Toscanella, yet, beyond it, lie a collection of Etruscan sites, one at least of which, Sovana, is well worth seeing, though it is 30 miles distant.

Fourteen miles north of Toscanella is *Ischia*, an Etruscan site, with ravines full of ordinary tombs. Two miles west of this is *Farnese*, also of Etruscan origin. Two or three miles further is *Castro*, where the hill-side is covered with the ruins of a flourishing city, utterly destroyed by Pope Innocent X. in 1647, because its bishop had been murdered by Farnese, Lord of Castro! The see was at the same time removed to Acquapendente. Castro is a beautiful place with ravines overhung with ilexes, two ruined bridges, and tombs and columbaria hewn in the cliffs.

Five miles west of Ischia is *Valentano*, looking down upon the lake of Bolsena, whence a bridle-path leads 12 miles to

Pitigliano, passing on the way the little *Lake of Mezzano*, supposed to have been the Lacus Statoniensis, mentioned by Pliny and Seneca. Pitigliano is a large place, picturesquely situated like Civita Castellana on a tongue of land, surrounded by ravines. Close outside the city gate, called Porta di Sotto, is a fine fragment of the ancient wall in eight courses of huge tufa blocks. The neighbouring ravines are exceedingly beautiful, especially near the little waterfall called "La Cascatella." The height called Poggio Strozzoni was once occupied by a castle of the Counts Orsini, said to have been ruined after the last count, in a fit of jealousy, flung his wife into the ravine from the bridge above the Cascatella. Two strange figures lie here hewn out of the rock. The people call them "Orlando and his wife." Unfortunately they are only of cinque-cento origin, colossal ornaments of the Orsini villa.

Five miles N. E. of Pitigliano is *Sorano*, also an Etruscan site, and a most picturesque place.

"In the centre of the town rises a precipitous mass of rock, whose summit commands one of the most romantic scenes in this part of Italy. The town clustering round the base of the height—the grand old feudal castle, with its hoary battlements, crowning the cliffs behind—the fearful precipices and profound chasms at your feet—and the ranges of mountains in front, rising in grades of altitude and majesty, to the sublime icy crest of Monte Amiata."—*Dennis.*

Only 2½ miles from Pitigliano is *Sovana*, one of the most interesting spots in Etruria, and possessing a greater variety of sculptured tombs than any other place. The site was afterwards occupied by the Roman colony of Suana mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny. The existing village stands on a tongue of land, ending on one side in the square tower of the

cathedral, for it is still the see of a bishop; and, on the other, in a picturesque mediæval castle. It was the birthplace of Hildebrand—Gregory VII., and in 1240 sustained a siege from Frederick II.

Sovana can only be visited with safety in the winter or early spring: it is ruined by the malaria.

"Such is the summer scourge of 'ariaccia,' that even the wretched hamlet to which the city has dwindled is well-nigh depopulated, and most of its houses are ruined and tenantless. It may well be called, as Repetti observes, 'The city of Jeremiah.' It is but the skeleton, though a still living skeleton, of its former greatness. Pestilence, year after year, stalks through its long, silent street. The visit of a stranger is an epoch in the annals of the hamlet."—*Dennis.*

The finest of the tombs at Sovana is that called *La Fontana*, discovered by Mr Ainsley in 1843, till which time Sovana was utterly unknown to Englishmen. It is on the opposite side of the ravine which is reached by the western gate of the town. Above an arched recess, is a Doric frieze, and then a pediment sculptured in bold relief with figures of a mermaid and a winged genius. The tomb is about 17 feet wide and 17 high, the pediment occupying seven feet. A long line of tombs, of Egyptian character, occupies the face of the cliff (Poggio Prisca) beyond La Fontana, but they are almost concealed by the brushwood. On the opposite side of the valley is the *Grotta Pola*, with a front cut in the tufo like the portico of a temple, having once had apparently four columns, of which only one now remains. In the same cliff (Poggio Stanziale) are many more Egyptian-like tombs, and some "house-tombs" with ribbed and ridged roofs, one of them decorated with a colossal head on its pediment.

Sovana may be reached from Acquapendente or Orbetello as well as from Toscanella.*

Eight miles west from Sovana is *Saturnia*, reached by a bridle-path which fords the Fiora. It occupies a striking position above the valley of the Albegna, and is surrounded by fortifications of the fifteenth century. The present city however only covers a small part of the ancient area, of which fragments of the walls, of polygonal masonry, may still be seen. Near the Porta Romana, by which the Via Clodia passed through the town to Rome, is a curious mass of travertine in which steps have been cut to the top, where are three graves or sarcophagi sunk in the level summit.

The Necropolis of Saturnia is 10 miles distant from the city, on the opposite bank of the Albegna, at the spot called by the people Pian di Palma. The tombs here, for which the native appellation is not *sepolchri* or *grotte*, but *depositi*, differ from all others in Etruria, being more like the cromlechs of Cornwall, and are supposed to be the work of the Aborigines, to whom Dionysius attributes the foundation of Saturnia.

"They are quadrangular chambers, sunk a few feet below the surface, lined with rough slabs of rock, set upright, one on each side, and roofed over with two large slabs resting against each other so as to form a rude pent-house; or else with a single one of enormous size, covering the whole, and laid at a slight inclination, apparently for the same purpose of carrying off the rain. Not a chisel has touched these rugged masses, which are just as broken off from their native rock, with their edges all shapeless and irregular; and if their faces are somewhat smooth, it is

* The Author has never been able in person to visit Pitigliano, Sovana, or Saturnia. He is indebted entirely for his information to the same source from which the account in Murray's Handbook is evidently copied—*Dennis's Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*—to which all-important work he refers the reader for details, if he has any idea of penetrating into Central Etruria.

owing to the tendency of the travertine to split in laminar forms. They are the most rude and primitive structures conceivable; such as the savage would make on inhaling his first breath of civilization, or emerging from his cave or den in the rock. Their dimensions vary from about sixteen feet square to half that size, though few are strictly of that form. Many are divided into two chambers or compartments for bodies, by an upright slab, on which the cover-stones rest. In most there is a passage, about three feet wide, and ten or twelve feet long, leading to the sepulchral chamber, and lined with slabs of inferior size and thickness

"These tombs are sunk but little below the surface, because each is enclosed in a tumulus; the earth being piled around so as to conceal all but the cover-stones, which may have been also originally buried. In many instances the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface."—*Dennis.*

CHAPTER XL.

THE ETRUSCAN SHORE.

(Few, except thorough-going Etruscan antiquarians, will care to examine the shore of Etruria, owing to the difficulties which beset such an excursion; partly from the risks of fever, partly from the miserable accommodation for travellers in this part of Italy. There have been tolerable inns at Orbetello, Grosseto, and Campiglia, but they frequently change hands, so that it is not safe to give any definite recommendations.)

TRAVELLERS from Rome to Leghorn are generally quite oppressed by the ugliness of the country through which they travel. The malaria, which drives away the inhabitants, naturally causes the greater part of the country to be left untilled and neglected, and it is for the most part covered with low brushwood, or left to the dank grass and thistles, which grow where they will over the windstricken uplands.

The wood which covers other districts is such as Dante describes:

"Noi ci mettemmo per un bosco
Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.
Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,
Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti,
Non pomi v'eran, ma stecchi con tosco.
Non han sì aspri sterpi nè sì folti
Quelle fiere selvagge che in odio hanno
Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti."

Dante, Inf. xiii. 3.

In summer, when the country is less ugly, few see it, for it is more dangerous. Then it is :—

"The green Maremma !—
A sunbright waste of beauty—yet an air
Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed ;
No human footstep tracks the lone domain—
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain."

Hemans.

Once, before the mysterious pestilence was known, this dismal country was thickly populated, and those who have patience, in the safe winter months, to search for its hidden cities, and endurance to undergo a certain amount of hardship while seeking for them, will not be unrewarded. Yet while many excursions are made to seek strange ruins in Persia and Arabia, or to lay bare the buried cities of Bashan, the lost cities of the Maremma, so much nearer at hand, remain unheeded and unthought of.

"'In the Maremma,' saith the proverb, 'you get rich in a year, but—you die in six months'—*in Maremma s'arricchisce in un anno, si muore in sei mesi.* The peculiar circumstances of the Maremma are made the universal excuse for every inferiority of quantity, quality, or workmanship. You complain of the food or accommodation. My host shrugs his shoulders, and cries, '*Ma che—cosa vuole, signor? siamo in Maremma?*' —what would you have, sir? we are in the Maremma. A bungling smith well-nigh lamed the horse I had hired ; to my complaints he replied, '*Cosa vuole, signor? è roba di Maremma.*' 'Maremma-stuff' is a proverbial expression of inferiority. These lower regions of Italy, in truth, are scarcely deemed worthy of a place in a Tuscan's geography. '*Nel mondo, o in Maremma,*' has for ages been a current saying. Thus Boccaccio's Madonna Lisetta tells her gossip that the angel Gabriel had called her the handsomest woman 'in the world or in the Maremma.'"—*Dennis.*

While the country is a desert, even the later cities are half deserted and ruined.

"Guarda, mi disse, al mare; e vidi piana
Cogli altri colli la Marema tutta,
Dilectivole molto, e poco sana.
Ivi è Massa, Grossetto, e la distructa
Civita vechia, e ivi Populonia,
Che a penna pare tanto è mal conduta.
Ivi è ancor ove fue la Sendonia.
Questa città e altre chio non dico,
Sono per la Marema en verso Roma,
Famose e grande per lo tempo antico."

Fazio degli Uberti.

The one picturesque point between Leghorn and Rome is where the salt lake of *Orbetello* opens upon the right of the railway, reaching in a shimmering expanse of still water, studded with fishing-boats, to the abrupt purple cliffs of Monte Argentaro. On either side it is enclosed by sand-banks. Strabo (v. 225) mentions this lagoon as the "sea-mark," and it adds greatly to the unhealthiness of the country, which it abundantly supplies with fish. Orbetello is surrounded by walls built in the 17th century by the Spaniards. On the side towards the sea they rest upon huge Pelasgic blocks of polygonal masonry. Several Etruscan tombs have also been found, but to what lost city these remains belonged has never been discovered.

At the point where the Feniglia, the southern sand-bank extending from Monte Argentaro, joins the mainland, stand the ruins of *Ansedonia*, the ancient Cosa. It is a drive of five miles from Orbetello to the foot of the hill which is crowned by the ruins, and here, in a lane on the right of the high road, is the house called "La Selciatella," where a guide may be procured.

The conical hill which is occupied by the remains of Cosa

rises 600 feet above the sea. The ancient road may be traced all the way up the ascent.

"The form of the ancient city is a rude quadrangle, scarcely a mile in circuit. The walls vary from 12 to 30 feet in height, and are relieved, at intervals, by square towers, projecting from 11 to 15 feet, and of more horizontal masonry than the rest of the fortifications. Fourteen of these towers, square and external, and two internal and circular, are now standing, or to be traced; but there were probably more, for in several places are immense heaps of ruins, though whether of towers, or of the wall itself fallen outwards, it is difficult to determine.

"Of gates there is the orthodox number of three; one in the centre of the northern, southern, and eastern walls of the city respectively. They are well worthy of attention, all of them being double, like the two celebrated gateways of Volterra, though without even the vestige of an arch. The most perfect is that in the eastern wall. It is evident that it was never arched, for the door-post, still standing, rises to the height of nearly 20 feet in a perfectly upright surface; and as in the Porta di Diana of Volterra, it seems to have been spanned by a lintel of wood, for at the height of 12 or 14 feet is a square hole as if for its insertion." —*Dennis.*

The interior of the walls of Cosa is now a mere thicket of thorns and brambles. The view from the ramparts is most beautiful—Elba is visible; and, in the near distance, the island of Giannutri, the ancient Artemisia. Cosa is believed to have become a Roman colony B. C. 280; afterwards the fidelity of its people to the Romans, during the second Punic war, is spoken of by Livy (xxvii. 10). Rutilius mentions the tradition that the inhabitants were finally hunted away from the town by an army of mice:—

"Cernimus antiquas nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatæ mœnia fœda Cosæ.
Ridiculam cladis pudet inter seria causam
Promere; sed risum dissimulare piget.
Dicuntur cives quondam migrare coacti,
Muribus infestos deseruisse lares.

Credere maluerim Pygmeæ damna cohortis,
Et conjuratas in sua bella grues."

I. 285.

A delightful excursion may be made from Orbetello to *Monte Argentaro*, the ancient Mons Argentarius. On the summit of one of its two peaks is the Passionist Convent called *Il Retiro.*

"Necdum decessis pelago permittimur umbris,
Natus vicino vertice ventus adest.
Tenditur in medias Mons Argentarius undas,
Ancipitique jugo cærula rura premit.
Transversos colles bis ternis millibus arctat,
Circuitu ponti ter duodena patet.
Qualis per geminos fluctus Ephyreïus isthmus
Ionias bimari litore findit aquas."

Rutilius, i.

At the base of the mountain on its south-eastern shore is *Porto a'Ercole*, the ancient Portus Herculis, in a most beautiful situation.

"Haud procul hinc petitur signatus ab Hercule portus;
Vergentem sequitur mollior aura diem."

Rut. i.

This was the port of Cosa (Portus Cosanus), in the territory of which town the whole of the Mons Argentarius was included. Thus Tacitus (*Ann*, II) speaks of—"Cosa, a promontory of Etruria." Hence Lepidus embarked for Sardinia, when driven from Italy by Catulus in B. C. 78.

It is about eight miles inland from Orbetello to *Magliano*, a miserable village with an old castle, lying between the Osa and the Albegna. Near this place, Dennis was led by the descriptions of Tommaso Pasquinelli, an engineer, to make researches, which have resulted in the identification of an undoubted Etruscan site (round which the circuit of walls,

4½ miles in circumference, may with difficulty be traced), with the long-lost and much-sought city of *Vetulonia*, a place of first-rate magnitude, one of the five cities which undertook to assist the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus, one of the twelve great towns of Etruria,* and the place whence Rome derived its lictors and fasces and the use of brazen trumpets in war.

"Mœoniæque decus quondam Vetulonia gentis.
Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures;
Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem prætexuit ostro;
Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære."
Sil. Ital. viii. 485.

Several painted tombs have been opened near this, though they have been reclosed; and many small Etruscan ornaments have been found.

"To those who know Italy, it will be no matter of surprise that the existence of this city should have been so long forgotten. Had there even been ruins of walls or temples on the site, such things are too abundant in that land to excite particular attention; and generation after generation of peasants might fold their flocks or stall their cattle amid the crumbling ruins, and the world at large remain in ignorance of their existence. Thus it was with Pœstum; though its ruins are so stupendous and prominent, it was unknown to the antiquary till the last century. Can we wonder, then, that in the Tuscan Maremma, not better populated or more frequented, because not more healthy, than the Campanian shore, a city should have been lost sight of, which had no walls or ruins above-ground, and no vestige but broken pottery, which tells no tale to the simple peasant?"—*Dennis.*

After leaving Orbetello, the railway crosses the river Albegna, and four miles further, the Osa, where there are remains of the ancient bridge by which the Via Aurelia crossed

* *Dion. Hal.* iii. 51, *Plin.* iii. 5.

the river. At the point of the headland beyond this is another Etruscan site, in a village with a castle still bearing the old name—*Telamone*, which tradition says was derived from Telamon, the Argonaut. This is supposed to have been the port of Vetulonia. It was here that Marius landed on his return from Africa in B. C. 87. The few ruins remaining are all of Roman times, and not worth seeing. The *Torre della Bella Marsilia* records, in its name, the legend that a beautiful girl of the Marsilj family was carried off thence by pirates and taken to Constantinople, where she was raised by her charms to the dignity of Sultana.

This story is the subject of one of the most popular of the refrains, with whose melancholy cadences the Maremma peasants make the shores re-echo. It begins :—

"I Turchi son venuti nella Maremma,
E hanno preso via la bella Marsilia."

Eighteen miles north of Telamone is (on the railway) the fortified cathedral town of *Grosseto*, five miles from which are the ruins of *Rusellæ*. A guide should be taken from the hot-springs called I Bagni di Roselle. Nothing remains except the walls, which enclose a space two miles in circumference, and which, are for the most part "composed of enormous masses piled up without regard to form, and differing only from the rudest style of Cyclopean, in having the outer surfaces smoothed." The ruins are almost inaccessible from the growth of the thorny shrub "*marruca*," with which they are surrounded.

Rusellæ is believed to have been one of the twelve great cities of Etruria, and was one of those which united against Tarquinius Priscus. Livy mentions that in B. C. 300 the

consul, M. Valerius Maximus, led an army into the territory of Rusellæ, and there broke the might of the Etruscans; and in B. C. 293 Rusellæ was again attacked by Postumius Megellus, the consul, who took 2000 prisoners, and slew almost as many around the walls of the city. Rusellæ continued to exist after the fall of the Empire, and had a cathedral till 1138, when, owing to the number of brigands who infested the country, the bishopric was transferred to Grosseto.

West of Grosseto, the river *Ombrone* enters the sea. Pliny represents it as navigable.

> "Tangimus Umbronem! non est ignobile flumen,
> Quod toto trepidas excipit ore rates;
> Tam facilis pronus semper patet alveus undis,
> In pontum quoties sæva procella ruit."
>
> *Rutilius, Itin.* i. 337.

North of Grosseto, the high road runs inland, passing the fever-bringing fens of the *Lago di Castiglione*, the Lacus Prilis of Pliny. On the left, it passes under the wooded hill of *Colonna*, supposed to have been the ancient Colonia, near which in B. C. 224 the "battle of Telamon" took place, when the Cisalpine Gauls were defeated by an unexpected juncture of two Roman armies under the Consuls Emilius Paulus and C. Attilius, and the latter consul was slain.

On the coast beyond this is *Porta di Troja*, the ancient Portus Trajanus, and, near it, the little *Lake of Caldano* and *Porto Falese*, the Portus Faleria.

> "Laxatum cohibet vicina Faleria cursum,
> Quanquam vix medium Phœbus haberet iter.
> Et tum forte hilares per compita rustica pagis
> Mulcebant sacris pectora fessa jocis.
> Illo quippe die tandem renovatus Osiris
> Excitat in fruges germina læta novas.

Egressi villam petimus, lucoque vagamur;
Stagna placent septo deliciosa vado.
Ludere lascivos inter vivaria pisces
Gurgitis inclusi laxior unda sinit."

Rutilius, i. 371.

On the right of the road is *Massa*, occupying a hill-summit, with a small 13th-century cathedral dedicated to S. Cerbone. The place has so bad a reputation for malaria as to give rise to the proverb,

"Massa, massa,
Salute passa."

The high road rejoins the coast at *La Fallonica*, where there are extensive iron works, founded by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Fallonica occupies the centre of the bay of Piombino, in front of which lies Elba, and, nearer, the islets of Palmajola and Cerboli. The bay is closed by the peninsula of *Piombino*, the Ποπλώνιον ἄκρον of Ptolemy, which gives the title of Prince to the Buoncompagni family. The small town of Piombino is quite without interest, but, five miles distant, on the other side of the peninsula, is *Populonia*, with a picturesque mediæval castle.

"The ancient family of the Desiderj have been the hereditary lords of Populonia for centuries; and they still dwell within the castle walls, in the midst of their dependents, retaining all the patriarchal dignity and simplicity of the olden time, and with hospitality in no age surpassed, welcoming the traveller with open doors."—*Dennis.*

The walls of the Etruscan town Pupluna remain, and are about a mile and a half in circumference. They consist of rude masses of stone in horizontal layers. This is supposed to have been the most important maritime city of Etruria, and was the only Etruscan town which had a silver coinage of its own. It probably derived its importance from its near-

ness to the island of Elba (Ilva), the iron found there being taken to Populonia to be smelted, and exported to other places. In B. C. 205, when Scipio was preparing his fleet for Africa, and the Etruscan cities brought him contributions, Populonia supplied the iron.* The town never recovered a siege from Sylla, and in the time of Strabo only the temples and a few houses remained in the old city on the height, though the port was still used, and a new town had grown up around it. In the time of Rutilius the place was nothing but ruins, though he mentions a beacon-tower for ships on the highest point of the hill.

"Proxima securum reserat Populonia litus
Qua naturalem ducit in arva sinum.
Non illic positas extollit in æthera moles,
Lumine nocturno conspiciendc Pharos,
Sed speculam validæ rupis sortita vetustas,
Qua fluctas domitos arduus urget apex.
Castellum geminos hominum fundavit in usus,
Præsidium terris, indiciumque fretis,
Agnosci nequeunt ævi monumenta prioris;
Grandia consumpsit mœnia tempus edax.
Sola manent interceptis vestigia muris;
Ruderibus latis tecta, sepulta jacent.
Non indignemur, mortalia corpora solvi;
Cernimus exemplis, oppida posse mori."

Rut. i. 401.

Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, describes the complete decay of the place, though it continued to be an episcopal see. The view is beautiful from the hill of

"sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky."

Macaulay.

* *Livy*, xxviii. 45.

The hot-springs, which were known as Aqua Populonia, are those now called *Le Caldane*, at the foot of the hill of Campiglia, which is capped by some mediæval ruins.

North of this, and far beyond the limits of any possible excursions from Rome, are the great Etruscan Volterra (Volaterræ), and, upon the far sea-coast, Luni (Luna), the most northerly city of Etruria.

THE END.

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